



The Riverside Press Cambridge
REFERENCE LIBRARY

DATE

TITLE

AUTHOR

EDITION

SERIES

TYPE

PLATES

PAPER

*Method of
Printing*

{ TEXT

INSERTS

COVER

SUBCONTRACT DATA

REMARKS

REFERENCE LIBRARY * HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO. * BOSTON, MASS.

*Archive
Collection*



This book may not leave the Office
and if borrowed must be returned within 7 days



THE ÆNEID OF VIRGIL

BOOKS VII-XII

TRANSLATED BY
HARLAN HOGE BALLARD



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge
1908

COPYRIGHT 1908 BY HARLAN H. BALLARD
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Published February 1908

THE ÆNEID

BOOK VII

THOU, too, faithful nurse of Æneas, Caieta, hast
added

Lasting renown to our shore by thy death; and
still thy remembrance

Graciously lingers here, and thy name marks the
place where thou liest

Tombed in this wide western land, if this be a
measure of glory.

Loyal Æneas to thee, due honor of burial paying,
Raised a memorial mound; then, when the deep
sea became quiet,

Speeded his course with sails, and soon left the
harbor behind him;

Breezes arising at night, fair Luna attending their
voyage,

Brightly sparkled the sea in the tremulous splen-
dor of moonlight.

Soon they were cautiously skirting the shores of the
Island of Circe,

Where with unending song the Sun's luxurious
daughter

Thrilled the desolate groves, and in her imperial
palace

Conquered the darkness of night by the glare of
sweet torches of cedar,

Flashing through daintiest warp the woof of her
rhythmical shuttle.

Thence was plainly heard the furious growling of
lions 15

Quarrelling with their chains and filling the night
with their roaring ;

There, too, bears and bristly boars in strong fenced
inclosures

Grunted and snarled, and monstrous wolves were
incessantly howling ;

Whom by her potent herbs had Circe divine with-
out mercy

Changed from the likeness of men to grim-visaged
beasts of the forest. 20

Lest, allured to that port, the god-fearing Trojans
should suffer

Any so monstrous fate, or land on a shore so ac-
cursed,

Neptune billowed their sails with favoring breezes,
and safety

Granted in flight, and bore them unharmed by the
dark seething waters.

Then, as the sea was crimsoned at dawn, and
golden Aurora 25

Borne in her rosy car was gleaming on high in the
heavens,

Every wind was hushed ; each breeze grew sud-
denly quiet ;

Labored the oar-blades now in a slumbering ocean
of marble.

Then, looking forth from the deep, Æneas espied
a great forest,

Rolling down through which in a charming stream,
Tyberinus, 30

Yellow with freight of sand and dimpled with swift-
whirling eddies,

Hastened to meet the sea; while around and
above him, and wonted

Both to the channel and banks of the river, and
varied in plumage,

Birds charmed the air with song and fluttered
about in the forest.

Bidding his comrades bend their course and turn
to the mainland, 35

Entered he then with joy the mouth of the shadowy
river.

Guide me, Erato, now; and the kings and the
manners and customs,

Also the ancient estate of Latium when first an
invader

Anchored a hostile fleet within the Ausonian har-
bors,

I will relate, and recall the rise of the earliest
conflict. 40

Thou, O Goddess, do thou thy poet inspire; and
of warfare

Fierce will I sing, of troops, and of kings urged
deathward by valor;

Sing of the Tuscan host and of all the Hesperian
armies

Banded in one; I rise to a story of higher
achievement;

Grandeur is now my theme. Latinus, now aged, was
ruling 45

Shores and towns in a peace whose quiet had long
been unbroken.

He had been borne by Marica, a nymph of Laurentum, to Faunus, —
Such the tradition. The father of Faunus was Picus, begotten,
Saturn, by thee; and thou first founded the race of the Latins.
Heaven had decreed no son to inherit the name of Latinus; 50
One had been taken away in the opening dawn of his manhood.
One only daughter was heir of his home and his boundless dominions,
Ripe already for love, and dreaming already of marriage.
Many from Latium broad and from all the Ausonian country
Eagerly sought her hand, but her noblest admirer was Turnus, 55
Heir of an ancient line, whom the queen with wondrous devotion
Eagerly would have received as a son-in-law into her household
Had not the gods intervened with varied and threatening omens.
Long had a laurel tree stood in the innermost court of the palace,
Sacred of leaf, and for many a year religiously guarded: 60
Father Latinus himself, who found it when building the castle,
Set it apart, they say, to shelter the altar of Phœbus,
Afterward giving the name of the tree to the Laurentine people.

High on its crown thick clustering bees, a marvelous legend,
Winging their airy flight with noisy, tumultuous humming, 65
Settled to rest and then, clinging fast with their feet to each other,
Suddenly hung in a swarm from a thick-leaved branch of the laurel.
Straightway the soothsayer cried: "Behold, a strange hero approaches!
Holding the self-same course, an army is swiftly advancing
Seeking the self-same place, and to rule from the crest of our castle." 70
Then, as with pure young hands Lavinia kindled the altar,
Holding the sacred torch and nestling close to her father,
Horrible sight! the flames, laying hold on her long flowing tresses,
Rose in a crackling blaze and robbed her of every adornment,
Burning her queenly hair and her diadem splendid with jewels. 75
Then, all wreathed about by blinding smoke and a lurid
Glare, she scattered a shower of sparks to the roof of the palace.
This was regarded with awe and considered a marvellous omen,
Since it betokened for her a dazzling and glorious future,
While it foreshadowed the gloom of a terrible war to her people. 80

But, by the portent alarmed, the king to the
shrine of his father,
Faunus the soothsayer, went, and there under
lofty Albuna
Sought his advice in the grove, where deep in the
shade of the forest
Plashes the sacred fount, and wanders the cruel
miasma.
Here the Italian tribes and all the Ænotrian
people 85
Came to resolve their doubts; and whenever a
priest had brought hither
Gifts, and at dead of night had laid himself down
on the outspread
Fleeces of slaughtered sheep, and had earnestly
prayed for a vision,
Many a phantom he saw pass by in wondrous
procession,
Many a voice he heard and held high converse with
Heaven, 90
Yea, communed with Hell and the nethermost
depths of Avernus:
Then, too, Father Latinus himself, here seeking
for guidance,
Slaughtered an hundred wool-bearing ewes accord-
ing to custom;
Then on their skins he lay, on their fleeces spread
out for a cushion.
Then from the depth of the grove a sudden re-
sponse was delivered: 95
“Seek not thou for thy daughter, my son, a Latin
alliance,
Neither look forward with hope to the marriage
already provided.

Sons-in-law are to come from afar, who shall carry
our glory

Unto the stars by their blood ; and, sprung from
their loins, our descendants,

Wheresoe'er the revolving sun looks down on the
ocean, 100

There beneath their feet shall see the world van-
quished and governed."

These reponses of Faunus, his father, and these
admonitions

Given in the silence of night, Latinus hid not in
his bosom,

But in her wandering flight already had Rumor
rehearsed them

Through the Ausonian towns before the young
Teucrian sailors 105

Moored their fleet by the grassy slope of the banks
of the Tiber.

Now Æneas, the princes of Troy, and blooming
Iulus

Under the boughs of a stately tree were idly re-
clining ;

Others a sacred feast prepared, and laid on the
greensward

Cakes of barley meal, as Jove himself was direct-
ing, 110

And with wilding fruits piled high their cereal
platters ;

Then, as it chanced that all else was consumed
before appetite failed them,

When they began to devour the wafer-like cakes,
and to ravage

Both with their hands and their venturesome teeth
the rim of the fateful

Crust, and even refused to spare the broad quar-
ter sections, 115

“Why!” Iulus exclaimed, “it is trenchers and all
we are eating!”

Merry and brief was the jest, yet the word had no
sooner been uttered

Than it had ended their toils; his father, while
yet he was speaking,

Caught the first hope from his lips and, stunned
by the omen, was silent:

Instantly, then, “All hail, thou land that the Fates
have vouchsafed me! 120

Ye, too, hail,” he cried, “ye trustworthy gods of
the Trojans!

This is our country, our home! For father An-
chises bequeathed me

(Now I recall it) this one mysterious hint of the
future;

‘When to strange shores thou shalt come, and
when, thy provisions exhausted,

Hunger shall force thee, my son, to live by de-
vouring thy trenchers, 125

Then thy discouragement cheer by the promise of
home, and remember

There thy first roofs to uprear and there to estab-
lish thy bulwarks.’

This was that hunger, and this was reserved for
the last of our trials;

Here shall our exile end!

Come, then, and let us with joy, when breaks the
first light of the morning, 130

Search by all paths from the harbor what shores
have afforded us refuge,

Unto what men they belong, and where the chief
city is builded.

Now pour out from your bowls a libation to Jove,
and petition

Father Anchises with vows, and drink the new
birth of our kingdom ! ”

Thus having spoken, he crowned his brow with
a leaf-woven chaplet ; 135

Then he invoked the god of the place, and Earth
as the first-born

Child of the gods, and the nymphs, and the un-
known gods of the rivers,

Night and the rising stars of night, and Jove of
Mount Ida,

Each in the order due, and the Phrygian mother,
Cybebe,

Also his parents twain, one dwelling in light, one
in shadow. 140

Then from the deep blue sky three times the Om-
nipotent Father

Thundered, and showed a cloud that quivered with
fire in the heavens,

Held by his own right hand and gilded by flashes
of lightning.

Instantly then through the ranks of the Trojans a
swift-spreading rumor

Ran that the day had come for founding the city
of promise. 145

Glad of an omen so fair, they returned to the feast
with rejoicing,

Setting out bowls of wine and crowning each bowl
with a garland.

When the next morning dawned and illumined the
earth with its glory,

Then to discover a town and the bounds and the
shores of the country

Different ways they went ; here finding the fens
of Numicus, 150

Here the swift Tiber, and yonder the homes of the
valorous Latins.

Then Æneas ordained that an hundred ambassa-
dors, chosen

Out of each rank, should go to the king's imperial
city,

All holding forth in their hands green wreaths of
the olive of Pallas,

Gifts to the hero to bear, and peace to entreat for
the Trojans. 155

Instantly they who were bidden obeyed and sped
on their errand.

Lightly Æneas, himself, traced the line of his
walls with a furrow ;

Then began work on the site, and enclosed his first
town by the sea-shore

After the fashion of camps with strong palisaded
entrenchments.

Now, too, ending their march, the envoys caught
sight of the turrets, 160

Gazed on the lofty roofs, and drew near to the town
of the Latins.

Boys outside the walls and youths in the bloom of
young manhood

Practiced the horseman's art, and were speeding
their cars on the race-track ;

Some bent bows with their arms, or tough-grained
lances were hurling ;

Others were testing their skill in contests of run-
ning and boxing. 165

When to the aged king a herald on horseback had
carried

Tidings of stalwart men in foreign apparel approaching,

Orders were issued by him to usher them into the palace.

On his ancestral throne he sat in the centre of honor.

Spacious and grand was the hall ; and proud with
an hundred tall pillars, 170

Crowning the heights of the town, stood the home
of Laurentian Picus,

Awful amid the groves and the gloom of ancestral
religion.

Here, by a custom revered, unto kings were their
sceptres delivered ;

Here were the rods assumed. This hall was the
home of their senate ;

Here they partook of their sacred feasts ; here the
fathers were wonted, 175

After a ram had been slain, to sit at long tables
together.

Then, from old cedar hewn, a series of statues
ancestral

Stood in the entrance court ; there were Italus,
Father Sabinus,

Planter of vines, with the old curved knife in the
hand of the image ;

Ancient Saturn, too, and the double-browed figure
of Janus, 180

Also the earlier kings from the dawn of the
nation's existence

Who had surrendered their lives in defending the
lives of their people.

Many a weapon, moreover, was hung on the sanctified
portals ;

Captured cars were there, and there were great
crescent-shaped axes,
Helmets and crests, and massive bars from the
gateways of cities, 185
Lances and shields, and beaks torn off from ships
they had vanquished.
Then, with his augur's wand, a short robe girded
about him,
Armed with his oval shield, there sat the Subduer
of Horses,
Picus, himself, whom Circe, his wife, in a frenzy
of passion
Smiting with golden rod, transformed by subtle
enchantment, 190
Changing him into a bird and sprinkling his plu-
mage with color.

Such was the temple divine and such the proud
hall where Latinus
Seated himself on his throne, and summoned the
Teucrian envoys.
There he welcomed his guests with cordial and
courteous greeting:
“Men of Dardania, speak, — for we know both
your race and your city; 195
Nor unannounced have ye hither directed your
course on the billows, —
What do ye seek? What cause, what need hath
driven your vessels
Over so many blue seas to these distant Ausonian
harbors?
Whether by losing your way, or vexed by the wrath
of a tempest,
As is the frequent mischance of mariners far from
the mainland, 200

Ye have now entered the lane of our river and
moored in our haven,
Do not our welcome refuse, nor strangers remain
to the Latins,
Children of Saturn, constrained nor by bond nor
by law to do justice,
But by our own desire, and regard for the god of
our fathers.
And — I remember it well though years have
bedimmed the tradition — 205
Aged Auruncan men have assured us that, sprung
from these lowlands,
Dardanus made his way to the Phrygian cities of
Ida,
Even to Samos in Thrace, — Samothracia now
they have named it, —
Hence from his Tuscan home in Corythus taking
his journey ;
Now he hath won a golden abode in the star-
studded heavens, 210
Where enthroned he hath taken his place among
deified mortals.”

When he had spoken these words, Ilioneus answered his greeting :
“ King, illustrious son of Faunus, nor darkening
tempest
Unto thy land hath constrained us to come at the
sport of the billows,
Nor hath the sky or the shore misguided the course
of our voyage. 215
We are all brought to this town by design and a
long cherished purpose,
Exiles are we from a realm at one time acknow-
ledged the greatest

Ever beheld by the sun in his march through the
midst of the heavens ;
We are descended from Jove ; in Jove as their
father the Dardans
Glory ; our king himself, of Jove supreme a de-
scendant, 220
Even Æneas of Troy, hath bidden us come to thy
threshold.
How great a storm let loose from cruel Mycenæ
hath hurtled
O'er the Idæan plains, and urged by what fate
the two countries,
Europe and Asia, have warred, even he must have
learned, if he liveth,
Who is far sundered from us by the measureless
breadth of the ocean ; 225
He, too, if such there be, whom the sun-withered
zone hath sequestered,
Stretching its blistering track between the four
quarters of heaven.
Saved from that storm of war, and borne o'er vast
reaches of water,
Ask we a quiet abode for the gods of our hearths,
and a refuge
Peaceful and free ; and the sea and the air which
lie open to all men. 230
Naught of disgrace will we bring to thy realm, but
will add to thy glory,
Nor will our gratitude fail to remember so signal
a kindness,
Nor shall Ausonia grieve to have opened her arms
to the Trojans.
Now by the fates of Æneas I swear, by his hand
ever potent,

Whether one trust it in faith or test it in wager of
battle, 235

Many a nation and tribe (nor doubt it because we
- have chosen

Chaplets to bear in our hands, and words of en-
treaty to offer)

Both have desired and besought us to join in a
friendly alliance ;

But the decrees of the gods have compelled us to
search for your country

By their inherent might. Hence Dardanus came ;
and Apollo 240

Calls us hither again, and points us with stern
admonition

Unto the sacred Numician fount and Tyrrhenian
Tiber.

Finally, these poor gifts have been sent unto thee
by Æneas,

Relics of happier days, redeemed from the flames
of our city ;

Father Anchises made use of this gold in his wonted
libations ; 245

Priam in these was arrayed when he issued his
laws to the people

Duly convoked to hear, both the sceptre and golden
tiara ;

Work of the matrons of Troy, this robe.”

During these words of Ilioneus calm was the
face of Latinus,

Quiet and thoughtful his mien ; and he sat on his
throne without moving 250

Aught but his watchful eyes ; nor had the em-
broid’ry of purple

So much weight with the king, nor even the sceptre
of Priam,

As his concern for the love and the marriage await-
ing his daughter.

Deeply he pondered and long on the ancient pre-
diction of Faunus,

Judging that this was the man who, come from a
far distant country, 255

Fate had ordained for his son, and had summoned
to share in the kingdom

Equal in all to himself; his seed to be famed for
their valor,

And by their prowess in war, to subdue the whole
world to their sceptre.

Joyful, at last he spake: "May the gods to our
purpose be gracious,

And their own augury bless. What, Trojan, thou
seekest is granted; 260

Nor do I slight thy gifts. Ye shall neither lack
broad fertile acres

While Latinus is king, nor pine for your Teucrian
treasures.

Yet let Æneas himself, if so great be his love for
our people,

If he be ready to join us in league and be known
as our ally,

Come, and withhold himself not from our friendly
and welcoming presence. 265

I shall have earnest of peace in touching the hand
of your master.

Now, however, return to your king and deliver my
message:

I have a daughter forbidden to wed with a man of
our nation

Both by the oracles heard at the shrine of my
father, and many

Ominous signs in the sky: they predict that to
Latium are destined 270

Sons from a foreign shore, whose descendants shall
carry our glory

Unto the stars. That this is the man whom the
fates are demanding,

I both believe and hope, if aught I can read of the
future."

Thus having spoken, the king, selecting the best
of his horses

(Hundreds of glistening steeds in the royal stables
were standing), 275

Forthwith ordered for each of the Trojans a wing-
footed charger

Marshallled in line, arrayed in trappings brocaded
in purple;

Golden the poytrels that hung on their breasts; of
gold were their bridles,

Golden the glittering bits that the horses were
restlessly champing;

Also a car, and a well matched team for absent
Æneas, 280

Born of celestial blood and breathing out fire from
their nostrils:

They were of hybrid stock purloined from her
father by Circe,

Stealthily bred from a mortal mare and the steeds
of Apollo.

Bearing these greetings and gifts from Latinus, the
Trojans on horseback

Rode away to the camp with tidings of peace to
Æneas. 285

Lo, however, the merciless consort of Jove was
returning,

Borne aloft in the air from the shores of Inachian
Argos;
And from the sky she beheld, far away as Sicilian
Pachynum,
Joyful Æneas, himself, and the fleet of Dardanian
galleys;
Saw that the Trojans had reached a home and
were building a city, 290
Having abandoned their ships; then pierced by
sharp sorrow she halted,
And with a toss of her head gave voice to the
grief of her spirit:
“Ah! detestable race! and the fates of the Phry-
gians ever
Hostile to mine! Did they yield to death on the
plains of Sigæum?
Captured, could they be held? Did the flames of
the Ilian city 295
Ilium’s men consume? They escaped through the
midst of my armies,
Yea, through the midst of fire! But now my
divinity slumbers,
Wearied at last, forsooth! or at rest from a sur-
feit of vengeance!
Yet have I dared to pursue these exiles from home
with my hatred
Over the sea, and to fight them wherever dispersed
on the waters. 300
Powers of the sky and the sea on the Teucrian
men have been wasted.
What has availed for me or Scylla or mighty
Charybdis?
What have the Syrtes availed? On the breast
of their coveted Tiber

Safe from myself and the sea they rest. Mars
vanquished the giant

Sons of the Lapithæ; Jove, himself, old Calydon
yielded 305

Unto Diana's wrath. Yet of what were the Lapi-
thæ guilty?

What had been Calydon's crime to call for so
dread an atonement?

I, none the less, the great consort of Jove, un-
happily able

Nothing to leave undared, after using my utmost
endeavor,

I by Æneas am foiled. Yet, though my own
strength be too feeble, 310

Let me not hesitate now to resort to whatever can
aid me;

If I prevail not with Heaven, I will summon all
Hell to my standard!

Grant that I may not prevent him from gaining
his Latin dominions,

Grant that Lavinia, guarded by fate, shall join him
in marriage,

Yet may I hinder these great events and trouble
their progress; 315

Yet may I cause both monarchs to mourn for the
death of their subjects.

Let this father and son unite at the price of their
people;

Paid be thy dowry in Teucrian blood and Rutulian,
maiden!

Lo, for thy bridesmaid Bellona awaits, nor has
Hecuba only

Mothered a brand of fire and brought forth torches
of marriage, 320

But a like brood has by Venus been borne, both a
Paris the second,
And for resurgent Troy fresh torches of wedlock
and ruin ! ”

Down to the Earth, as she uttered these words,
the dread goddess descended,
And from the gloom of Hell, the home of the ter-
rible Furies,
Summoned Alecto, the mother of grief, who glories
in warfare, 325
Cruel strife, and crime, and treachery fruitful in
ruin.

Her even Pluto, her father, abhors, and her Stygian
sisters

Look on the monster with hate ; she appears in so
many disguises,
Features so hideous wears, and bristles so fiercely
with serpents.

Juno then urges her thus, thus goads her malevo-
lent spirit : 330

“ Virgin, thou daughter of Night, I require thine
own fashion of service ;

Seek thy congenial aid, that my honor and maimed
reputation

Be not destroyed ; nor the men of Æneas deceive
by a marriage

Aged Latinus, or gain the control of Italy’s king-
dom.

Thou canst embroil in war the most loving of bro-
thers, and kindle 335

Peaceable homes to hate, and quarrel and murder-
ous anger

Bring to the houses of kings : for thine are a thou-
sand disguises,

Thousand thy means of harm. Awaken thy fertile
invention,

Break this agreement of peace, and scatter the
seeds of dissension ;

War let the youths at once desire and demand and
engender.” 340

Straightway Alecto then, instinct with Gorgo-
nean venom,

Hastened to Latium first, proud home of the Lau-
rentine monarch,

Where she crouched her down by the silent door
of Amata,

Whom, distressed by the Trojan's approach and
her promise to Turnus,

Womanly love and wrath kept glowing and seeth-
ing with passion. 345

Her the goddess attacked with one of the venom-
ous adders

Plucked from her grisly locks, and hurled at the
heart of Amata,

That, by the monster made mad, she might fill the
whole house with confusion.

Then between her robe and her delicate bosom the
serpent

Glided and rolled unperceived, and into her inno-
cent spirit 350

Breathed his viperous life ; he seemed the broad
necklace of wreathen

Gold encircling her throat ; he seemed the long
ends of the fillet

Binding her hair ; and his coils went gliddering
over her body.

Yet as the first dark flow of the humid insidious
poison

Stole through her veins and mingled its fire with
her innermost being, 355

While her soul was yet free from the venom per-
vading her bosom,

Mild as of yore was her speech and after the way
of all mothers,

While with many tears she lamented the Phrygian
nuptials :

“Unto these exiles of Troy is Lavinia promised in
marriage ?

Hast thou, O father, no ruth for either thyself or
thy daughter ? 360

Carest thou not for a mother’s distress, whom this
faithless marauder,

Soon as a fair wind blows, will desert after steal-
ing her daughter ?

Was it not so that the shepherd of Troy betrayed
Lacedæmon,

Ravishing Leda’s own Helen away to his Teucrian
city ?

Where is thy plighted faith, thine ancient regard
for thy household ? 365

Where the right hand thou so often hast pledged
to Turnus thy kinsman ?

Nay, if a foreign race must furnish a son for the
Latins,

If this is fixed, and the words of Faunus thy father
constrain thee,

I, at least, hold every land that is free and dis-
joined from our kingdom

Foreign, and this I believe the oracles plainly in-
tended. 370

Turnus has ancestors, too, if the source of his line
be regarded ;

Inachus dwelt and Acrisius, too, in the heart of
Mycenæ."

When with these words she had pleaded in vain,
and found that Latinus
Turned a deaf ear to her cry ; when the pestilent
curse of the serpent
Deep in her heart had sunk and through her whole
being was coursing, 375
Then, indeed, forlorn, and frightened by dread
apparitions,
Strangely demented she roamed through the length
and the breadth of the city.
Just as at times a top, set a-twirl by the stroke of
a whip-lash,
Boys through vacant courts urge onward in widen-
ing circles
Deeply intent on the sport ; impelled by the cord
it is driven 380
Round its bewildering track, while over it stand
the untutored
Throng of beardless boys admiring the musical
box-wood,
Giving their minds to the stroke ; in as wild a
career was Amata
Borne through the midst of towns, through coun-
trysides rude and uncourtly ;
Nay, through the forest she roamed on pretense of
the worship of Bacchus. 385
Daring more serious crime and grown to more
desperate madness,
Into a leafy retreat of the mountain she fled with
her daughter,
Thinking to break off the treaty with Troy and
frustrate the marriage,

Shouting to Bacchus, "Euhoe! Thou only art
worthy the maiden,

Since in thy name she bears the flexible ivy-wreathed
thyrsus, 390

Moves about thee in the dance, and vows her long
hair to thy glory."

Rumor took wing, and at once a like frenzy drove
all of the matrons,

Maddened in heart by the Furies, to seek them out
strange habitations.

Out of their homes they fled, to the winds gave
their throats and their tresses;

Others kept filling the sky with mournful and trem-
ulous wailing, 395

Clad in the skins of fawns and armed with vine-
garlanded lances:

Midmost, Amata herself in frenzy uplifted a blaz-
ing

Brand of pine, and sang of her daughter's betrothal
to Turnus.

Wild were her blood-shot eyes, and fiercely she
shouted: "O matrons!

Mothers of Latium, all, give ear wherever ye wan-
der; 400

If there remain in your hearts any love for un-
happy Amata,

If ye have still any deep regard for the rights of a
mother,

Loosen the bands of your hair and join in these
Bacchanal revels."

So through the woodland wild, through desolate
lairs of the forest,

Ceased not Alecto to goad the queen with the frenzy
of Bacchus. 405

When she had kindled to furious flame these
embers of madness ;
When she had wrecked the hopes and confounded
the home of Latinus,
Thence on the wings of night the malevolent god-
dess was wafted
Straight to the town of the bold Rutulian hero
(the city
Danaë builded of old to protect her Acrisian peo-
ple),
Borne on the rushing wind. This, Ardea named
by its founders,
Clings to the ancient name as a mark of distinction
and honor,
Yet is its fortune fled. Here then in his glorious
palace
Turnus on that dark night was sweetly and peace-
fully sleeping.
Doffing the hideous features and form of a Fury,
Alecto
Altered her shape and assumed the guise of an
age-stricken woman,
Ploughed with wrinkles her hateful brow and,
binding a fillet
Round her snow-white hair interwoven with
branches of olive,
Calybe she became, the aged attendant of Juno ;
Then stood facing the youth and awakened him
thus from his slumber :
“ Turnus, unquestioned by thee shall all thine
endeavor be fruitless ?
And shall thy sceptre be deeded away to Darda-
nian settlers ?
Kinship with thee thy monarch rejects, denies thee
the dowry

Bought by thy blood, and seeks among aliens an
heir to his kingdom :

Go, now, and welcome contempt, and imperil thy
life for the thankless ; 425

Go, and the Tuscans destroy, and shelter the
Latins from danger !

Thus hath the sovereign queen, Saturnia, plainly
directed

Me unto thee to speak as thou liest in silence and
slumber ;

Wherefore, arise and rejoice, and make ready thy
soldiers for battle ;

Open thy gates for war, and burn thou the Phry-
gian chieftains 430

Camped by yon fair stream, and the gay-colored
ships of the Trojans ;

So the great powers of the sky command ; and
lordly Latinus,

If he refuse to give thee thy bride and to honor
his compact,

Let him also at last take the measure of Turnus in
battle."

Then the young prince, in turn, making light of
the words of the priestess, 435

Answered her thus : " That a fleet is riding the
waves of the Tiber

Is not the news you think, nor hath it escaped my
attention ;

Truce to thy fancies and fears ; nor think that
imperial Juno

Ever forgets her own.

Frailty, good mother, and dreams, and age ever
prone to delusion, 440

Mock thee with foolish fears and vainly disquiet
thy spirit,

Prophetess though thou art, while kings are war-
ring around thee;

Thine is the duty of guarding the gods, their
shrines, and their temples;

War and peace are for men; let men bear the
burdens of battle."

Blazed into wrath upon hearing these words the
soul of Alecto. 445

While he yet spake, the limbs of the youth fell
suddenly trembling,

Fixed were his eyes with fear; with so many ser-
pents Erinys

Hissed, and so monstrous a form revealed; then
rolling her blazing

Eyes she silenced his tongue as he stammered and
strove to speak further;

Then she upreared two snakes from her hair and,
sounding her scourges, 450

Opened her frenzied lips and fiercely returned him
this answer:

"Frailty and idle dreams and age ever prone to
delusion,

Mock me with foolish fears while kings are war-
ring around me!

Look upon these! I come from the home of my
sisters, the Furies;

War in my hands I bear, and death!" 455

Thus having spoken, she threatened the youth with
her torch; and a fire-brand

Smoking with lurid glare she thrust deep into his
bosom.

Then great fear burst the bondage of sleep, and
over his body

Sweat poured forth as if sinew and bone were dis-
solving in terror.

Madly for arms he called, sought arms in his
chamber and palace ; 460

Wild was his thirst for steel, insensate his passion
for battle,

Frenzied his wrath : as fire, when kindled in loud-
roaring faggots,

Rises on every side of a seething urn, and the
fluid

Leaps as it feels the flame, and, fiercely resenting
its prison,

Foams in a vaporous cloud and, wildly seeking its
freedom, 465

Breaks from its own control and rolls in black
steam to the heavens.

So he directed the chiefs of his army, profaning
the treaty,

'Gainst Latinus the king to march, and make
ready for battle,

Italy to defend, and to drive out the foe from their
borders ;

Adding that he was prepared to engage both
Trojan and Latin. 470

When he had uttered these words and had called
on the gods to befriend him,

Eagerly then the Rutulians roused themselves for
the combat.

One the surpassing grace of his youth and his
beauty enkindled,

One his royal descent, and one his renown as a
soldier.

While the Rutulian heart was excited to valor
by Turnus, 475

Unto the Trojans her Stygian wings were bearing
Alecto.

Spying by magical art the place where comely
Iulus

Chanced with stalking and chase to be hunting
wild beasts by the river ;

Suddenly then on his hounds a madness the Maid
of Cocytus

Threw, and caused a familiar scent to enter their
nostrils, 480

So that they hotly pursued a stag ; the seeds of
disaster

Scattering thus, and thus to war arousing the
peasants.

There was a stag of beauty most rare and with
wide-spreading antlers,

Which, from the breast of its dam carried off by
the children of Tyrrhus,

They had nursed up with the help of Tyrrhus their
father, the royal 485

Shepherd, to whom the care of the far-stretching
fields was intrusted.

This, when taught to obey, their young sister,
Silvia, daily

Decked with the greatest care, entwining its horns
with soft garlands ;

Daily she combed it, too, and bathed it in clear-
flowing water.

He, unafraid of the hand and used to be fed by
his mistress, 490

Roamed through the woods, and again of his own
free will to the well-known

Threshold always returned though never so late in
the gloaming.

Him, now straying afar, the mad hounds of Iulus
the hunter

Startled the while he was floating by chance down
the smooth-flowing river,
Seeking a cool retreat on the banks over-shadowed
by verdure. 495
Fired with desire for exceptional praise, Ascanius
quickly
Raised his bended bow and shot at the stag with
his arrows ;
Nor did the goddess desert his wavering hand, for
a whizzing
Shaft flew straight to the animal's flank and en-
tered its belly.
Home to the well-known roof the stag then has-
tened for refuge ; 500
Wounded and bleeding, it filled the stall and the
house with its moaning,
Uttering plaintive cries like one who is pleading
for pity.
Beating her arms with her hands, first Silvia, sad
little sister,
Shouted aloud for help and called the rude peasants
together.
They — for the merciless fiend lay hid in the gloom
of the forest — 505
Suddenly came, one armed with a cudgel that
burning had hardened,
One with a heavily knotted club ; what each could
lay hand on,
Wrath to a weapon changed. Then Tyrrhus, who
chanced to be riving
Quartered logs of oak with ponderous blows of his
beetle,
Caught up a terrible axe and angrily gathered his
comrades. 510

Then from her vantage the fiend, having found
the right moment for mischief,
Flew to the topmost roof of the stall and, perched
on the summit,
Sounded the gathering-cry of the shepherds, and
through a curved ram's-horn
Blew an infernal blast, whereat all the neighboring
woodland
Trembled with sudden alarm and the depths of the
forest were shaken. 515
Heard was the sound by Diana's far lake, and
heard by the river
Foaming with sulphurous water, the Nar, and the
springs of Velinus;
Aye, and mothers in fear their children pressed
close to their bosoms.
Then, indeed, quick at the cry, where'er the dread
horn sent the signal,
Seizing their weapons, from every side came rush-
ing together 520
Countrymen sturdy and bold; and as quickly the
sons of the Trojans,
Bringing Ascanius aid, poured forth from their
open encampment.
Lines of battle were drawn; nor now in a quarrel
with peasants
Dealt they with knotted clubs or cudgels made
harder by burning,
Rather with steel against steel they fought, and a
dark field of harvest 525
Bristled afar with brandished swords and, struck by
the sunbeams,
Glittered their armor of bronze and flung back the
light to the heavens.

So at the wind's first breath when waves are beginning to whiten,

Slowly upheaves the sea, then higher and higher its billows

Roll till it leaps to the sky, one surge from its deepest foundations. 530

Here by a whistling shaft in front of the first line of battle

Almon the youthful, the eldest born of the children of Tyrrhus,

Fell, for deep in his throat an arrow stuck fast, and the lifeblood

Choked the wet path of his voice and the narrow lane of his breathing.

There, with many heroic men, fell aged Galæsus 535

While he was bearing proposals for peace; and none was more upright,

Nor was there any before so rich in Ausonian acres;

Five were his bleating flocks of sheep, five herds of his cattle

Pastured the fields, and his farm was furrowed by hundreds of ploughmen.

Now, when over the plain they were struggling in doubtful encounter, 540

When, to her promises true, the goddess had crimsoned the battle,

When with bloodshed and death she had darkened the dawn of the conflict,

Italy then she left and, borne through the high arching heavens,

Thus in a voice of pride triumphantly spake unto Juno:

"Lo, for thy sake, by the travail of war is discord engendered; 545

Now let them plight their faith and join in a
friendly alliance!

Now that with Italy's blood I have sprinkled the
Teucrian heroes,

This I will add to my deeds if clearly assured of
thy pleasure;

Unto the neighboring towns I will carry the news
of the battle,

Yea, I will kindle their hearts with a furious pas-
sion for fighting, 550

Summon them all to our aid, and sow all their
acres with warfare."

Juno, however, replied: "With fear and with
fraud I am sated;

Reasons for war exist, to war their hands are com-
mitted;

Freshly stained with blood are the arms which
chance hath provided.

Such an espousal and such connubial rites let the
noble 555

Son of Venus enjoy, and king Latinus exult in!

Thee the Great Father enthroned on the heights of
Olympus prohibits

Further or longer to roam the regions of air and of
sunlight.

Hence begone! and if yet there remain any chance
of disaster,

I will myself take charge." Such words had Sa-
turnia spoken. 560

Then, outspreading her wings with a hissing of
serpents, Alecto

Hied to Cocytus, her home, and fled from the air
and the sunlight.

Deep in Italy's heart, over-shadowed by towering
mountains,

There is a place of renown far famed as the Vale
of Amsanctus,
Honored on many a shore ; and this, by thick foliage darkened, 565
Closely is hemmed about by the fringe of a forest
while, roaring
Loud among echoing rocks, is a twisting and eddying
torrent ;
Here dread caverns are shown and holes for the
breathing of Pluto ;
Here a fathomless gulf, upbursting from Acheron,
opens
Wide its pestilent jaws, wherein disappearing,
Alecto, 570
Spirit abhorred, disburdened the earth and the sky
of her presence.

Meanwhile a finishing touch by the hand of the
Queen of Olympus
Unto the war was given ; for, crowding together,
the shepherds
Rushed from the field of strife and brought back
their slain to the city.
Fair young Almon they bore and the mangled face
of Galæsus, 575
While they invoked the gods and called on Latinus
to witness.
Turnus, too, in the midst of their wrath and their
charges of murder,
Heightened their fears by the cry that to Troy had
the sceptre been offered,
Welcomed were Phrygian men, while he was cast
forth from the threshold.
Then, too, the sons of those who were roaming in
Bacchanal frenzy 580

Forests untrodden before (for not light was the
name of Amata)

Gathered from every side and joined in the clamor
for battle.

Straightway, defying the will of the gods, and in
face of the omens,

All invoked the accursed war with fanatical blind-
ness,

Fiercely crowding the courts of the royal abode of
Latinus. 585

He, like a rock in the sea, unshaken withstands
their entreaties ;

Yea, like a rock in the sea which meets the wild
rush of the water

Strong in its own vast weight, while round and
about it unnumbered

Surges are howling ; in vain do the cliffs and
foam-whitened ledges

Roar while, dashed on its flanks, the sea-weed is
backwardly streaming. 590

Yet, when no power could avail to conquer their
blind resolution,

When events moved on at the will of implacable
Juno,

Loudly to gods and unheeding skies the father
protested.

“Shipwrecked, alas, by fate,” he cried, “we drift
with the tempest !

Ye with your own unhallowed blood shall pay the
atonement, 595

Wretched men that ye are ! And thee, O impious
Turnus,

Thee sad punishment waits ; too tardy shall be
thy repentance !

For I had promise of rest, I was just at the gate of
the harbor ;

Now of a peaceful death I am robbed." Then,
speaking no further,

Hedging himself in his palace, he dropped the
control of his kingdom. 600

There was a rite which the Alban towns of Hes-
perian Latium

Ever held sacred, and Rome, the imperial queen of
the nations,

Practices yet when calling on Mars to open the
battle,

Whether to wage in her might a sorrowful war on
the Geles,

Hyrcean or Arab to quell, or her sway to extend to
the Indies, 605

Or to follow the dawn, and from Parthia rescue
her standards.

Twain are the gates of war, for such is the title
they give them,

Dark with the dread of Mars and the hallowing
gloom of his worship,

Closed by an hundred bars of bronze and iron's
eternal

Strength, and Janus, their lord, is forever on
guard at the threshold. 610

Now when a formal announcement of war is de-
creed by the senate,

These the consul himself, in the pride of Quirinal
regalia,

Clad in a Gabine robe, flings wide on their harsh-
grating hinges ;

Battle his voice proclaims, and the cry is caught
up by the army,

While hoarse trumpets of bronze unite in the loud
proclamation. 615

And at that time to proclaim a war with the clan
of Æneas

And the grim gates to unbar, this custom required
of Latinus.

But the good father recoiled from the touch and
backward retreated,

Fleeing the duty he loathed, and buried himself in
the shadows.

Then, sweeping down from the sky, the queen of
the gods the reluctant 620

Gates with her own hand smote, and the arm of
the daughter of Saturn

Burst the iron doors of war from their bars and
their sockets.

Hitherto calm and unmoved, Ausonia blazed into
fury.

Some set out for the plains on foot; high raised
on their horses,

Others stormed on through clouds of dust; all
calling for weapons; 625

Some with slippery lard fell to polishing buck-
ler and javelin,

Rubbing them smooth and bright, or whetting the
edge of their axes.

Gladly their standards they raised and heard the
sound of the trumpet.

Five great cities were ringing aloud with the music
of anvils

Forging new arms; Atina the strong and Tibur
the haughty, 630

Ardea, old Crustumerium, too, and castled An-
temnæ.

Helmets they hollowed to cover their heads, into
frames for their bucklers

Withes of willow they bent, and brazen breast-
plates they fashioned.

Others on burnished greaves fitted plates of flex-
ible silver :

All their devotion to sickle and share, all love for
the furrow, 635

Yielded to this; their fires retempered the swords
of their fathers.

Thundered the trumpets of war; sped swiftly the
watchword of battle ;

Nervously one from the wall was snatching a hel-
met; another

Yoked his whinnying steeds to the car, and in
shield and in corslet

Triple with gold was clad, and girt with the sword
he had proven. 640

Now my song inspire ; throw Helicon open, ye
Muses!

Who were the kings aroused to the war? What
following armies

Crowded the plain round each? With what proud
heroes thus early

Bloomed the kindly Italian soil? what weapons
were flashing?

Muses, ye never forget, nor fail in repeating the
story! 645

Scarcely to us has the faintest breath of their glory
been wafted.

First was Mezentius to enter the war and to arm
his battalions,

Fierce, from the Tuscan shore, and a scorner of
gods and religion.

Next him was Lausus his son, than whom none
other was fairer,

Only excepting the wondrous form of Laurentian
Turnus. 650

Lausus, the conquering hunter of beasts and tamer
of horses,

Led from the city Agylla in vain his thousand
retainers ;

One who deserved a happier fate than to serve
with his father,

One who should never have called a man like
Mezentius father.

After them over the verdant plain the fair
Aventinus, 655

Scion of Hercules fair, displaying his palm-crested
war-car,

Urged his conquering steeds ; his shield bore the
arms of his father,

Even an hundred snakes and the hydra surrounded
by serpents.

Him in a grove on the Aventine hill had Rhea,
the priestess,

Brought to the shores of life by a secret birth ; for
the maiden 660

Yielded herself to the god at the time the Tiry-
nthean victor,

Leaving huge Geryon slain and gaining the Lau-
rentine meadows,

Laved in the Tuscan stream his herd of Iberian
heifers.

Darts they bear in their hands to the war, and
barbarous lances,

Fighting besides with the glittering blades of
Sabellian falchions. 665

He himself, on foot, wrapped round with the skin
of a lion
Bristling with frightful hair, the great white teeth
of the monster
Gleaming above his head, so clothed, stalked into
the palace,
Shaggy and rough, with Hercules' cloak flung over
his shoulders.

Then twin brothers came forth from the gates of
the city of Tibur, 670
So was the nation called from the name of Tibur-
tus their brother ;
Sons of Argos, they, Catillus and quick-tempered
Coras,
Striding on in the van 'mid a surging forest of
lances.
So might twin Centaurs descend from the cloud-
capped crest of a mountain,
Sons of the mist rushing down from the snows of
Omole and Othrys ; 675
Swift is their course, and the mighty woods make
a way for their going,
While all the trees bend low and fall with loud
crashes before them.

Nor did he fail to come who had founded the
city Præneste,
He who has always been known as the monarch
begotten by Vulcan,
Born amid rural herds and found by the side of
the hearthstone, 680
Cæculus. Him from afar a legion of rustics had
followed ;
Men from Præneste's heights, and men who the
meadows of Gabine

Juno had tilled, or who dwelt by the Anio cold, or
the rill-wet

Rocks of the Hernici; men by fertile Anagnia
nurtured,

Or, Amasenus, by thee. Not all with a clashing
of armor, 685

Rattling of shields or of cars move on; for many
are slingers,

Scattering acorn-like balls of dark-hued lead;
some are bearing

Javelins twain in their hands, and tawny helmets
of wolf-skin

Wearing to guard their heads; on the march the
left foot is uncovered,

Printing the soil; the right is shod with a buskin
of raw-hide. 690

Next, Messapus, the tamer of steeds, begotten
by Neptune,

He whom no one by fire or by sword might hurl
from the saddle,

Suddenly draws the sword and speeds to the war
with an army

Long accustomed to ease and long unwonted to
battle.

These form the Fescennine lines and the bands of
the Æqui Falisci; 695

Those from the heights of Soracte come, from Fla-
vinian lowlands,

From the Ciminian lake and hill, and the groves of
Capena:

Marching with rhythmical tread, they sing of their
king and his glory.

Just as at times through clouded skies from their
places of feeding

Snow-white swans return, and are heard in melodious cadence 700

Trumpeting through their throats till the stream
and the Asian marshes

Thrill with the far-off sound.

None would have thought that the mail-clad ranks
of so mighty an army

Here were assembling for war, but that shrill-voiced birds from the storm-tossed

Deep were driven ashore in wind-borne airy battalions. 705

Lo, from the ancient Sabinian stock in command of a mighty

Host, and equal himself to a mighty host, appears
Clausus,

Clausus, descended from whom the Claudian line
and their kindred

Spread through the Latian land after Rome had
been shared with the Sabines.

Follows a strong Amiternian band and the ancient
Quirites, 710

All who Eretum have manned, and Mutusca far-famed for her olives,

They who Nomentum have left or the Rosean fields
of Velinus,

Dwellers on Tetrica's towering crags and the rocks
of Severus,

Men from Casperia, Floruli town, and the river
Himella,

They who of Tiber and Farabis drink, and they
whom chill Nursia, 715

Sends, and Hortanum's band, and soldiers from
Latium's borders,

They whom Allia (ill-starred name!) divides by
her waters ;

Many as the surges that roll o'er the Libyan sea
in the winter

When by storm-tossed waves malignant Orion is
hidden,

Countless as ears of wheat matured by the sun in
the springtime 720

Either on Hermus' banks or the yellowing Lycian
acres ;

Rattle their shields and the earth by the tramp of
their feet is affrighted.

Next, Agamemnon's friend, Halæsus, a hater of
Trojans,

Yokes his team to the car, and hurries to Turnus
a thousand

Fierce and resolute tribes ; both those who the
Massican hillsides 725

Fruitful in wine have tilled and those whom the
sires of Auruncus

Send from their lofty hills, and those from thy
shore, Secidina ;

Those who from Cales march and those who by
shallow Volturnus

Dwell, together with whom is a hardy Saticulan
legion

Joined with an Oscan band ; short tapering darts
are their weapons, 730

Hurled in a way of their own by thongs of flexible
leather ;

Heart-shielding bucklers they bear and they rush
with curved sabres to battle.

Nor must thy name be permitted to pass un-
mentioned in story,

Æbalus, Telon's heir, begot of the Nymph of
Sebethos,

So it is said, while he ruled Teleboican Capreæ's
kingdom ; 735

Aging already, but not like his father content with
his birthright,

For even then he brought the wide-spreading
tribes of Sarrastes

Under his yoke, and all who dwelt by the banks
of the Sarus,

All who in Batulum dwelt, or in Ruffræ and fer-
tile Celemna,

All, too, who had their abode in the fair orchard
town of Abella ; 740

Lances with barbs they are wonted to hurl in the
way of the Germans,

While they protect their heads with helmets of
bark from the cork-tree ;

Brazen their gleaming shields, and brazen their
glittering falchions.

Thou, too, art sent to the war from the moun-
tainous village of Nersæ,

Ufens, distinguished by fame and by glorious
trophies of battle ; 745

Roughest of all is thy clan, of Æquicula, bred on
a barren

Soil, and disciplined well by the labors of hunting
and woodcraft.

Arming, they ravage the world and, still in fresh
plunder delighting,

Ever are glad to subsist on the spoils they gain
by their thieving.

Nay, there comes also a priest of the hardy Mar-
ruvian nation, 750

Wearing a helmet adorned by a chaplet of fair-
omened laurel,

Under the leave of Archippus his king, most val-
orous Umbro,
Who, by the charms of song and caress, over vipers
and hydras
Evilly breathing was used to sprinkle the magic
of slumber,
Healing their stings by his art and quenching the
fire of their anger; 755
Nevertheless to heal the sting of Dardanian lances
Naught he availed, against wounds he contended
in vain with his music,
Vainly with sleep-laden herbs though culled from
the Marsian mountains.
Thee Angitia's grove and Fucinus' crystalline
waters
Mourned, and many a limpid lake. 760
Comes, too, that son of Hippolytus, famed for
his courage in battle,
Virbius, highly renowned, whom his mother Aricia
offers,
Reared in Egeria's grove and near the dark shores
of her rippling
Lake, where, rich with gifts, is the altar of kindly
Diana.
For there's a tale that when by his stepmother's
wiles he was murdered, 765
When by his blood he had paid the full debt of
his father's resentment,
When he was crushed by his frightened steeds,
yet again on the lofty
Stars had Hippolytus looked, and again breathed
the free air of heaven,
Raised from the grave by Pæonian herbs and the
love of Diana ;

Then had omnipotent Jove, incensed that from
Hades' deep shadows 770

One of the dead should rise to the light of life, by
his thunder

Hurled to the depths of the Stygian wave that
son of Apollo

Who had presumed to invent such drugs and such
methods of healing.

Trivia's love, none the less, hid Hippolytus deep
in her secret

Haunts, and gave him in charge to Egeria, nymph
of the forest, 775

Where in her lonely Italian groves he might live
without honor

Till he should come newly named, as Virbius,
mighty in battle;

Thus, too, it is that from Trivia's fane and her
consecrate woodlands

Horny-hoofed steeds are debarred, since, frightened
by monsters of Neptune,

Horses had hurled both rider and car on the sands
of the seashore. 780

Yet on the level plain the son, no less daring in
spirit,

Drives his horses to war and urges his chariot
onward.

Turnus, himself, well armed and surpassing all
others in beauty,

Moves in the midst of the chiefs, and towers head
and shoulders above them.

High on his helm waves his three-parted crest, and
it bears a chimera, 785

Breathing such flames from her jaws as burst from
the bowels of Ætna.

Fiercer and fiercer she grows, and ever more
fiercely she blazes

As with the shedding of blood the battle increases
in fury.

But, with tossing horns, on his glittering shield
behold Io

Blazoned in gold, with a hairy hide, already a
heifer, — 790

Grave the device; there, too, is Argus still guard-
ing the maiden,

While from a sculptured urn Father Inachus
empties a river.

Follows a host of retainers on foot, and shielded
battalions

Lowering darkly o'er all the plain; young soldiers
from Argos

Joined with Auruncan bands, Rutuli and ancient
Sicani, 795

Also Sacranian troops and, with painted shields,
the Labici;

They, Tiberinus, who till thy glades or, Numicus,
thy hallowed

Lowlands, and they who vex the Rutulian hills
with the ploughshare,

Or the Circæan heights, or the meadows which
Jupiter Anxur

Guards as his own, or Feronia glad in the green
of her woodlands, 800

Where the dark lake of Satura sleeps, and where
the cool Ufens

Searches a path through the depths of the valley
and hides in the sea surge.

Joining her forces with these, comes the queen
of the Volsci, Camilla,

Leading a troop of horse, a bright bronze-panoplied
legion.

Warrior maid, not she the distaff and thread of
Minerva 805

Plies with effeminate hand, but the rigor of war
is the maiden

Wonted to bear and the wind to outrun with her
arrowy footfall.

Were she to fly o'er the stalks of a tall and unhar-
vested wheat-field,

Never the tenderest blade would she harm by the
weight of her running ;

Or should she run through the midst of the sea,
light poised on the billow, 810

Yet her twinkling feet would never be wet by the
water.

Her all the younger men outstreaming from palace
and cottage,

Also the thronging matrons, admire and watch as
she passes,

Staring with wildered eyes at the royal glory of
purple

Mantling her shoulders trim, and marvelling much
at the buckle 815

Binding her hair with gold, and the Lycian quiver
she carries,

Also her shepherd's wand of myrtle-wood pointed
with iron.

BOOK VIII

SCARCELY had Turnus the signal of war flung
forth from his castle,
Scarce had the echoes died of the war-trumpet's
deafening music,
Scarce had he goaded impatient steeds and set
armor a-clashing,
When, in sudden alarm, all Latium, roused and
affrighted,
Took the soldier's oath, and the warriors rushed to
the conflict 5
Blazing with wrath. Then, first, the chieftains
Messapus and Ufens,
Joined with Mezentius, contemner of gods, from
every hamlet
Brought their confederate bands and stripped their
broad acres of labor.
Venulus went to great Diomedes's town to seek his
alliance,
Also to spread the news that the Trojans had
landed in Latium, 10
And that Æneas had come with a fleet and was
bringing his vanquished
Gods, and asserting that Fate had called him to
govern the kingdom.
Also that many a tribe had cast in its lot with
the Dardan,
And that his growing renown was spreading
through Latium's borders :

What from these germs would grow, what issue,
should Fortune befriend him, 15

He from a war might hope, to Diomedes's eyes
must be clearer

Than to the vision of Turnus the prince, or to
kingly Latinus.

This through Latium flew. When the Laomedontian hero

Noted it all, his heart was o'erwhelmed by great
surges of sorrow ;

While his irresolute mind, now this way now that,
he divided, 20

Hurried it back and forth and shifted it hither and
thither ;

Just as from fountains of bronze the tremulous
light of the water,

Mirrored there by the sun or the full moon's
radiant image,

Dances on every side abroad and, suddenly rising,
Strikes the gilded frets high under the dome of
the palace. 25

Now it was night, and in every land deep slumber
was holding

Wild and wearied life ; all birds were asleep, and
all cattle ;

While upon Tiber's bank beneath the chill vault
of the heavens

Father Æneas, disturbed in heart by the sorrows
of warfare,

Laid himself down at last and gave needed rest to
his body. 30

Rose on his vision the god of the place from the
beautiful river,

Old Tiberinus himself, appearing 'mid branches of
poplar.

Fine linen lawn enfolded him close with a watery
mantle ;

Crowned by a shadowing wreath of reeds were his
hair and his temples ;

Then to Æneas he spoke ; thus lightened his burden
of sorrow : 35

“ Child of a mother divine, who bringest thy
Teucrian city

Saved from the foe to our shores, and Pergamum
guardest forever,

Hope of the Laurentine land, the desire of the
meadows of Latium,

Here is thy home assured, assured beyond question
thy dwelling :

Be not dismayed by rumors of war ; resentment
and anger 40

Dwell with the gods no more.

Now, lest thou harbor the thought that this is a
dream-woven vision,

Soon by thine anxious eyes shall a wondrous great
sow be discovered

Close by the brink of a darkling stream, under
shore-shading oak-trees ;

There shalt thou see her outstretched on the earth,
the mother of thirty 45

Young, and, white herself, giving breast to a white
brood around her.

There shall thy city be set, and there shalt thou
rest from thy labors.

Thus foretokened, when thrice ten years shall have
circled their orbits,

Alba, illustrious town, shall Ascanius name from
this omen ;

Naught uncertain I sing. And now by what means
as a victor 50

Thou must thy mission fulfil, give ear, I will briefly
advise thee.

Borne to these shores an Arcadian tribe descended
from Pallas,

Having set sail with Evander their king, having
followed his standard,

Here chose a site for a town, and, building it high
on the mountains,

Gave it the name Pallanteum in honor of Pallas
their founder. 55

War they incessantly wage with the neighboring
tribe of the Latins.

Welcome them into thy camp as confederates;
make them thine allies;

I will guide thee, myself, straight on by my banks
and my current

Till by the sweep of thine oars thou shalt conquer
the tide of the river.

Courage, then, child of a goddess! and now while
the stars are yet shining 60

Offer to Juno the sacrifice due, and her threats and
her anger

Vanquish by suppliant vows; then, victory thine,
thou shalt render

Tribute of praise to me. I am he whose full stream
thou beholdest

Flushing my fertile banks and cleaving rich acres
of harvest;

Tiber, dark Tiber am I, the river most pleasing to
Heaven. 65

Here is my stately abode, and my springs by great
towns are surrounded."

Thus having spoken, the god of the stream sank
into the river,

Seeking its depths. Æneas awoke, and the night
had departed :

Rising, he gazed at the orient light of the sun in
the heavens,

Hollowed his reverent palms and took of the wave
of the river, 70

While to the open sky he thus poured forth his
petition :

“Nymphs, ye Laurentine nymphs, whose life is the
fountain of rivers,

Thou, Father Tiber, too, and thy stream ever sacred
and holy,

Welcome Æneas at last and shield him at last from
his perils.

Thou, who dost pity our woes, wherever thy sources
may issue, 75

Wheresoever thou springest from earth in beauty
transcendent,

Thou shalt be worshipped forever by me with gifts
and with honor,

Thou and thy hornéd stream, the king of Hesperian
waters :

Only be present with me and abide ever near me
in spirit.”

Thus having ended his prayer, two biremes he
chose from his galleys, 80

Oarsmen appointed for each, and furnished his
comrades with weapons.

Lo, then, there greeted his eyes a sudden and
strange apparition,

Even a snow-white sow stretched out on her side
in the forest,

Glistening white as her brood against the green
bank of the river.

Her unto thee, unto thee, O sovereign Juno,
Æneas 85

Offered with sacred rites and laid with her brood
on thine altar.

All that long night through, the Tiber his turbulent
current

Smoothed, and the eddying stream stood still or so
silently rippled

That in the semblance of quiet pools or slumbering
marshes

Level the water lay, and oars were relieved of their
labor. 90

Therefore they hastened their journey begun;
through murmuring waters

Glided the oiled fir keels, while the waves looked
on them with wonder;

Wondered the groves at sight of the far-gleaming
shields of the heroes

Floating along the stream, and the painted hulls of
the galleys.

Onward by night and by day the sailors kept steadily rowing; 95

Now long windings they passed and by strange-looking trees were o'ershadowed,

Now green groves they cleft on the peaceful breast
of the river.

Scarce had the glowing sun the meridian circle of
heaven

Scaled, when distant walls they espied, and a fortress, and scattered

Roofs of buildings which now by the might of Rome
are uplifted 100

Unto the sky, but then were the humble realm of
Evander.

Hastening forward, they turned their prows and
drew nigh to the city.

Chanced the Arcadian king that day to be hold-
ing a solemn

Feast for Amphytrion's powerful son, and the gods,
in a woodland

Nigh to the walls of the town. Here also his only
son, Pallas, 105

Here all the noblest youth, and here the inopulent
senate

Offerings of incense bore, while warm blood reeked
on the altars.

When they beheld tall ships gliding near through
the shadowy forest,

When they perceived that the oars were noiselessly
bent by the rowers,

All were filled with sudden alarm, and leaving the
banquet 110

Sprang as one man to their feet. But sternly bold
Pallas forbade them

Consecrate rites to forsake, and alone with drawn
sword hurried forward,

Crying afar from a mound: "Young soldiers, what
cause hath constrained you

Unknown ways to try?" or "Whither," he asked,
"do ye journey?"

What is your race, your home? Is it peace ye are
bringing or battle?" 115

Then from the lofty stern thus Father Æneas
made answer,

Holding forth in his hand a branch of the peace-
bearing olive:

"Trojan-born men ye see, and weapons to punish
the Latins,

Who by an insolent war have driven us forth into
exile.

Now to Evander we turn. Take this, and advise
him that Dardans, 120

Dardans of highest rank, are come to invite an
alliance."

Awed by so great a name, young Pallas stood dumb
with amazement ;

Then : " Disembark, whoever thou art, and thyself
to my father

Speak, and come as a guest to the sacred retreat of
our hearth-stone."

Meanwhile seizing his hand, he held it in token of
friendship ; 125

Then they went forward and turned to the grove
and away from the river.

There with friendly words Æneas accosted Evan-
der :

" Noblest of Grecian-born men, unto whom, at the
bidding of Fortune,

Bearing these branches entwined with a fillet, I
make my petition,

Though an Arcadian thou, and a Grecian com-
mander, I fear not ; 130

Nor do I dread thy nearness of blood to the twin
sons of Atreus ;

Rather my own love of worth, and the sacred pre-
dictions of prophets,

Also our fathers akin, and the world-wide fame of
thy glory,

Firmly have bound me to thee by bonds both fated
and pleasing.

Dardanus, earliest founder and sire of the Ilian
city, 135

Born, as the Greeks aver, of Electra the daughter
of Atlas,
Sailed to our Teucrian shores ; yes, Atlas the
mighty, whose shoulders
Bear the celestial sphere, gave the Trojans his
daughter Electra ;
Thou for thy father hadst Mercury, he whom radi-
ant Maia
Bore on the ice-bound crest of Cyllene ; but Atlas,
if credence 140
Unto tradition be due, the same Atlas who bears
on his shoulders
Heaven's bright gleaming stars, was also the father
of Maia ;
So from the self-same blood diverging we both are
descended.
Trusting to this have I sought, not with heralds
nor crafty devices,
Proof of thy faith ; myself, myself and my life I
have freely 145
Ventured, and now am come as a suppliant unto
thy threshold.
These same Daunian men who follow thee ever
with cruel
War, be assured that, if we were expelled, there
were nothing to stay them,
Naught to prevent them from conquering all the
Hesperian country,
Or from holding the seas that break on her utter-
most borders : 150
Take and give pledges of faith ; our souls are
courageous for warfare,
Valorous hearts have we, and our youth have been
tested by service."

Such were the words of Æneas. The lips and
the eyes of the speaker
Long had Evander watched, long studied his form
and his bearing;
Then he thus briefly replied: "How gladly, most
valiant of Trojans, 155
Thee I receive and own! How well both the speech
and the accent
Even the face of thy father, Anchises the great,
thou recallest!
For I remember that Priam, Laomedon's son, when
he journeyed
Salamis-ward to the realm of his sister Hesione,
further
Lengthened his course to visit the cold Arcadian
country. 160
Then on my cheeks was the earliest bloom of man-
hood appearing.
Wond'ring I gazed at the Teucrian chiefs; I also
with wonder
Looked on Laomedon's son; but the stateliest
figure among them,
Moved Anchises; my soul with a young man's ardor
was kindled
Unto that man to speak, and to grasp the right
hand of that hero; 165
So I drew near and led him with pride to the city
of Pheneus.
Me, on taking his leave, a quiver of Lycian arrows
Wondrously fashioned he gave, and a mantle with
gold interwoven,
Also two bridles with bosses of gold, now used by
my Pallas.
Therefore, as ye have desired, my hand meets yours
in alliance, 170

And, when the earliest light shall return to the
earth on the morrow,

I will dismiss you in gladness with guides and lend
you assistance.

Meanwhile, since ye are here as friends, now cele-
brate with us

These anniversary rites, postponement of which
were unlawful ;

Now, even now, to our custom conform and break
bread with your allies." 175

Thus having spoken, the consecrate feast and
the winecups he ordered

Back to the board, and himself led the heroes to
seats on the greensward,

While to a place on his maple throne he welcomed
Æneas,

Cushioning over the wood with the thick shaggy
skin of a lion.

Zealously then the appointed youths and the priest
of the altar 180

Roasted inwards of oxen brought, and piled into
baskets

Loaves of the finest bread, and freely replenished
the wine-cups.

Then on long chines of the ox and on morsels by
sacrifice hallowed

Feasted Æneas together with all his young Teu-
crian soldiers.

After their hunger was driven away and their
appetite sated, 185

Out spake Evander, the king: "No vain supersti-
tion imposes

These anniversary days, these formal repasts, and
this altar

Reared to so great a god, nor slight we our ancient religion:

We have been rescued, my Teucrian guest, from cruelest perils;

Therefore these rites we observe, renewing well-merited honors. 190

Mark thou first yon threatening cliff overhanging these ledges,

How its huge fragments are scattered afar, how this lair of the mountain

Stands deserted, and how the great crags have fallen in ruins.

Here was a cavern vast whose windings were lost in the darkness;

There the dread form of Cacus abode, half brute and half human; 195

Entered no sunbeam there, and the floor with the blood of new victims

Ever was wet and warm, and affixed to its insolent portals

Hung the sad faces of men, all livid with death and corruption.

Vulcan this monster had sired; and the smoke-darkened flames of his father

Belching forth from his mouth, he moved with the bulk of a giant. 200

Time, however, at last brought that for which all had been longing,

Even the presence and help of a god. For the greatest avenger,

Proud of the spoils he had won when three-headed Geryon perished,

Hither Alcides came, huge bulls triumphantly driving,

Here gave his herds free range on the plain and
the banks of the river ; 205

But, with a madness of soul inspired by the Furies,
that nothing

Either of malice or guile might be left untried or
unventured,

Cacus bore off from their stalls four bulls superbly
proportioned,

Also four heifers he stole surpassing all others in
beauty ;

These, then, fearing to leave any straightforward
track of their footsteps, 210

Backwardly drawn by their tails to his den, dragged
away with the hoof-prints

Marking their course reversed, he hid in his dark
rocky cavern.

There were no signs to lead to the cave the steps
of the searcher.

Meanwhile, soon as the son of Amphitryon loosed
from their stables

All his well-fed herds, and made ready to take his
departure, 215

Bellowed the kine as they went, and filled the
whole wood with their plaintive

Cries, and left the hills reëchoing loudly their
sorrows.

One of the heifers returned the cry, and deep in
the cavern

Low'd, and baffled the hope of Cacus in spite of
his cunning.

Blazed with furious wrath the black gall of the
grandson of Alceus ; 220

He, for a weapon, a bludgeon of oak both heavy
and knotted

Seized, and rushed at full speed to the heights of
the towering mountain.

Then, though never before, they saw Cacus afraid
and betraying

Fear in his troubled eyes. Then instantly swifter
than Eurus

Into his cave he fled, and his feet borrowed wings
of his terror. 225

When he had shut himself in, when the ponderous
rock he had lowered,

Breaking its chains, — for the art of his father
had hung it on iron, —

When he had blocked his gates by the mass of
this mighty portcullis,

Lo, with rage in his heart the Tirynthian came
and exploring

Every way of approach, his eyes rolling hither and
thither, 230

Gnashed with his teeth. Three times he searched
in a frenzy of anger

Round the whole Aventine hill; three times the
rock-guarded portals

Vainly essayed; three times sank down in the hol-
low exhausted.

High o'er the roof of the cave, so high as to weary
the vision,

Beetled a crag of flint which rose abruptly before
him, 235

Forming a fitting abode for the eyrie of terrible
vultures;

This, where leaning aslant it hung to the left o'er
the river,

He on the right attacked and, struggling, he shook
it and tore it

Loose from its deepest roots, then suddenly gave a
resistless

Push, and the boundless sky reëchoed its thunder-
ous downfall ;

240

Leaped far asunder the banks, and the river ran
backward in terror.

Then could be seen unroofed the vast habitation
of Cacus ;

Then to its inmost depths the shadowy cavern lay
open.

So would it be should the earth, rent apart by
some mighty convulsion,

Bare the deep caverns of Hell, and discover those
regions of pallor

245

Viewed by the gods with awe ; and reveal the in-
fernal abysses

Filled with trembling ghosts by the inburst of
sunlight affrighted.

Him then, dazed by the light unexpected and sud-
den, and prisoned

Fast in the hollow rock, and making strange out-
cries, Alcides

Galled from above with darts and, seeking all
manner of missiles,

250

Smote with branches of trees and with rocks of
the bigness of millstones.

He, however, for now no escape from his peril was
left him,

Vomited volumes of smoke from his throat, a mar-
vel of marvels,

Deeply involving his home in blinding billows of
darkness,

Robbing the eyes of sight, and pouring forth from
the dungeon

255

Pitch-black fumes of night, of midnight with fire
intermingled.

This was not brooked by the heart of Alcides, who
flung himself headlong

Through the fierce flames at a bound where smoke
was most thickly uprolling,

Where with the murkiest cloud the depths of the
cavern were surging.

Here in the darkness on Cacus he seized amid
flames unavailing, 260

Doubled him into a knot and, tightening his hold
on the monster,

Choked the eyes from his head and strangled the
blood from his gullet.

Quickly the doors were unhinged, the grim lair
quickly laid open ;

Then were the stolen kine and the plunder for-
sworn by the robber

Brought to the light of day, and dragged was his
hideous carcass 265

Forth by its feet. The soul grew never weary of
gazing

Down on those frightful eyes and the cheeks and
the chest of the monster

Bristling with hair, and the jaws whose flames had
at last been extinguished.

Ever since then has Alcides been famed, and this
new generation

Gladly observes this day. Potitius established the
custom, 270

And the Pinarian house is devoted to Hercules'
worship.

Here in the grove this altar he reared, forever the
greatest,

So our people believe, and to stand as the greatest
forever.

Join with us, therefore, O youths, as we honor so
mighty a hero,

Garland your temples with wreaths, let cups in your
hands be uplifted ; 275

Call on our common god, and offer him cheerful
libations."

Pausing, he veiled his locks with the two-colored
leaves of the poplar,

Shade to Hercules dear, which fell closely-woven
about him,

While with reverent hand he lifted his chalice.
Then gladly

All sprinkled wine on the board, and prayed to
the gods for their favor. 280

Meanwhile Vesper drew near, as the sky rolled
around on its axis,

While already the priests with Potitius their chief
were advancing,

Clothed in their fashion with skins, and lighting
their pathway with torches.

Then they renewed the feast and brought forth
again to the tables

Gifts of delight, and honored the altars from
plentiful trenchers. 285

Then around kindling fires the Salii gathered for
singing,

Having their foreheads wreathed with garlands of
leaves of the poplar.

Here a choir of youths and there of elders were
chanting

Hercules' glorious deeds ; how first the two hideous
serpents

Sent by his father's wife, with tight-gripping
fingers he strangled ; 290

How the same hero destroyed by war the illustrious
cities,

Troy and Œchalia ; how by the will of implacable
Juno

Under Eurystheus the king a thousand hard tasks
he accomplished.

“Thou, the unvanquished, dost slay with thine
hand the centaurs half-human ;

Even Hylæus and Pholas and monsters of Crete
thou subduest, 295

Yea, and the lion huge at the foot of the cliff of
Nemea ;

Trembled the Stygian lake at thy tread, and the
warder of Orcus

Cowering low among half-gnawed bones in his
blood-sprinkled cavern.

Thee, however, no shapes appalled, not even Ty-
phœus,

Huge and armed as he was : nor wert thou per-
turbed in thy spirit 300

When the swarming heads of the serpent of Lerna
assailed thee.

Hail, true scion of Jove, who addest new glory to
heaven !

Graciously grant to thy servants and shrines thy
favoring presence.”

Such their memorial hymn of praise ; and the
cavern of Cacus

Crowned the triumphant song, till Cacus, the flame-
breathing monster, 305

Echoed through every grove, and the hills rang
again with the story.

After these hallowed rites were done, again to
the city
All directed their steps. With the slowness of
age moved Evander,
And as he walked he beguiled the way with vary-
ing converse.
Wondered Æneas, and naught escaped his quick
observation, 310
Charmed by the regions they passed, and delight-
edly asking and hearing
Tales of each relic of old, each reminder of earlier
heroes.
Then spoke Evander, the king, who founded the
Roman dominion :
“Native-born fauns and nymphs once haunted
these glades of the forest,
Also a race of men who sprang from the tough
trunks of oak-trees. 315
Culture nor custom had they, understood not the
yoking of oxen,
Knew not how wealth to acquire nor how to pre-
serve what they gathered ;
Branches of trees and the toils of the chase sup-
plied them their living.
First, then, Saturn came down from the heavenly
heights of Olympus,
Fleeing the bolts of Jove, an exile bereft of his
kingdom. 320
He that undisciplined tribe, dispersed through the
mountainous country,
Welded together, controlled by laws, and named
his dominion
Latium, since he had lain secure and concealed in
its confines.

Under his reign dawned the age of gold still famous
in story.

So in unbroken peace he continued to govern the
people, 325

Till by degrees an inglorious age of tarnishing
lustre

Followed, with greed of gain, and a passionate
frenzy for fighting.

Next the Ausonian tribes and the peoples of Sicily
followed ;

More and more often forgot was the name of the
kingdom of Saturn.

Then, among later kings, came Thybris, the fierce
and gigantic, 330

After whose name we Italians have called our river
the Tiber,

Letting its true and historical name, the Albula,
perish.

Me, an exile from home and a wanderer over the
billows,

Here in this land irresistible fate and omnipotent
fortune

Stranded ; and hither the prophecies dire of Car-
mentis my mother, 335

One of the nymphs, and the mandates divine of
Apollo have brought me."

When he had uttered these words, he went for-
ward and showed him the altar,

Also the gate which the Romans have called by
the name Carmentalis,

Early memorial raised to honor Carmentis, the
wood-nymph

Wise in prophetic lore, who sang the first song
of Æneans 340

Destined to rule, and the future renown of proud
Pallanteum.

Next the great forest he showed, where Romulus,
wisely resourceful,

Made his Asylum known, and beneath a cold rock
the Lupercal,

Named for Lycæan Pan in the ancient Parrhasian
manner ;

Likewise he showed to Æneas the consecrate grove,
Argiletum, 345

Telling the tale of the place, how Argus there
drank of the Lethe ;

Next to the rock of Tarpeia he led, and the Capi-
tol showed him,

Golden to-day, but of old overgrown by a forest
primeval ;

Yet even then superstitious alarm thrilled the
hearts of the peasants

Passing that way ; even then at the rock and the
forest they trembled. 350

“ Here in this grove,” said he, “ on this hill with
its forest-crowned summit,

Dwells a mysterious god, and the simple Arcadian
people

Think they have often beheld great Jove the o’er-
shadowing Ægis

Shake with his outstretched hand, to marshal the
clouds and the lightning.

Finally, these two towns whose walls are dismantled
and crumbling 355

Stand as the relics of heroes of old, and tell of their
glory.

This Father Janus upreared, and that was the castle
of Saturn ;

This was Janiculum, that Saturnia named by the
fathers."

Thus beguiling the way, to the humble abode of
Evander

Now they were drawing near, and they saw here
and there herds of cattle 360

Lowling where now is the Forum of Rome and her
splendid Carinæ.

Then, as they came to his home, "This threshold,"
said he, "as a victor,

Hercules once hath crossed, him once this dwelling
hath welcomed :

Luxury dare to despise, my guest, and prove thy-
self also

Worthy descendant of Jove, and disdain not our
poor entertainment." 365

Making an end of words, beneath the low roof of
his dwelling

Lordly Æneas he led, and offered a couch for his
comfort

Cushioned with leaves and covered above with a
Libyan bearskin.

Night had rushed on and now covered the earth
with her shadowy pinions,

When, her motherly heart by no idle solicitude
troubled, 370

Venus, disturbed by the Laurentines' threats and
their angry uprising,

Vulcan addressed, and thus in the golden retreat
of their chamber

Opened her plea, and with passion divine inspired
her petition : —

"While fate suffered the princes of Greece to rav-
age our city,

While our castles, foredoomed to the torch of our
foemen, were falling, 375
Neither relief for my suffering friends I entreated
nor armor
Forged by thy skill and might ; nor have I desired,
dearest husband,
Thee or thy toil to engage in idle and fruitless
endeavor,
Though I have ever been deeply in debt to the
children of Priam,
Though I have often been grieved by the cruel
distress of Æneas. 380
Now by the mandates of Jove he hath gained the
Rutulian sea-coast ;
Therefore thy same true wife now begs of the god
whom she worships
Armor, and pleads as mother for son. The daugh-
ter of Nereus
Thee by her tears could move ; thou wert moved
by the wife of Tithonus :
See what nations unite, what cities with gates
barred and bolted 385
Sharpen against me their steel, and are eager to
slaughter my people ! ”
Speaking no more, with her snow-white arms
thrown round him, the goddess
Folded him, hesitant still, in her tender embrace.
The familiar
Flame he suddenly felt, and the wakening embers
of passion
Kindled afresh in his heart and thrilled in his
joints and his marrow, 390
Just as at times through clouds, when riven apart
by the thunder,

Quivers a rift of fire with a tremulous glitter of lightning.

Glad was the goddess to see that her wiles and her beauty had conquered.

Then in the bondage of deathless love the father made answer :

“ Why dost thou seek for thy reasons so far ? or
whither hath vanished, 395

Goddess, thy trust in me ? Hadst thou shown the same loving devotion,

We should have then had the right to give arms to the Teucrian soldiers ;

Neither omnipotent Jove nor the Fates would then have forbidden

Troy and Priam to stand through another ten years of dominion ;

Nay, even now, if thy mind is for war, if this be thy purpose, 400

All the zeal in my art which lies in the power of my promise,

All that from liquid steel can be wrought, or from molten electrum,

All that fire and air can avail, show not by thy pleading

Doubt of thy power to obtain.” With this, he bestowed the caresses

Venus was fain to receive, and at rest on his wife’s gentle bosom 405

Sought for his wearied frame the quiet refreshment of slumber.

Then, in the earliest dawn when the shadows of midnight were vanquished,

When the first rest had put slumber to flight, when first the good housewife,

Fain to sustain her life by the distaff and poorly
paid needle,

Rouses the fire from sleep and wakens the slum-
bering embers, 410

Adding the night to her toil and making her maids
by the firelight

Lengthen their task, that the heart of her husband
may trust in her virtue

While she provides the means for rearing and
training her children;

Likewise the Lord of Fire, with no less eager
devotion,

Sprang from his couch of down to his toil at the
forge and the anvil. 415

Near the Sicanian shore, and Æolian Lipara
fronting,

Towering to heaven with smoking crags, arises an
island

Under which, eaten away by the fires of the Cy-
clops, a cavern

Thunders, and Ætna's caves reëcho the ringing of
anvils;

Thence deep groans arise, and with sound of Cha-
lybean torment 420

Hisses the molten steel and roars the fire on the
forges;

Vulcan's abode, and Vulcania still is the name of
the island.

Thither descended the Lord of Fire from the
heights of Olympus.

Down in their cavern huge the Cyclops were work-
ing their iron;

Brontes with Steropes toiled, and beside them half-
naked Pyracmon. 425

Held half-shaped in their hands was a thunder-bolt
such as the Father
Hurls with prodigal hand to the earth from the
spaces of heaven ;
Polished already in part, the bolt was yet partly
unfinished.
Three twisted rays of hail and three of the rain-
bearing storm-cloud,
Three of red fire, they had made, and three of the
wings of the tempest ; 430
Now unendurable flashes of light, and roaring, and
terror,
They were combining with these, and the fury of
fierce conflagrations.
Others were forging for Mars a car with swift-
flying axles,
Borne upon which he arouses the tribes and the
cities to warfare ;
Or they were vying to brighten the arms of infuri-
ate Pallas, 435
Even her Ægis dread with the golden scales of her
serpents,
Wreathing together her snakes, and full on the
breast of the Goddess
Planting the Gorgon herself, still rolling her eyes
though beheaded.
“Lay all aside !” he exclaimed ; “Whate’er is be-
gun leave unfinished,
Cyclops of Ætna, and hitherward turn all your
thought and your labor ; 440
Arms must be made for a valorous man. Now
strength is demanded,
Now are swift hands required, now all the expert-
ness of knowledge ;

Brook no delay !” Nor further he spoke, but they
the more quickly

Fairly apportioned their tasks by lot, and hastened
their labor.

Molten bronze and gold poured forth in rivers of
metal ; 445

Ingots of death-dealing steel grew soft in the
cavernous furnace.

First a great shield they made, which alone was
sufficient to parry

All the Latin spears, and seven great circles they
fastened

Plate upon plate ; some, drawing the air into wind-
breathing bellows,

Drove it from thence again, while others the loud
hissing metal 450

Plunged in the lake. The cave with the weight of
their anvils was groaning.

Some uplifted their stalwart arms with rhythmical
movement ;

Others kept turning the metal around with power-
ful pincers.

While on Æolian shores thus labored the Lem-
nian father,

Forth from his lowly abode the welcoming light
and the matin 455

Song of the birds at his eaves already had sum-
moned Evander.

Rose the old man then and covered his limbs with
a tunic,

Binding the soles of his feet with the thongs of
Tyrrhenian sandals ;

Then at his side he suspended a Tegean sword
from the shoulder,

- ‘ Flinging back on his left the pendulous hide of a
panther: 460
Nor was he lacking in guards who left the high
threshold before him ;
Two of his dogs rushed forth and attended the steps
of their master.
Seeking the lodge of Æneas his guest, the hero
went onward
Mindful of all he had said, nor forgetting the boon
he had promised.
Nor less early than he had Æneas awakened from
slumber. 465
One had Pallas, his son, the other Achates for
comrade ;
Hand joined hand as they met, then apart in the
midst of the palace
Taking their seats, they enjoyed at last the freest
communion.
Thus first the king :
“ Greatest of Teucrian chiefs, while thou art pre-
served I will surely 470
Never admit that the state or the kingdom of Troy
hath been vanquished.
Succor to give thee in war befitting our name and
our glory,
Scant is our strength ; for here we are cramped by
Tuscany’s river,
There the Rutulians press and thunder in arms at
our ramparts ;
Still I can league a great nation with thee, and a
royal encampment 475
Draw to thy side ; there’s a way of salvation which
fortune unlooked for
Opens to view : it is Destiny’s voice that hath sum-
moned thee hither.

Not far away from this place is the site of the city
Agylla,

Built on an ancient rock, where the war-loving
Lydian nation

Settled in days of yore on the rugged Etrurian
mountains. 480

When it had flourished for many a year, Mezen-
tius, a tyrant,

Ruled it with insolent pride and the merciless
might of his army.

Why should I tell of his murderous crimes? why
tell of the despot's

Barbarous deeds? May the gods to himself and
his children requite them!

Even dead bodies he bound to the bodies of men
who were living, 485

Fastening hands to hands and fastening faces to
faces;

Such were his tortures, and so by a lingering death
he destroyed them

Joined in a cruel embrace, and reeking with blood
and corruption.

Desperate grown at last, the citizens armed and,
surrounding

This most mad and detestable man, himself and his
household, 490

Slew all his men-at-arms, and with torches set fire
to his palace.

He from the slaughter escaped and fled to Rutu-
lia's kingdom,

Where by the soldiers of Turnus, his host, his life
was protected.

So in righteous wrath all Etruria now has arisen,
And is demanding by war that the king be sur-
rendered to justice. 495

Thee will I send unto them, O Æneas, to captain
these thousands.

Down the whole length of the shore their galleys
were massed and impatient,

Waiting the signal to sail; an aged diviner re-
strained them,

Chanting the fates: 'O youths, Mæonia's chosen
defenders,

Flower of the valor and virtue of old, whom just
indignation

500

Urges to war, whom Mezentius fires with righteous
resentment,

Fate will permit no Italian to rule so mighty a
nation;

Foreign commanders elect.' Thereupon the Etru-
rian army

Camped in this plain once more, overawed by the
warnings of heaven.

Tarchon through heralds has offered to me the
command of the kingdom,

505

Tendered me also the crown and the emblems of
regal dominion,

Bidding me go to the camp and assume the Tyr-
rhenian sceptre.

Age, however, benumbed by cold and by years
overburdened,

Frowns on ambition; my days of martial achieve-
ment are over:

I would urge forward my son, did he not from his
mother inherit

510

Mixture of Sabine blood. Go thou, then, whom
Destiny favors

Both in thy years and race; go thou, who art sum-
moned by Heaven,

Forth to thy conquest, most valorous chief of
Italians and Trojans.

Him will I give thee besides, the hope of our life,
and our solace,

Pallas, my son ; under thee as his lord may he
learn to bear bravely 515

All that a soldier should, and the stern work of
war ; thine achievements

May he observe, and thee from his earliest years
may he honor ;

Twice one hundred Arcadian knights will I give
him, the chosen

Flower of our youth, which to thee, as his gift,
shall be offered by Pallas."

Scarce had he spoken these words ; still stead-
fastly on him were gazing 520

Both Æneas, the son of Anchises, and faithful
Achates,

Pondering, each in his heart, their heavy and
manifold trials,

When from the opening sky an omen was granted
by Venus ;

For from the startled air a quivering splendor of
lightning

Ran with a crash, and the universe seemed to be
rushing to ruin ; 525

Seemed a loud blare of Etrurian trumpets to ring
through the heavens.

Upward they gazed, and again and again the great
sound was repeated ;

Arms through the parting cloud they saw in a
firmament tranquil,

Glowing like fire through the blue, and clashing
with echoes of thunder.

Then were the hearts of his comrades appalled ;
but Trojan Æneas 530

Knew the sound well, and remembered his mother
divine and her promise.

Then he exclaimed : “ My host, by no means, by
no means imagine

Aught of misfortune these signs portend. I am
called by Olympus.

Thus sang my mother divine, that if war should
imperil my safety

She would this augury send, and would bring
from the sky to protect me 535

Armor by Vulcan forged.

What cruel slaughter, alas, now threatens the hap-
less Laurentes !

What an atonement to me shalt thou render, O
Turnus ! and Tiber,

How many shields and helms and gallant bodies of
heroes

Under thy wave shall roll ! Now clamor for war,
and be faithless ! ” 540

When he had uttered these words, from the throne
of Evander arising,

First he rekindled the slumbering fires on Her-
cules’ altar ;

Then to the Lar of yesterday’s rites, and the hum-
ble Penates

Gladly he vowed, then ewes most carefully chosen
they offered ;

One with Evander’s faith was the faith of the
Teucrian princes. 545

Later, Æneas returned to his boats, and rejoined
his companions ;

Out of their number he chose for attendants and
comrades in battle

Those who in valor excelled ; the others were
borne on the river

Downwardly sloping, and floated at ease on the
favoring current,

Bearing Iulus the news both touching the state
and his father. 550

Horses were brought to the Teucrians bound for
Tyrrenian lowlands ;

One, which they led and reserved for Æneas, was
housed in the tawny

Hide of a lion, the claws of gold bright gleaming
before it.

Suddenly rumor took wing, and through the small
town it was whispered :

“Knights to the shores of the king of Tyrrhenia
swiftly are riding !” 555

Terrified mothers redoubled their vows ; in the
shadow of danger

Followed alarm, and the image of War loomed
larger before them.

Father Evander, then, his eyes overbrimming with
sorrow,

Clung to the hand of his son, and uttered his part-
ing petition : —

“Might I from Jove win the years that are flown,
could I be that Evander 560

Now, which I was of yore when I mowed down the
van of the army

Under Præneste’s walls and burned their heaped
shields as a victor,

When with this hand I hurled King Erulus down
to Avernus,

Who at his birth with three lives was endowed
by Feronia, his mother,

Fearful to tell!—three times must the man be
deprived of his armor, 565
Thrice be stricken by death; this hand, none the
less, in that conflict
Robbed him of all his lives, and stripped him three
times of his armor:—
Nothing, my son, should sunder me now from thy
tender embraces,
Nor would Mezentius, regarding with scorn the
gray hairs of his neighbor,
Ever have reaped with the sword so frequent and
fatal a harvest, 570
Or have bereaved our town of so countless a host
of her children.
But do ye powers above, and thou mighty ruler of
heaven,
Jupiter, pity I pray, the Arcadian king, and in
mercy
Unto a father's petition attend. If the guardian
spirits,
Aye, if the Fates will restore unto me my Pallas
uninjured, 575
If I may see him once more and live in the hope of
reunion,
Then for life I entreat,—I can bear any trial with
patience;
But, if thou bearest a threat of some nameless
calamity, Fortune,
Now, oh now let me sever the bonds of this cruel
existence
While apprehension is vague, while hope is unsure
of the future, 580
While, dear boy, thou joy of mine age and my one
consolation,

Thee in mine arms I hold ; nor ever may tidings
too grievous

Harrow my soul." These words, at the moment
of parting, the father

Poured from his heart ; he swooned, and they
carried him back to his palace.

Now through the wide-flung gates the knights
had already departed. 585

Riding among the first were Æneas and faithful
Achates,

Followed by Teucrian chiefs ; and there in the
midst of the column

Pallas, himself, was seen in mantle and damask-
ened armor,

Like to the Morning Star still wet with the waves
of the ocean, —

Star unto Venus more dear than all others that
spangle the heavens — 590

Raising his holy face to the sky, and melting the
darkness.

Mothers with anxious eyes were standing in fear
on the ramparts,

Watching the cloud of dust and the brazen gleam
of the horsemen.

They, through the brush by the shortest way, to the
goal of their journey

Held on their course in arms ; then, shouting and
forming in column, 595

Pounded the crumbling plain with the thundering
hoofs of their horses.

There is a stately grove by the cool flowing waters
of Cære,

Widely revered with inherited awe, and by hollow-
ing hillsides

Compassed on every side, and darkly surrounded
by fir-trees.

Unto Silvanus, the guardian god of the fields and
the cattle, 600

Ancient Pelasgians, first dwellers of old in the land
of the Latins,

Hallowed this grove, we are told, and appointed a
day for his worship.

Tarchon, not far from this place, and the Tuscans,
securely established,

Now were encamped, and the eye could behold
from the height of the hilltop,

Spread far over the plain, the tented array of their
legions. 605

Father Æneas then and the youth he had chosen
for battle

Thither advanced and, outworn, sought rest for
themselves and their horses.

Venus, however, 'mid clouds of the sky divinely
resplendent,

Came with gifts in her hand ; and when afar off
in the valley

Lone she beheld her son and apart by the cool
flowing river, 610

Then she revealed her face, and thus, unbesought,
she addressed him :

“Fashioned for me, my son, by the skill of my
husband, the promised

Gifts I have brought, that now thou needest not
hesitate longer

Either to challenge fierce Turnus to fight, or the
haughty Laurentes.”

So Cytherea spoke, then, folding her son to her
bosom, 615

Laid at the foot of a neighboring oak the glitter-
ing armor.

He, rejoiced by the gifts divine and so signal an
honor,

Never could weary his gaze, and eying each piece
of the harness

Looked and admired, and turned in his hands
with tender caresses

Now the terrible crested helm whence lightnings
were flashing, 620

Now the death-dealing sword, now the mighty and
crimson-hued corselet

Forged of the toughness of bronze, and like the
dark face of a storm-cloud

When by the beams of the sun it is kindled to far-
gleaming glory ;

Then the burnished greaves of twice-refined gold
and electrum,

Also the spear, and the shield of a strange, inde-
finable texture. 625

On it the Lord of Fire, well versed in prophetic
wisdom,

Naught unforeknowing of years to come, had
Italy's glory

Wrought, and the triumphs of Rome, and of all
who should far in the future

Spring from Ascanius' blood, and the wars they
should wage in their order.

There, too, the wolf and her young he had formed,
in the mossy green cavern 630

Sacred to Mars ; at her breast twin boys were
playfully nestling,

Pressing her close with their lips, nor fearing to
fondle the mother.

She, with her rounded neck thrown back, gave each
her caresses,

Licking them both with her tongue, and smoothish
ing and shaping their bodies.

Near her was graven the city of Rome, and the
maids of the Sabines 635

Rudely ravished away from the theatre's crowded
assembly

During the great Circensian games, and the sudden
estrangement

Parting the Romans and Tatius old, and the quick-
tempered Cures.

Then the same kings, having ceased from the strife
and the madness of battle,

Standing in arms and with bowls in their hands
by Jupiter's altar, 640

Sealed with the blood of swine a treaty of friendly
alliance.

Next was the four-horse car which had swiftly
torn Mettus asunder;—

Ah, but thou shouldst have been true to thy word,
and faithful, O Alban!—

Tullus, too, dragged through the wood the mangled
remains of the traitor,

While, with his blood besprent, the thorns of the
forest were dripping. 645

There was Porsenna, in turn, demanding for Tarquin,
the exile,

Restoration to Rome, and fiercely investing the
city,

While the Ænean race were rushing to battle for
freedom.

You could have seen him, the picture of wrath and
the image of menace,

Raging because of the bridge torn down by the
daring of Cocles, 650

Wrathful that Clœlia had broken her chains and
was swimming the river.

Manlius, crowning the shield, was standing in front
of the temple,

Holding the Capitol's heights and guarding the
rock of Tarpeia:

Freshly by Romulus thatched, rough bristled the
roof of the palace.

Here, too, in silver embossed, the goose through the
porticoes golden 655

Fluttered, and shrieked of the Gauls who were
nearing the gates of the city;

On press the Gauls through the wood, and now
they are gaining the castle,

Saved by the shelter of night, and secure in the
favor of darkness.

Golden of hair are they, and fashioned of gold are
their garments;

Gleaming in striped cloaks, their milk-white throats
they have circled 660

Closely with collars of gold, and each in his hand
is uplifting

Alpine javelins twain; long shields are protecting
their bodies.

War-dancing Salii next he had wrought, and
naked Lupercans,

Also their wool-knit caps, and the shields that had
fallen from heaven;

While chaste matrons in cushioned cars, a sacred
procession, 665

Moved through the streets of Rome. Far distant
from these he had even

Added the realms of Hell and the towering portals
of Pluto,

Also the pains of the damned, and thee, O Catiline, hanging

High on a beetling crag and trembling at sight
of the Furies ;

Also the good by themselves, with Cato to minister
justice. 670

Round and about these groups a wide angry sea
was depicted,

Golden, except that the dark green waves were
crested with silver,

And that with silvery gleams bright dolphins
were wheeling in circles,

Sweeping the sea with their tails, and cleaving their
way through the billows.

Centring the view were fleets of bronze and the
battle of Actium. 675

There could you also have seen Leucate with marshalling armies

All in a blaze, and the sea with the gold of their
galleys resplendent.

Cæsar Augustus, here, was leading Italians to
battle ;

High on the lofty stern, with the senate and chiefs
of the people,

'Mid the Penates he stood, and the gods ; his glorious temples 680

Blazed with twin flames of fire ; on his head shone
the star of his father.

Yonder, Agrippa, with favoring winds and the gods
for his allies,

Towers at the head of his band, and the brow of
the naval commander

Glitters afar with a beak-bearing crown, proud emblem of conquest.

Antony, there, with barbarian might and strange fashions of armor, 685

Brings, as a victor, from Red Sea shores and from orient regions,

Egypt, and troops from the East, and the far distant Bactrian people ;

While his Egyptian bride — be it spoken with shame — follows after.

Forward they rush as one, and all the sea-level is foaming,

Torn by the sweep of the oars and the triple-pronged beaks of the warships. 690

Seaward they steer ; you might think that the Cyclades moved in the billows,

Rent from their base, or that towering hills with hills were contending,

Such were the masses of men that crowded the turreted galleys.

Balls of fire from their hands, and flying steel from their engines

Rained, and Neptune's fields grew red with new fashions of slaughter. 695

Rallies the queen her troops in the midst with the timbrel of Egypt,

Nor hath she seen as yet the two serpents that follow behind her.

Monstrous forms of all manner of gods, and barking Anubis,

Raise against Neptune their arms, and contend with Minerva and Venus.

Mars, embossed in steel, storms on in the thick of the battle, 700

While the grim furies of Hell are raging aloft in
the heavens ;

Discord, her mantle in shreds, is going her way
with rejoicing,

Whom, with her blood-stained scourge Bellona is
closely attending :

Watching all this from afar in the sky stands
Actian Apollo,

Bending his bow ; and in terror of him all the
Indies and Egypt, 705

All the Arabian host, are in flight, and all the
Sabæans.

Queen Cleopatra, herself, could be seen as she
prayed to the wind-gods,

Now unfurling her sails, now easing the sheets of
her galley ;

Her the Lord of Fire had placed in the midst of
the carnage,

Pale at the vision of death, borne on by the winds
and the waters, 710

While a colossal Nile was shown in the back-
ground, lamenting,

Opening wide his robe, and unfolding his mantle
to welcome

Back to his darkling streams, and his sheltering
bosom, the vanquished.

Cæsar, moreover, returning to Rome with three
several triumphs,

Now unto Italy's gods was paying a tribute im-
mortal, 715

Even three hundred majestic shrines throughout
the whole city ;

Joyously echoed the streets with games and with
loud acclamations.

All the temples by matrons were choired, in each
was an altar ;
Strewn was the earth in front of each altar with
sacrificed bullocks ;
Cæsar, enthroned in the snow-white porch of
shining Apollo, 720
Welcomed the gifts of the world, and high on the
columns of marble
Hung them ; the conquered tribes marched by in
endless procession ;
Strange were their tongues, and as strange was
their fashion of dress and of armor.
Here had Mulciber wrought the Numidian race
and the zoneless
Africs ; the Caræ and Leleges, too, and Gelonian
archers, 725
While, with more indolent stream, the tribes from
Euphrates flowed onward.
There the most distant of men, the Morini, ap-
peared, and the two-horned
Rhine, and the Dahæ wild, and bridge-disdaining
Araxes.
All this, wrought upon Vulcan's shield, the gift of
his mother,
Viewing with wonder, the hero rejoiced, though he
knew not the story, 730
While on his shoulder he carried the fame and the
fates of his children.

BOOK IX

WHILE these things befell in another and more inland region,

Down from the sky, unto Turnus the bold, Saturnian Juno

Ordered Iris to fly. And then, in a grove of his father's,

Turnus was seated by chance in the sacred vale of Pilumnus.

Him with her rosy lips the daughter of Thaumas accosted ;

5

“ Turnus, what none of the gods would dare to vouchsafe to thy pleading,

Lo, the mere lapse of time hath brought without thy petition.

Having abandoned the town and his fleet and his comrades, Æneas

Goes to the Palatine realm, and visits the home of Evander ;

Nay, he hath lengthened his course to the furthest Etrurian cities,

10

Where he is arming a Lydian band and enrolling the farmers :

Why dost thou tarry ? The time now calls for horses and war-cars ;

Burst all bands of delay, and attack his disordered encampment ! ”

Speaking, she lifted herself on balancing wings to the heavens,

Brushing the clouds in her flight, and cleaving the
arch of the rainbow. 15

Recognizing her then, the youth stretched forth to
the planets

Both his hands, and cried as she hasted away from
his presence:

“Iris, thou glory of heaven! Who sends thee, I
pray, on the storm-cloud

Down to the earth? Or why is the firmament clear-
ing so swiftly?

For I behold, as the clouds are rent in the midst
of the welkin, 20

Stars abroad in the sky! So glorious omens I fol-
low,

Whosoe’er calls to arms.” So saying, he moved to
the river,

And from the top of its eddying wave took crys-
talline water,

Earnestly prayed to the gods, and burdened the air
with petitions.

Now on the open plain the whole vast army was
marching, 25

Rich in horses, and vests embroidered with golden
adornments

[Messapus captained the van, and the children of
Tyrrhus with rigor

Marshalled the rear; and Turnus the chief, com-
manding the centre,

Moved in the midst of the knights, and towered
head and shoulders above them],

Like to the Ganges deep from seven calm rivers in
silence 30

Rising, or like the Nile when, after enriching the
wheat-fields,

Backward his waters have flowed and keep themselves now to the channel.

Suddenly then the Trojans descried a smoke-colored dust-cloud

Rolling along the plain, and a darkness rose over the lowlands.

First, from the opposite mound, Caius cried loudly in warning : 35

“ Comrades, what army is here, enshrouded in dust and in darkness ?

Haste, fellow townsmen ! To arms ! To your posts on the wall with your weapons !

Foes are at hand ! Beware ! ” With deafening outcries the Trojans

Poured through every gate, and filled the broad ramparts with soldiers.

For, before taking his leave, Æneas, most prudent in warfare, 40

Thus had enjoined : that if any mischance should befall in his absence,

They should not venture to form in line nor trust to the open,

Rather keep close to the camp and the walls and the sheltering bulwarks.

Therefore, though honor and wrath demanded the hazard of battle,

Nevertheless they barred their gates and, heeding his orders, 45

Waited the enemy's charge in the hollow retreat of their watch-towers.

Turnus flew quick to the front and, outrunning the slow-moving army,

Followed by twenty, the flower of his knights, appeared on a sudden

Under the walls of the town. Of Thrace was the
steed he was riding,

Dappled with white; and crested with red was the
gold of his helmet. 50

“Who will be with me, brave knights, who first
on the ranks of our foemen—

See!” he exclaimed, and he levelled a spear and
hurled it before him;

“See, the fight is begun!” and he dashed o’er the
plain on his charger:

Loudly his comrades reëchoed his cry and charged
with a shouting

Fearful to hear; at the spiritless hearts of the Tro-
jans they wondered, 55

Venturing not on a fair free field nor risking a
battle,

Plainly preferring their camp. Then wrathfully
hither and thither,

Scanning the walls from his horse, he searched
every path for an entrance.

Like to a wolf that is lying in wait for the flock in
a sheepfold, —

While he howls at the gates, enduring the dark-
ness of midnight, 60

Braving the winds and rain, the lambs safe under
their mothers

Constantly bleat, while he in savage and pitiless
fury

Snarls from without; his long-increasing and raven-
ous hunger

Wears away his strength, and his blood-thirsty
jaws are unsated, —

So the Rutulian’s rage, as he glared at the camp
and the ramparts, 65

Kindled afresh, and his merciless heart was blazing with anger.

How can he thrust himself in, or how from their sheltering fortress

Drive the Teucrians forth, and compel them to fight in the open?

Close to the side of the camp the fleet of the Trojans lay hidden,

Sheltered between the walls and the rippling waves of the river. 70

This he attacked, and exultingly called on his comrades for torches,

Filling his hand with a blazing pine in the heat of his fury.

Then, indeed, they toiled, for the presence of Turnus inspired them:

Soon each youth was armed with a brand and wrapped in a smoke-cloud.

Soon they despoiled the hearths; the smoking pine gave a lurid 75

Flame, and sparks were hurled to the sky commingled with ashes.

Muses, what god turned aside from the Trojans this cruel disaster?

Who from the Teucrian ships averted this vast conflagration?

Long was the story believed, and its fame will continue forever.

When Æneas first fashioned his fleet near Phrygian Ida, 80

While he was planning to furrow the sea with his galleys, the mighty

Mother of gods, Cybele herself, thus made her petition

Unto omnipotent Jove: "O grant thou, my son,
to my pleading

What thy fond mother requires for helping thee
conquer Olympus ;

I had a forest of pine, which for many a year I had
cherished ; 85

Crowning a hill was a grove where sacred oblations
were brought me,

Darkened by gloomy firs and the shadowing boughs
of the maple.

These I cheerfully gave to Dardania's prince when
he sadly

Needed a fleet ; but now I am harrassed by fear
and disquiet ;

Quell my alarm, and accord to thy mother this
boon for her pleading : 90

Grant that no voyage may harm, nor any tempestuous
weather

Conquer them ; let it avail that they sprang from
the soil of my mountain."

Answered in turn her son who governs the stars in
their orbits :

"What dost thou ask of the fates ? For what art
thou pleading, my mother ?

Fashioned by mortal hands, shall keels have immortal
endurance ? 95

Traversing dangerous ways, shall Æneas be never
in danger ?

Where is the god unto whom so unlimited power
hath been given ?

Yet, when, their mission fulfilled, they shall gain
the Ausonian harbor,

And to the Laurentine fields shall have borne the
Dardanian hero,

All that shall then survive the perils of ocean,
thereafter 100

I will release from their mortal shape, and bid
them be mighty

Goddesses of the sea ; yea, like Galatea and Doto,
Daughters of Nereus, who cleave with their breasts
the white foaming billows."

Then to confirm his word, by the streams of his
Stygian brother,

By those banks ever reeking with pitch and with
darkening whirlpools 105

Vowing, he made by his nod the whole of Olympus
to tremble.

So then the day of his promise was come, and
the Parcæ had finished

All the appointed time, when the insolent outrage
of Turnus

Warned the mother to shield her sacred ships
from his firebrands.

First, then, a marvellous light flashed forth on their
eyes, and a wondrous 110

Dazzling cloud was seen to float from the East
through the heavens,

Tuneful with Ida's choir ; then a terrible voice
from the welkin

Rang till it thrilled the Rutulian host and the host
of the Trojans :

"Teucrians, be not afraid, nor anxious to shelter
my galleys,

Nor to array your bands. Unto Turnus shall
sooner be granted 115

License to burn the deep than my sacred pines.
Into freedom

Go, ye nymphs of the sea ! 'Tis the mother's com-
mand !" and each galley

Instantly burst from the shore the cable that held
her in bondage,
Then like a dolphin at play, and plunging her beak
in the water,
Sank to the depths; and thence (a marvellous
story) fair maidens, 120
One for each brazen ship that had lately been
lying at anchor,
Rose in the form of nymphs, and floated away on
the river.

Dazed the Rutulians stood, and even Messapus
was frightened,
While his horses plunged wildly with fear, and
the hoarse-roaring river
Paused in its flow, and Tiber was checked in his
course to the ocean. 125
Still in the spirit of Turnus the bold was no faint-
ing of courage;
Seizing the chance to encourage his men, he in-
stantly shouted:
“These are dark omens for Troy, for the aid he
so often hath granted
Jupiter now withdraws, and awaits not the touch
of our weapons,
Nor the Rutulian brands; now closed is the sea to
the Trojans, 130
Lost all hope of escape; they are shorn of the half
of their kingdom:
Yea, and the land is ours, for the tribes of Italians
are bringing
So many thousand arms. These fateful prognostics
of Heaven
Frighten me not at all, though the Dardans are
proudly exultant.

Ample concession it is to the Fates and to Venus
that Trojans 135

Stand on the fruitful Italian soil. My destiny also
I must fulfil, and destroy with the sword this detestable people,

Since they have stolen my bride. Such insult stirs
not the Atridæ

Only, nor yet has Mycenæ alone the freedom of
warfare.

But, one defeat is enough? Then surely it should
have sufficed them 140

Once to transgress, and thereafter to hold in the
deepest abhorrence

All womankind. Their faith in the wall interposing
between us,

This brief pause at the moat, this slender partition
from slaughter,

Strengthens their hearts? Well, have they not
seen their old Teucrian bulwarks,

Fashioned by Neptune's hand, sink down into
smouldering ashes? 145

Who then, my chosen, stands forth to demolish
these ramparts with iron?

Who will assault with me this encampment of
dastardly Trojans?

I have no need of the Fire-god's arms, nor of
thousands of war-ships,

Teucrian men to fight. Let all their Etrurian allies
Join them at once. Nor night and foolish Palladium stealing 150

Let them now fear, nor yet that the guards of
their tower will be murdered.

Nor in the windowless womb of a horse will we
huddle in ambush;

We are resolved to encircle their ramparts with
fire, and by daylight ;

I will assure them that, now, nor with Greeks nor
Pelagian striplings

Have they to deal, who for ten long years were re-
sisted by Hector ! 155

Now then, my men, as the day is far spent, in the
time yet remaining,

Glad in the thought of deeds already accomplished
with honor,

Husband your strength by repose, and hope and
prepare for the conflict."

Meanwhile Messapus was ordered to hem in the
Trojans by placing

Vigilant guards at the gates, and the city with fire
to beleaguer. 160

Chosen were fourteen Rutulian chiefs to encompass
the ramparts ;

Each, moreover, had under his charge a hundred
young soldiers.

Crested with crimson plumes was the gleaming gold
of their helmets ;

Taking their turns on guard, by turns they reclined
on the greensward,

Warming themselves with wine and draining their
broad brazen goblets. 165

Watchfires mingled their light, and the watchmen
continued their vigil,

Gambling the night away.

This, from the wall above, the Trojans perceived,
and in armor

Held their high posts, and in constant alarm kept
watch of the gateways ;

Also, connecting the walls with the turreted out-
works by bridges, 170

Carried up arms. In command were Mnestheus
and valiant Serestus,
Whom, if danger should call, had Father Æneas
commissioned

Chiefs of the army to be and rulers in charge of the
city.

Stationed by lot on the wall, the whole legion di-
vided the danger,

Watching by turns and defending the place to
which each was appointed. 175

Nisus, to Hyrtacus born and one of the bravest
of fighters,

Guarded the gate ; he had come with the friends of
Æneas from Ida,

Mother of hunters ; expert with the bow and the
light-flying arrow.

Near him his comrade Euryalus stood ; no come-
lier soldier

Followed Æneas to war, or was clad in the Teu-
crian armor ; 180

Bright were his beardless cheeks with the ripening
beauty of manhood.

One was their heart's desire, and equal their ardor
for battle ;

Then, too, as guards of the gate they held the same
station of honor.

Nisus then : " Is it the gods who kindle this flame
in our spirits,

Or is each warrior's god his own over-mastering
passion ? 185

Either to lead an attack or some daring deed to
adventure

Long have I wished in my heart ; I cannot endure
this inaction.

See what presumptuous faith the Rutulians have in
the issue ;

Few are yon glimmering lights ; unsoldiered by
wine and by slumber,

Fallen are the guards ; all silent their posts ; and
mark thou, moreover, 190

What now stirs in my soul, what thoughts in my
mind are arising.

All, both people and chiefs, demand the return of
Æneas,

Also that heralds be sent to report the true state
of our city.

So they will grant thee the guerdon I ask (for the
glory of doing

Amply suffices for me), I think that by skirting
yon hillside 195

I can discover a way to the walls and the city of
Pallas."

Thrilled by so noble a thirst for fame, Euryalus
marvelled,

Then thus promptly replied to the words of his
daring companion :

"Me as thy comrade to take in thy greatest and
boldest adventure,

Nisus, dost thou refuse ? Shall I send thee alone
into danger ? 200

No such training had I from my war-loving father,
Opheltes :

Nursed amid terror of Greeks and reared amid
Trojan disasters,

Never, my comrade, to thee have I shown so dis-
loyal behavior

Since I have followed Æneas the brave through
desperate fortunes :

Here, ay, here is a heart regardless of death, and
persuaded

205

That, at the cost of life, well bought is the glory
thou seekest."

Nisus replied: "No question had I of thy valor,
my comrade,

Nor any ground for fear; and so may great Jove,
or whoever

Looks with impartial eyes, restore me to thee with
rejoicing;

But, if some fatal mischance, and many there be in
such perils,

210

Or if the wrath of the gods shall hurry me on to
destruction,

I shall rejoice in thy life; thou art young and more
worthy of living;

Let there be one to bear from the field or to ransom
my body,

And to commit it to earth or, if that be by fortune
forbidden,

One to pay vows for the dead, and render him
funeral honor;

215

Nor be it mine to occasion such grief to the sorrow-
ing mother

Who, among so many mothers, alone had the cour-
age to follow

Thee, my friend, to the last, nor clung to the walls
of Acestes."

He, however, replied: "Too frail are the threads
of thy logic;

Still is my purpose unchanged, unshaken my former
decision;

220

Haste we away!" He spoke, and awakened the
guards from their slumber.

They, in their turn, came forward and watched;
then, leaving their stations,

He and Nisus his friend went in quest of the prince
of the Trojans.

All other creatures throughout the world were
buried in slumber,

Freeing their hearts from care, and forgetting the
burdens of labor, 225

While the noblest of Teucrian chiefs and their
chosen retainers

Still were holding debate on the critical state of
the nation,

What they should now undertake, whom send with
the news to Æneas.

Holding their shields they stood, and on their long
spears they were leaning,

Midway the camp and the plain. Then Nisus,
Euryalus with him, 230

Came with breathless haste and sought permission
to enter;

Urgent their business, and worthy the cost of delay.
Then Iulus

Welcomed the anxious youths and called upon
Nisus to answer.

Then spake Hyrtacus' son: "Prejudge not our
cause till ye hear me,

Men of Æneas, nor charge to the madness of
youth the proposals 235

We are to make. To sleep and to wine the Rutu-
lians yielding,

Now are grown still. Ourselves, we have spied out
the place for an ambush

Easy to gain from the cross-road gate that is near-
est the seashore.

There is a break in their fires, and columns of
smoke are arising
Darkly to heaven: if ye grant us permission to
use this good fortune, 240
After Æneas to seek and to search for the city of
Pallas,
Hither again, with spoils deep dyed in the blood of
our foemen,
Soon shall ye see us return. We can go without
losing the pathway;
Far in the gloomy vale we have caught the first
glimpse of the city
While engaged in the chase, and we know the
whole course of the river." 245
Outspake aged Aletes then, well ripened in wis-
dom:
"Gods of our fathers, beneath whose care Troy
ever abideth,
Surely not yet do ye purpose the utter defeat of
the Trojans
While ye vouchsafe to us youths with souls so
valiant and steadfast."
While he was speaking these words, he held them
both by their shoulders; 250
Wet were his cheeks with tears; then he clasped
the right hands of the heroes:
"What in return, brave men, what recompense
worthy such merit
Ought to be given to you? The gods and your
virtue shall give you
First, the fairest of all; then soon will our faithful
Æneas
Other rewards bestow; and Ascanius, flowering to
manhood, 255

Never forgetful will be of deeds so deserving of honor."

"Nay," cried Ascanius, "I, never safe till my father rejoin me,

Swear to you both in the name of the mighty Penates, O Nisus,

Nay, by Assaracus' form, by the temple of hoary-haired Vesta,

Whatsoe'er fortune I have, whatever my hope of the future,

260

All in your laps I lay: go forth and return with my father,

Bring him again to my sight, restore him and banish my sorrows;

Two wrought silver cups in roughened relief will I give you,

Cups which my father secured as trophies from vanquished Arisba,

Two great talents of gold, of tripods a pair, and a chalice

265

Fashioned in days of old and the gift of Sidonian Dido;

But, if the conquest of Italy's throne and victory wait me,

If it shall fall to my lot to apportion the trophies of battle,

Thou hast seen Turnus go forth; thou hast noted his horse and his armor

Gleaming with gold; that horse, that shield, that flame-crested helmet

270

I will reserve from the rest; they are thine, already, brave Nisus!

Further, my father will give twelve women and men from our captives

Chosen for beauty of form, twelve captives with
all of their armor ;

And in addition the land which Latinus the king
is now holding.

Thee, however, adorable boy, whose years are more
nearly 275

Equalled by mine, thee now, with heart undivided,
I welcome!

Thee I embrace as my comrade and friend in all
changes of fortune.

Never, apart from thee, will I seek to ennoble my
kingdom :

Be it in peace or war, be the need or of word or of
action,

First be our trust in thee." To him, then, Eury-
alus answered : 280

"Never shall dawn the day that shall prove me to
deeds of such daring

Uncongenial of soul ; let Fortune smile never so
kindly,

Or be her frown my fate. But, far above all other
favors,

This one boon I crave ; from the old house of
Priam descended,

I have a mother, alas, not detained in the Ilian
country 285

After I left, nor detained by the city of kingly
Acestes.

Her, in ignorance now of what perils they be that
attend me,

Leave I with no farewell. Let night and thy
hand bear me witness

I have not courage enough to look on the tears of
my mother.

Comfort her grief, I beseech thee, and be her support in my absence ; 290

Let me but carry this hope of thee, I shall go the more bravely

Whereso'er fate may call." Tears welled in the eyes of the Dardans,

Deeply their souls were moved, most deeply of all fair Iulus :

Touched to the quick was his heart by this picture of filial devotion ;

Then he made answer thus : 295

" Be well assured of all that is due to thy glorious venture ;

She henceforward my mother shall be, and the name of Creüsa

Only shall lack ; nor small is the gratitude due to a mother

Bearing so noble a son. Whate'er the result of thy mission,

By this head I swear, by the oaths of my father before me, 300

All I have promised to thee if successful and safe thou returnest,

These very things shall be held in trust for thy mother and kindred."

Thus with tears he spake ; then took his own sword from his shoulder ;

Wondrous the golden design which Lycaon the Gnosian had fashioned,

Dextrously forging the blade to fit in its ivory scabbard. 305

Mnestheus to Nisus presented the hide and the claws of a lion,

Shaggy and grim ; and a helmet was added by faithful Aletes.

When they were armed they started at once, and
the whole band of nobles,
Young and old alike, accompanied them to the
gateway,
Bidding them both good-speed; and especially
comely Iulus, 310
Thoughtful beyond his years and endowed with the
wisdom of manhood,
Gave them many a message to bear to his father;
the breezes
Scattered them all abroad, and bore them in vain
to the heavens.

Leaving the gate, they crossed the moat, and
through shadows of midnight
Sought the encampment of foes; yet they meant
to deal death unto many 315
Ere their own fall. On the sward, in the torpor of
wine and of slumber,
Prostrate forms they descried, and cars by the
river uptilted,
While amid harness and wheels were soldiers and
weapons and wine-jars
Lying confused; then Euryalus first thus whis-
pered to Nisus;
“Now must our hands be bold! Opportunity beck-
ons us onward; 320
Here is our way. Do thou at a distance be wary
and watchful,
So that no enemy’s hand may be able to strike
from behind us;
I will make room for thy feet and clear a broad
pathway before thee.”
Thus having spoken, he ended his words, and
smote with his dagger

Rhamnes the haughty, who chanced to be stretched
on luxurious carpets, 325

Snoring forth sleep from his giant breast while
buried in slumber.

He was a prince and a prophet as well most dear
to prince Turnus,

Though to protect him from death his foresight
was all unavailing.

Near him three slaves he slew as they heedlessly
slept on their weapons,

Caught the charioteer and the armor-bearer of Re-
mus 330

Lying close to their steeds, and their drooping
necks he dissevered ;

Then beheaded the master himself, and left his
dead body

Weltering there in its blood ; and, stained by the
dark crimson current,

Reeked both the earth and the couch. There were
Lamyrus, also, and Lanus.

Youthful Serranus, too, who had spent his last
night amid revels — 335

Wondrously fair his face — now lay, by his heavy
potations

Palsied in every limb ; more fortunate had he con-
tinued

Gambling the whole night through, and protracted
the game till the morning !

Just as a lion unfed, let loose among lambs in a
sheep-fold,

Ravenous appetite urging him on, both worries and
tears them 340

Helpless and dumb with fear, and gnashes his teeth
in his fury,

So Euryalus rushed on his errand of death, and
in frenzy
Raged through many a nameless throng in the
midst of the camp-ground.
Fadus and Rhoetus he smote, and Abaris killed
and Herbesus;
None except Rhoetus awoke; he, waking, saw all,
and in terror 345
Sought to escape from sight behind the great bulk
of a wine-bowl;
Deep in whose breast, as he rose, Euryalus buried
his dagger,
Drenching the blade with death as he plucked it
again from his bosom.
He, disgorging his crimson life and belching to-
gether
Gore and wine, so died, while the other crept
stealthily onward. 350
Now he was nearing the band of Messapus, where
flickering watchfires
Struggled for life, and where horses were seen, all
carefully tethered,
Cropping the grass, when thus he was hurriedly
summoned by Nisus,
Who now saw that his friend was too eager for
blood and for slaughter:
“Let us have done!” he cried, “for the hostile
dawn is approaching; 355
There has been vengeance enough, and a path has
been made through our foemen.”
Many a warrior’s arms they left, though fashioned
of silver;
Many a mixing-bowl, and many a beautiful carpet.
Rhamnes Euryalus robbed of his medals and gold-
studded baldric,

Which to Tiburtian Remulus, Cædicus famed for
his riches 360

Gave long ago as a pledge of his loving remembrance while absent.

Remulus, ere he died, bequeathed them in turn to
his grandson,

After whose death in war the Rutulians took them
as trophies.

These, then, he seized and adjusted in vain to his
powerful shoulders,

Putting on also the helm of Messapus, well-fitting
and crested. 365

Then they withdrew from the camp and hastened
away into safety.

Meanwhile horsemen advanced, sent forth from
the town of Latinus

While under arms on the field the rest of the
army was waiting ;

Horsemen three hundred, equipped with shields
and commanded by Volscens,

Marching to Turnus the king and bearing him
urgent despatches. 370

Now they were nearing the camp and coming close
under the ramparts,

When they espied the two scouts turning far to
the left on a bypath,

While through the shadowy gloom of night Euryalus' helmet

Flashed in the moon's bright rays, and betrayed
him unconscious of danger.

Nor was that flash unmarked ; for Volscens cried
from the column : 375

“Halt men ! Why are ye here ? Who are ye thus
hidden in armor ?

Whither is now your course?" They made no
reply to his challenge

Save by increasing their speed to the forest and
seeking the shadows.

Then did the horsemen beset here and there the
known forks of the pathway,

Blocking each way of escape with a cordon of
vigilant guardsmen. 380

There was a wood, wide bristling with thorn and
gloomy with ilex,

Choked on every side by a wilderness tangle of
bramble;

Faintly glimmered the path through the dark de-
files of the forest.

Blinding branches and burdensome spoils Euryalus
hindered,

While his feet were misguided by fear from the
line of the pathway. 385

Nisus rushed out, and now had unwittingly foiled
his pursuers,

Reaching what later was known as Albania, named
after Alba,

Where Latinus, the king, then kept his imperial
stables.

Here he halted, and looked in vain for his missing
companion.

"O, unhappy Euryalus, where have I left thee?
or whither 390

Now shall I follow, retracing again the long, diffi-
cult pathway

Through this treacherous wood?" So saying, he
followed his footsteps

Backward with watchful eyes, and noiselessly
threaded the forest;

Horses he heard and the tramping of feet and the
cries of pursuers;

Nor was it long ere a shout rang out on the air,
and before him 395

Struggled Euryalus, hopelessly trapped by a body
of horsemen,

Who had surprised him confused by the loss of his
way in the darkness,

Also taken aback by the sudden and violent on-
slaught.

What could he do? What force, what weapons
were his to adventure

Saving the youth? Should he rush to his death on
that thicket of sabres, 400

And should he win for his life a speedy and glori-
ous ending?

Hastily seizing a spear, he drew back his arm;
and then, looking

Up to the face of the far-off moon, thus made his
petition:

“Child of Latona, the pride of the sky and the
warder of forests,

Grant me, fair goddess, thine aid and strengthen
mine arm by thy presence. 405

If it be true that for me father Hyrtacus ever hath
offered

Vows at thine altars; if I from the fruits of the
chase have enriched them,

Hanging gifts under the dome or high on the frieze
of thy temple,

Guide thou my spear through the air, and help me
to scatter this rabble!”

Speaking no more, his lance with the uttermost
strength of his body 410

Swiftly he hurled : it flew through the night and,
cleaving the shadows,

Plunged into Sulmo's spine as he stood with his
back to the forest ;

There it was broken and flew in splinters of wood
through his vitals ;

Cold and fainting he fell and poured from his
breast the warm current,

While with long drawn sighs the soul was released
from his body. 415

This way and that they gazed ; but he, by their
terror emboldened,

Poised a fresh lance at the height of his ear before
they had rallied.

Whistled the shaft, and passed through both of the
temples of Tagus,

Then stuck fast in the skull, and was warmed by
the brains of its victim.

Angrily Volscens raged ; yet who had been hurling
the lances 420

Failed to perceive, or whither in wrath he might
hasten for vengeance.

"Thou, none the less, shalt atone unto me for the
death of my comrades,

Shedding warm blood for both !" he cried : and,
drawing his falchion,

Rushed on Euryalus. Then, overmastered by fear
and distracted,

Nisus shouted aloud, nor longer kept hid in the
shadows, 425

Nor could he longer endure the anguish that tor-
tured his bosom ;

"Me, upon me ! — I who did it am here ! — Upon
me turn your weapons !

Mine alone is the blame ! O Rutulians, he could
do nothing ;

Naught would he dare ! Let the sky and the all-
seeing stars bear me witness,

He did but love his unfortunate friend with too
faithful devotion.” 430

Such were the words he spake ; but the blade, re-
sistlessly driven,

Entered between the ribs and tore the fair bosom
asunder.

Lifeless Euryalus fell, and over his beautiful
body

Trickled his blood, and his neck hung helplessly
down on his shoulders.

Even as a bright-hued flower, when cut under
ground by a ploughshare, 435

Fades to its death ; or as poppies, perchance, that
are heavy with raindrops,

When on wearied stems their heads are languidly
drooping.

Nisus, however, dashed into the crowd, and, among
all the horsemen,

Sought for Volscens alone, and regarded no other
than Volscens ;

Round him his enemies pressed ; on this side and
that they opposed him, 440

Forcing him back ; he, plunging along, his glit-
tering broadsword

Whirled, and full in the mouth of the shrieking
Rutulian chieftain,

Dying he drove the blade ; ere he died, took the
life of his foeman.

Then on the corse of his friend he threw himself
mortally wounded ;

There at last lay still in death, and peacefully slumbered. 445

Fortunate pair! Unless my songs prove all un-
availing,
Never shall dawn a day forgetful of you and your
glory
While on the changeless rock of the Capitol sons
of Æneas
Dwell, and a Roman lord retains the imperial
sceptre.

Then the Rutulians, proud of their conquest and
laden with trophies, 450
Bore the dead Volscens away to their camp with
tears and lamenting;
Equally great was the grief in the camp when the
body of Rhamnes
Lifeless was found, and Serranus and Numa and
many a chieftain,
Slain at a blow; great crowds, already surrounding
the bodies,
Gazed at the dying men and the ground still reek-
ing with slaughter; 455
Gazed at the streams of blood still foaming and
rushing in runnels;
Gazed above all at the spoils, the glittering helm
of Messapus,
Also his medals of war, recovered with infinite
effort.

Now, from the saffron couch of Tithonus up-
springing, Aurora
Purpled the eastern sky and sprinkled the earth
with new glory. 460
Then, as the sun shone forth and the earth was
revealed by the daylight,

Turnus exhorted his men to arms ; himself in full armor ;

While each captain deployed his bronze-clad columns for battle,

Rousing their wrath the while by sowing wild rumors among them.

Then Euryalus' head, and the head of young Nisus, they lifted 465

High on the points of spears — a pitiful sight — and with shouting

Followed their chief.

Grimly the men of Æneas defended the left of their fortress,

Fronting the foe ; for the right was girded about by the river ;

Also their deep-dug trenches they held, and aloft on their watch-towers. 470

Gloomily stood ; their hearts were grieved by the heads of the heroes,

Dripping with crimson gore and all too sadly familiar.

Meanwhile Rumor took wing and went flying about with the tidings

Through the affrighted town, and stole to Euryalus' mother.

Suddenly then all heat left the frame of the grief-stricken woman ; 475

Dropped by her palsied hand were the ravelling web and the shuttle ;

Sadly she hastened forth with the cry of a woman in anguish,

Tearing her hair ; and, first, the walls where the battle was raging

Sought in her frenzy : not she of the men or the danger of weapons

Tarried to think, and she filled the whole sky with
her pitiful wailing: 480

“This, my Euryalus, thou? my one consolation in
sorrow!

Thou, the last prop of mine age, couldst thou in
my loneliness leave me,

Cruel! And couldst thou not grant to the love of
thy sorrowing mother

Even a last farewell, when sent into peril so
grievous?

Now, thou liest, alas! in an unknown land, for the
Latin 485

Vultures and dogs a prey, and I, thy mother, have
neither

Straightened thy limbs nor washed thy wounds nor,
closing thine eyelids,

Covered thee o’er with the robe, on which with an
old woman’s fondness

Day after day I have toiled, and night after night
I have labored.

Where shall I seek thee? What land now holds
thy limbs and thy severed 490

Members and mangled corse? Is this all of thy-
self thou canst bring me,

O my son? Is it this o’er the land and the sea I
have followed?

Slay me, if still for a mother ye care! On me all
your weapons

Hurl, ye Rutulian braves! Me first give release
with your arrows;

Or, great Father of Gods, do thou strike down by
thy thunder 495

Unto the depths of Hell this head thou abhorrest,
for nowise

Else can I find a way of ending this cruel existence!"

All were distressed by her tears, and there ran a low murmur of sorrow

Through the whole army; unmanned were the heroes and nerveless for battle.

Then, as her piteous grief grew wild, Idæus and Actor, 500

Heeding Ilioneus' word and the bidding of weeping Iulus,

Seized her with gentle hands and bore her away to her dwelling.

But from afar, with a terrible blare, the bronze-throated trumpet

Sounded; then followed a shout that shook the whole sky with its thunder.

Sturdily pushing their shelter of shields, the Volscians were charging, 505

Eager to fill up the moat, and intent on destroying the bulwarks.

Some sought entrance to gain by scaling the rampart with ladders

Where the resistance was weak, where the light between soldier and soldier

Showed that defenders were few. The Dardani-ans hurtled upon them

Missiles of every sort, and kept thrusting them down with their war-pikes, 510

Trained through Troy's long siege in the art of defending a rampart.

Stones of deadly weight they also kept constantly rolling,

Hoping the shelter of shields to crush while yet their assailants

Cheerfully faced all risks beneath the thick roof of
their bucklers ;

Yet was their confidence vain ; for, where they were
crowding most fiercely, 515

There a huge fragment of rock the Trojans rolled
out and pushed over.

Widely it crushed the Rutulian ranks and their
sheltering shield-roof.

Nor did the valiant Rutulians wish, or consider it
prudent,

Longer to fight in the dark, but to drive down the
foe from the rampart

Volleyed their darts. 520

Elsewhere Mezentius grim, whose face was beheld
with a shudder,

Brandished a Tuscan torch, and with smoke and
with flame was attacking ;

While Messapus, the tamer of steeds, descended
from Neptune,

Tore at the palisade and called on his comrades for
ladders.

Muses, inspire my song ; and Calliope, first, I
entreat thee, 525

Tell what Turnus achieved by the sword, what
havoc, what slaughter.

Tell of each warrior there, what hero he sent to
Avernus ;

Help me the edges unroll of the great panorama of
battle.

Muses, ye never forget, nor fail in repeating the
story.

There was a turret high-looming and huge, and
lofty its bridges, 530

Built in a place most fit, which all the Italians
were striving,

Striving with all their strength to storm, and with
all their resources

Seeking to overthrow; against them the Trojan
defenders

Hurled a continuous volley of stones and darts
through the loop-holes.

First flew a blazing brand with the whole strength
of Turnus behind it; 535

Fixed were the flames in the side of the tower,
where fanned into fury

Quickly they caught the planks and ate out the
heart of the timbers.

Trembled the warders within, and vainly desired
from the danger

Way of escape: and then, as they shrank in a
crowd to the angle

Still untouched by the flames, the tower, by their
weight over-balanced, 540

Suddenly fell with a crash that filled the whole sky
with its thunder.

Dying they came to the earth and, the huge mass
falling upon them,

Some by their own keen lances were pierced, and
others were mangled

Under unyielding beams, Helenor and Lycus
escaping

Almost alone. Of these, in the vigor of manhood,
Helenor — 545

Whom, as a slave, had Licymnia borne to the
Lydian monarch,

Hiding his birth, and sent him to Troy though
arms were denied him —

Wore an unblazoned sword, and a shield without
scutcheon or glory.

When he perceived that he stood hemmed round by
the legions of Turnus,
Saw that on this side and that the ranks of the
Latins were pressing, 550
Then, as a wild beast closely beset by a cordon of
hunters
Rushes in rage on their spears and, knowing that
death is her portion,
Leaps with the strength of despair on the hedge of
keen lances around her,
So the death-doomed youth dashed into the midst
of his foemen,
Charging straight for the place where he saw that
the weapons were thickest; 555
While, far swifter of foot, eluding the foe and
their missiles,
Lycus escaped to the wall and, striving to scale the
high rampart,
Struggled to reach with his hand the hands reached
down by his comrades.
Him, then, Turnus pursuing as well with his foot
as his weapon,
Thus as a victor reviled: "Hath madness be-
guiled thee to hoping 560
Out of my hand to escape?" And with this, as he
hung there, he seized him,
Dragging him down and tearing away a great block
of the coping,
Like the war eagle of Jove when he soars to his
eyrie and carries
Clutched in his curving claws a hare or a white-
breasted cygnet;
Like to the wolf of Mars when stealing a lamb
from the sheep-fold 565

Sought by its mother with many a cry. A shout-
ing arises

Round them ; they charge amain and fill the deep
trenches with fagots ;

Others with torches of fire assault the roofs of the
fortress.

Hurling a massive rock, Ilioneus vanquished
Lucetius

Stealing up to the gate and threatening the portal
with fire-brands. 570

Liger Emathion felled, Asilas o'erthrew Cory-
næus ;

One for his darts renowned, and one for his far-
stealing arrow.

Cænus Ortygius killed and Turnus killed Cænus,
the victor,

Slaying Dioxippus next, and Clonius, Promolus,
Itys,

Idas, and Sagaris, too, as they stood on the tur-
reted rampart. 575

Capys o'ermastered Privernus. Him first the light
lance of Themilla

Barely had grazed ; his hand to the wound he had
rashly uplifted,

Casting his buckler down, and for this on its wings
came an arrow,

Pinned his left hand to his breast and buried it-
self in his bosom,

Tearing his lungs with a terrible wound and releas-
ing his spirit. 580

Clad in effulgent arms, the scion of Arcens was
standing ;

Wrought with the needle his cloak, and bright with
Iberian purple ;

Noble of aspect was he, and Arcens, his father, had
sent him,

Reared in his mother's grove where flow the Symæthian fountains,

Where is the altar, too, of honored and kindly
Palicus. 585

Laying his lances aside, Mezentius, thrice having
circled

Round his head his whistling sling as the thong
was drawn backward,

Smote his foeman with molten lead and, cleaving
his forehead,

Stretched him prone in death on the broad sandy
shore of the river.

Then, it is said, young Ascanius aimed his first
arrow in battle; 590

He, who was used hitherto to affright the shy beasts
of the forest,

Now by his own right hand laid low the intrepid
Numanus,

Also as Remulus known, who had rushed from his
wedding to battle,

Leaving his name and estate to the fair young sister
of Turnus.

Now in the foremost line words worth and not
worth repeating 595

Shouting aloud, and swollen with pride in his newly
won kingdom,

Forward and backward he strode and vaunted his
bulk with a challenge:

“Feel ye no shame to be prisoned again with siege
and with rampart,

Phrygians vanquished twice, to be shielded from
death behind bulwarks?

These are the men who would ask with the sword
for the hands of our maidens! 600

Who hath to Italy led ye? What god, or what
spirit of folly?

No sons of Atreus are here, nor any false-hearted
Achilles!

Born of a stalwart race, we first take our sons to
the river,

Where we attemper their frames by the merciless
chill of the water.

Even our boys are alert in the chase and in track-
ing the forest; 605

Horses they manage for sport, and for toys have
the bow and the arrow,

While our youth, long accustomed to toil and con-
tented with little,

Either subdue the ground or shake walled cities
in warfare.

Every age is inured to steel; the backs of our
oxen

Feel the shafts of our spears; old age, as it slowly
creeps o'er us, 610

Neither abates our strength nor quenches the fire
of our spirit.

Helmeted whited-haired men, we are never too old
to be happy

Gathering new found spoils and living on what we
have captured.

Raiment of saffron dye is for you, and the lustre
of purple;

Ease is your heart's desire; your joy is to revel in
dancing; 615

Tunics with sleeves ye wear, and the tassel-fringed
turbans of women.

Go, ye Phrygian girls — not Phrygians — wander
through lofty

Dindyma, where soft pipes your effeminate music
are breathing ;

Follow the timbrel and pipe of the Berecynthian
mother ;

Go, and leave weapons to men, and hurt not your
fingers with iron !” 620

Him and his insolent words and evil, calumnious
taunting

Ill could Ascanius brook, and, turning, he fitted an
arrow

Close to the horse-hair string, then, drawing one
arm from the other,

Stood, and with suppliant vows unto Jupiter made
his petition :

“Hear me, omnipotent Jove, and favor my bold
undertaking !” 625

I, myself, at thy shrine will offer a yearly obla-
tion,

And to thine altar will lead a snow-white steer
with a forehead

Gleaming with gold, and a head uplifted as high as
his mother’s ;

Now he can strike with his horn and scatter the
sand with his hoof-beats.”

Him the Omnipotent heard, and through a clear
sky to the leftward 630

Thundered ; the sound of the death-dealing bow
was blent with the thunder.

Far was the shaft drawn back, and it flew with a
terrible whisper

Till through Remulus’ head it passed, and his cav-
ernous temples

Pierced. "Go! — mock with thine arrogant words
the virtue of valor!

Phrygians vanquished twice thus answer Rutulian
insult!" 635

Naught spake Ascanius more. The Teucrians
cheered and applauded,
Shouting aloud with joy and a fresh inspiration of
courage.

Then from a zone of the sky it chanced that
long-haired Apollo,
Throned amid clouds, looked down from above on
Ausonia's army,
Then on the town, and then spake thus to Iulus the
victor: — 640

"Strength to thy new-born valor, my child! So
rise thou to glory,

Seed and predestinate sire of gods. Of right shall
all warfare,

Fated to come, be quelled where rules the Assara-
can nation;

Nor is thy confine Troy." While speaking these
words, he descended

Swift from the distant sky and parted the whisper-
ing zephyrs, 645

Seeking Ascanius. Then was the form of his coun-
tenance altered,

Aging to Butes' face, who aforetime for Dardan
Anchises

Bearer of arms had been, and a faithful guard at
his threshold:

Later the father had made him the squire of Iulus.
Apollo

Moved with the old man's gait and passed with his
voice and his color, 650

Also his snow-white locks and the clash of his terrible armor;

Then with words like these accosted exulting Iulus:

“Let it suffice thee, thou son of Æneas, that,
—scathless, Numanus

Thou with thine arrow hast slain. This first of thy triumphs Apollo

Grants and envies thee not, though his shafts have before been unrivalled. 655

Stay from the battle henceforth, my lad.” So saying, Apollo,

Waiting for no reply, withdrew from the vision of mortals,

And afar off disappeared from their view in the shadowy heavens.

Then the Dardanian chiefs knew the god and his armor celestial;

And, as he soared aloft, they heard the loud clang of his quiver. 660

So, by the word and the will of Apollo, impatient Iulus

Back from the fight they drew; but, returning themselves to the combat,

Fearlessly risked their lives in open defiance of danger.

Rose a loud shouting through all the towers on the crest of the rampart.

Sternly they bent their bows and whirled the tough thongs of their javelins. 665

Strewn was the plain with spears, while shields and echoing helmets

Rang beneath strokes of steel, and wild were the surges of battle;

Wild as a westerly storm that under the rain-
breeding Hædi
Lashes the earth; as wild as the clouds that de-
scend on the ocean,
Pregnant with hail when Jove, dread lord of the
tempest, discharges 670
Torrents of rain from the sky and bursts hollow
clouds with his thunder.

Pandarus then and Bitias, sons of Idæan Alca-
nor,
Whom in Jupiter's grove Iæra, the wood-nymph,
had borne him,
Youths who rivalled in height the firs of their
Phrygian mountains,
Opened the gate assigned to their care by command
of their leader, 675
Trusting their arms alone, and invited their foes
to the fortress.
Standing within to the right and left they guarded
the turrets;
Armored with steel, their heads held high in glit-
tering helmets,
Like to giant oaks by the brink of a murmuring
river —
Either the banks of the Po or the borders of charm-
ing Adige — 680
Towering side by side, and raising aloft to the
heavens
Heads nor shaven nor shorn, and tossing their
crests in defiance.
In the Rutulians burst when they saw that the
portals were open.
Jointly with Quercens the brave came Aquiculus
blazing in armor,

Tmarus incautious of soul, and Hæmon undaunted
in battle ; 685

But, with all their bands, they quickly turned back
in confusion,

Or surrendered their lives at the moment of pass-
ing the threshold.

Fiercer and fiercer still grew the rage and the wrath
of the fighting,

While the Trojans, united now and banded to-
gether,

Dared to leave their walls and hazard the chances
of combat. 690

While in a different part of the field Prince
Turnus was fighting,

While he was routing his foes, a herald brought
word that the Trojans,

Flushed by their late success, were leaving the fort-
ress unguarded.

Quitting the work in hand and moved by unspeak-
able anger,

Swiftly he flew to the Teucrian gate and the inso-
lent brothers. 695

There Antiphates, first — for he was the first to
withstand him,

Bastard son of Sarpedon tall, his mother a Theban—
Hurling a dart, he slew ; the cornel of Italy, flying
Through the unhindering air, passed down through
his throat and was firmly

Lodged in his noble breast, and the dark-colored
wound from its hollow 700

Poured a foaming tide, and warm in the lungs lay
the iron.

Merops and Erymas then he slew, and Aphidnus
he vanquished ;

Bitias next, with his eyes ablaze and flaming with
anger ; —

Not with a dart, for he was not one to be slain with
a javelin, —

Rather a fire-dart flew from his hand with a whiz-
zing and roaring, 705

Launched like a bolt from the sky ; which neither
two layers of bull's-hide,

Nay, nor the duplicate plates of gold on his long
trusted corslet,

Stayed ; his gigantic frame collapsed and fell with
a shudder :

Groaned the earth, and his terrible shield fell
clashing above him.

So the Eubœan shore of Baiæ resounds when its
rock-ribbed 710

Masonry falls, which, built long ago and with in-
finite labor,

Into the sea is hurled ; and so, as it falls, it goes
crashing

Headlong down, and lies deep sunken and wrecked
in the quicksands ;

Surge is commingled with surge, black sand boils
up in the water ;

Prochyta's cliffs are jarred by the sound, and
Inarime trembles, 715

Placed by commandment of Jove — hard chamber
of rest — on Typhœus.

Then Mars, mighty in war, fresh courage and
strength to the Latins

Granted, and spurred them on to nobler achieve-
ments of valor ;

While to the Teucrian men he sent flight and the
shadow of terror.

So from all sides they came, for here there was
fighting in plenty, 720
While the war-loving god enkindled their souls.
Pandarus, when he beheld the prostrate form of his
brother,
Saw where Fortune abode, what chance was di-
recting the conflict,
Swung back the gate with his powerful arm on
slow-turning hinges,
Pressing with shoulders broad, and left not a few
of his comrades 725
Barred outside the walls to fight the hard fight to
a finish ;
Others he shut inside with himself in the rush and
confusion ;
Fool ! for he failed to see the Rutulian king in the
tumult
Storming in at the gate, and him he shut into the
fortress,
As a defenceless flock might be closed with a ter-
rible tiger. 730
Straightway flashed a strange light on their eyes ;
the weapons he carried
Clashed with a dreadful noise ; the blood-stained
crest of his helmet
Trembled, and quivering tongues of flame leaped
forth from his buckler.
Recognizing that hated face, that body gigantic,
Fear on the men of Æneas fell. Then Pandarus
mighty 735
Leaped from the ranks and, blazing with wrath
for the death of his brother,
Cried : “ No palace is this, no dowry for thee from
Amata,

Nor in thy native walls is Ardea shielding thee,
Turnus!

Thou dost an enemy's camp behold; no might can
redeem thee!"

Then with scornful smile spake Turnus, undaunted
in spirit: — 740

"On, then, if any such valor thou hast; delay not
the battle!

Thou shalt tell Priam that here, here also, was
found an Achilles!"

Pandarus, hearing these words and roused to his
utmost endeavor,

Hurled an ungainly spear, rough-rinded and
twisted and gnarly.

Winds deflected the blow; as it neared him, Sat-
urnian Juno 745

Turned it aside, and the spear was fixed in the
gate of the fortress.

"But not so this blade, with the strength of my
hand to direct it,

Shalt thou escape; nor such is the source of the
wounds of this weapon!"

Turnus exclaimed, and rose to the stroke with his
broad-sword uplifted.

Then, mid-brow, with steel he clave his two temples
asunder, 750

And with a hideous wound the beardless cheeks he
divided.

Followed a crash, and the earth was jarred by the
fall of the giant;

Dying, he cumbered the ground with his paralyzed
limbs and his armor

Spattered with blood and brains; and his head,
cleft apart in the middle,

Fell upon this side and that, and hung from each
of his shoulders. 755

Wheeling, the Trojans dispersed in flight and
trembled with terror ;

Then, ah, then had the thought crept into the mind
of the victor

Gates to fling wide with his hand and his friends
to admit at the portals,

That day the last had been at once of the war and
the nation.

Fiercely, however, his wrath and delirious passion
for fighting 760

Urged him against his foes.

Phaleris first he caught, and Gyges by cutting his
hamstrings ;

Spears from them plucked forth, he hurled at the
backs of the flying.

Juno inspired his heart and redoubled his might
and his courage.

Halys he sent to his friends, and Phegeus, in spite
of his buckler. 765

Then, as unaware on the walls they were urging the
soldiers to battle,

Halius fell, and Noëmon, and Prytanis, too, and
Aleander.

Lynceus, rushing against him and calling aloud on
his comrades,

Deftly he reached from a mound with a sweep of
his glittering broad-sword :

One swift stroke he gave, and the head, from the
body dissevered, 770

Flew with the helmet afar. Then Amycus famed
as a huntsman

Also he slew, than whom no other was reckoned
more skilful

Either in oiling a spear or steeping an arrow in
poison.

Clytius, Æolus' son, besides, and Cretheus, the
poet,

Cretheus, the lover of song, whose heart by the
harp and the minstrel 775

Ever was moved, who loved to awake the tense
cords into music ;

Ever of horses he sang, of war and of arms and of
heroes.

When they had learned of the death of their
friends, the Teucrian chieftains

Counselled together at last, both Mnestheus and
valiant Serestus ;

Then, beholding their comrades dispersed and their
foes in the fortress, 780

“Whither, then,” Mnestheus exclaimed, “are ye
fleeing, or whither escaping ?

What other walls do ye own, or what far city of
refuge ?

Countrymen ! shall one man, and he hedged around
by your ramparts,

Spread, unscathed, such carnage as this through
the Dardan encampment,

And with impunity send our best and our bravest
to Orcus ? 785

Heeding not Teucria's tears and forgetting the
gods of our fathers,

Have ye nor pity nor shame for noble Æneas, ye
cowards !”

Stung by these words, they turned and, forming a
solid battalion,

Held their ground. Then Turnus began to retire
from the contest

Step by step to the stream and the side that was
flanked by the river. 790

Then the more keenly the Trojans attacked, and
with deafening clamor

Hemmed him closely about. As a crowd with
threatening weapons

Press a fierce lion with hostile spears ; while he,
though affrighted,

Savagely rolling his eyes retreats, and neither his
anger

Nor his courageous heart permits him to fly, and
he cannot 795

Dash, though such his desire, through the men and
the darts that surround him ;

Turnus even so, with slow and deliberate footsteps
Made a reluctant retreat, while his spirit was seeth-
ing with anger ;

Nay, even then, he flung himself once and again
on his foemen ;

Twice around their walls he drove them in flight
and disorder. 800

But upon Turnus alone soon pressed the whole
force of the fortress,

Nor did Saturnian Juno dare give him strength to
resist them ;

For from the sky had Jove sent down ethereal Iris,
Carrying from her lord no gentle behest for his
sister

Should not Turnus depart from the towering walls
of the Trojans. 805

Therefore neither with shield nor sword could the
warrior longer

Hold his ground ; such a hail of missiles from
every quarter

Crushed him down. His cavernous helm was incessantly ringing
Round his brows ; by stones the solid bronze sides
were burst open,
While the tall crest was dashed from his head, and
the frame of his buckler 810
Yielded to blows ; their spears the Trojans and
thundering Mnestheus
Ever more fiercely discharged ; the sweat streaming
forth from his body
Trickled in murky streams ; and now he no longer
was able
Even to breathe ; he gasped, and his limbs were
weary and trembling.
Then, at last, he leaped with all his armor upon
him 815
Headlong into the stream ; with its dull yellow
tide it received him,
Welcoming him as he came, and bore him away on
its gentle
Wave and washed his wounds and restored him
refreshed to his comrades.

BOOK X

WIDELY the while were opened the gates of al-
mighty Olympus,
Where the great Father of gods and ruler of
mortals a council
Called to his heavenly home, whence he viewed
from aloft all the nations,
Viewed the Dardanian camp, and regarded the
peoples of Latium.
Throned in the palace, both doors flung wide, Jove
opened the council :
“ August powers of the sky, by what is your judg-
ment perverted ?
Why with embittered souls are ye striving together
so fiercely ?
Italy I have forbidden to join with the Trojans in
battle ;
What is this quarrel against my will ? What fear
hath persuaded
Either the one or the other to arm and to challenge
a conflict ?
Fitting occasion — provoke it not now — shall
offer for fighting ;
When fierce Carthage shall plunge through the
opening Alps in the future,
Sweeping down on the heights of Rome with ter-
rible havoc ;
Then may ye vie with hate, then plunder the world
at your pleasure.

Now forbear, and rejoice to concur in the truce I
have purposed.” 15

Jupiter briefly thus ; but golden-haired Venus
not briefly

Spake in reply : —

“ Father eternal, omnipotent lord of man and of
nature, —

For to whom else can we turn, where else now bear
our petition ? —

Seest thou how the Rutulians mock, and how
through our armies 20

Turnus renowned for his steeds is charging and
rushing in triumph,

Boasting the favor of Mars ? Close ramparts pro-
tect not the Trojans ;

Nay, inside their gates, in the heart of their fort-
ress, they mingle

Hand to hand in the fray, and deluge their trenches
with slaughter !

Far is Æneas, unwarned ; and wilt thou forever
deny them 25

Freedom from siege ? Once more an enemy
threatens the bulwarks

Built around new-born Troy ; once more a fresh
host is advancing ;

Once more, too, against Troy upsprings from
Ætolian Arpi

Tydeus' son ; and wounds are doubtless awaiting
me also,

And from mortal arms thy daughter hath only a
respite. 30

Now, if without thy consent, in despite of thy man-
date, the Trojans

Italy rashly have sought, let them pay the full
price of their folly ;
Offer them not thine aid ; but if they have faith-
fully followed
Warnings from Heaven and Hell, then wherefore
should any be able
Either to thwart thy decrees or to alter the fates
of my people ? 35
Wherefore remind thee of fleets on fire in the
harbors of Eryx,
Why of the ruler of storms or of raging Æolian
tempests
Roused at his bidding, or why of Iris sent forth
on the storm-cloud ?
Now even Hell she moves, a region before unad-
ventured
Even by her ; on the earth she hath suddenly
loosened Alecto, 40
Who in a mad career is haunting the Latian
cities.
I am no longer ambitious for power ; for that we
were hopeful
Long as our fortune remained ; let the victors thou
choosest be victors !
Yet, if thy merciless wife no place will concede to
the Trojans,
Still by the smouldering ashes of Troy I conjure
thee, my father, 45
Let me withdraw from the war my Ascanius ere he
be injured ;
Give me this comfort at least, and spare me the
life of my grandson !
Grant that Æneas may well be kept tossing on
strange, foreign waters,

Following blindly the path wherever his fortunes
may lead him ;

Still, let me rescue this boy from the terrible peril
of battle ! 50

Amathus, is it not mine ? and the Paphian mount
and Cythera

And my Idalian home ? Unhonored and stripped
of his armor,

There let him spend his days. Bid Carthage with
rude domination

Italy hold in thrall ; from him shall no threat of
resistance

Trouble the Tyrian towns. What boots our escape
from the war-plague ? 55

What have we gained by our flight through the
midst of the flames of the Argives,

Or by the perils of sea and of desolate land we
have suffered

While for the Latian shore and Troy built anew
we have waited ?

Might we not better have built upon Teucria's fire-
crumbled ruins,

And on the ashes of Troy ? O father, restore, I
beseech thee, 60

Xanthus and Simois ! Grant once more to the suf-
fering Trojans

Ilium's fate to share ! " Then answered imperial
Juno

Stirred by resistless wrath : " Why force me to
break my deep silence,

Speak to the general ear, and tear off the veil from
my sorrow ?

Who among men or gods hath laid on Æneas the
burden 65

Either of waging a war or of seeking a fight with
Latinus?
Italy he hath been driven to seek by his destiny—
granted;
He was impelled by the rant of Cassandra; but
have we required him
Either to leave his camp or to hazard his life in a
voyage,
Or to commit to a boy the issues of war, and in
ramparts 70
Trust and Tyrrhenian faith? or peaceable nations
to harass?
What cruel might of ours, what god hath con-
strained him to evil?
Where appears Juno in this, or Iris sent forth on
the storm-cloud?
Shame, that Italians encircle with fire the new town
of the Trojans?
Shame, that Turnus is holding his own in the land
of his fathers, 75
Born of Venilia divine and having Pilumnus for
grandsire?
What of the Trojans' fierce torches of war that
threaten the Latins?
What of their conquest of alien soil, and what of
their plunder?
Fathers-in-law they choose, then ravish the bride
from the bosom!
Pledges of peace they demand while arming their
galleys for battle! 80
Thou from the hands of the Greeks art able to
rescue Æneas,
Giving them empty air and cloud in place of the
hero;

Into as many fair nymphs of the sea thou canst
alter his vessels ;

Deemest thou, then, the support to Rutulia given
so heinous ?

Far is Æneas, unwarned ? Then far and unwarned
let him tarry ! 85

Thine are Idalian groves, and Paphos and lofty
Cythera ?

Why art thou, then, concerned with cities and
soldiers and battles ?

Seek we to hurl from its base thy crumbling Dar-
danian empire ?

We, or she who opposed to the Greeks the unfor-
tunate Trojans ?

When all Europe arose and contended with Asia
in battle, 90

Who was to blame ? Who was it by stealth broke
the peace of the nations ?

Was it by mandate of mine that adulterous Paris
took Sparta ?

Was it I furnished the arms, and with lust fanned
the fury of warfare ?

Then it behooved thee to fear for thy friends ! Too
late thou arisest

Now with unjust complaint and hurlest thine idle
invective." 95

Such was Juno's reply ; and, hearing it, all the
Immortals

Murmured applause or dissent ; as when the first
breath of a tempest,

Caught in a forest, moans and mutters bewildering
warnings,

Bearing a token of threatening storm to the ears
of the sailors.

Then the Omnipotent Sire whose might is supreme
and eternal 100

Opened his lips, and Heaven's high halls were
hushed at his speaking ;

Hushed was the trembling earth, and the depths
of the sky became silent ;

Even the Zephyrs were stilled, and the sea lulled
its billows to listen.

“These my words to your hearts receive, and retain
them forever : —

Since it hath not been ordained that the Latins be
leagued with the Trojans, 105

Since it appears that this discord of yours will never
be ended,

This good fortune has each to-day, this hope shares
in common,

Be he Rutulian born or of Troy, I will still be im-
partial.

Whether the camp is beset through the kindlier
fates of the Latins,

Or through a grievous mistake of the Trojans and
sinister counsels, — 110

Nor are the Rutules held guiltless by me — to each
his own effort

Sorrow or joy shall bring. Jove rules over all with-
out favor.

Fate will discover the way.” By the streams of his
Stygian brother,

And by the banks ever seething with pitch and
with dark swirling waters,

Nodding, he swore, and his nod caused all Olym-
pus to tremble. 115

This is the end of debate. From his golden throne
the great Father

Rises ; the heavenly host attend him in throngs to
the portals.

Meanwhile at every gate the Rutulians, storming
the ramparts,

Rush on the walls with fire, and charge on the
Trojans with slaughter ;

While in their fortress the men of Æneas are
closely beleaguered, 120

Having no hope of escape. They gloomily man the
high turrets ;

Vainly they crown the walls with a wavering line
of defenders.

Asius, Imbracus' son, beside Hecetaon's Thymœtes,
Both the Assaraci, too, and Thymbris the elder,
and Castor,

Form the first line ; near whom Sarpedon's two
brothers are standing, 125

Clarus and Thæmon their names, and Lycia the
lofty their city.

Taxing the uttermost strength of his arm, Lyrne-
sian Acmon,

Neither outrivalled by Actius his sire, nor by Mnes-
theus his brother,

Heaves an enormous rock, no trivial part of a
mountain.

Some with darts and others with stones are bravely
resisting ; 130

Others are kindling brands or fitting their shafts
to the bowstring.

Lo, the Dardanian boy, himself, justly favored by
Venus,

Stands in the midst of the men with his beautiful
forehead uncovered.

So from a setting of yellow gold gleams a gem for
the gracing

Either of neck or brow ; so, when by the skill of
an artist 135

Either inlaid in box or set in Orician mastic,
Ivory shines. His milk-white neck is wreathed by
his tresses,

While a broad circlet of pliable gold surrounds and
confines them.

Thou, too, Ismarus, there wast beheld by the valor-
ous tribesmen,

Aiming thy death-dealing shafts and arming thine
arrows with poison ; 140

Glorious heir of Mæonia's line, whose prosperous
acres,

Tended by heroes, are flooded with gold by the river
Pactolus.

Mnestheus also was there, whom the newly won
honor of driving

Turnus away from the mound of the parapet highly
exalted ;

Capys, moreover, whose name the Campanian city
adopted. 145

Thus they were trusting their cause to the stern
arbitration of battle.

Through the long watches of night Æneas was
cleaving the waters.

For, when leaving Evander he went to the camp of
the Tuscans,

Greeted the king, and declared to the king both
his name and his nation,

Told what he sought and brought, and also what
forces Mezentius 150

Had to support his cause, and, recounting the anger
of Turnus,

Warned him how slight is the confidence men may
repose in their fortune,

Mingling advice and appeal; then Tarchon with
no hesitation

Promised his friendship and aid. Thereupon had
the Lydian people,

Freed from their doom, embarked in their fleet by
the bidding of heaven, 155

Trusting themselves to a foreign-born chief. The
ship of Æneas

Pointed the way, her prow defiant with Phrygian
lions,

Ida high towering above to the joy of the Teucrian
exiles.

There was the noble Æneas at watch, and he in-
wardly pondered

Over the varied events of the war; while Pallas,
enchanted, 160

Stood at his left and questioned him, now of the
bright constellations,

Now of the dark night's path, and his trials on land
and on water.

Goddesses, now inspire my song, and Helicon
open!

Sing what a host, the while, from Tuscany followed
Æneas,

Who were directing the ships, and who were afloat
on the billows. 165

Massicus first cleft the sea in his bronze-armored
galley, the Tiger;

Following under his lead was a band of a thousand
young heroes;

Some were from Clusium's walls and some from
the city of Cosæ;

Death-dealing bows, light quivers, and arrows were
slung from their shoulders;

Next came Abas the grim, whose men were all clad
in bright armor, 170

And from whose prow there gleamed the form of a
golden Apollo.

Six hundred youths, well proven in war, Populonia
gave him;

Gave as gives mother to son; in addition the island
of Elba,

Rich in the measureless mines of the Chalybes,
gave him three hundred;

Followed Asilas, revealer to men of the counsel of
Heaven; 175

He could interpret the voices of birds and the
vitals of victims,

Also the stars in the sky, and the ominous flame of
the thunder.

Serried with bristling spears, a thousand he bore to
the conflict;

Pisa sent these in his charge, a city by settlers from
Elis

Built on Etruscan soil. And next came illustrious
Astur, 180

Astur whose trust was in steeds, and whose faith
was in radiant armor.

Dwellers in Cære and those whose homes were in
Minio's lowlands,

Ancient Pyrgi, too, and fever-infested Gravisæ
Added three hundred more, all equally eager for
fighting:

Nor would I pass thee by, Liguria's bravest in
battle, 185

Cinyras; nor, though followed by few, omit thee,
Cupavo;

Nay, nor the cygnet plumes which rose as a crest
from thy helmet,

Blazoning there the reproach and the love and the
form of thy father ;

For there 's a legend that Cynus, lamenting the
loss of his lover,

Singing mid poplar boughs in the shadow of Phae-
ton's sisters, 190

While he was cheering his sorrowful heart with the
cadence of music,

Donned for the snow-white crown of age the softest
of plumage,

Soared aloft from the earth, and carried a song to
the heavens.

After him came his son surrounded by youthful
companions,

Urging onward with oars the leviathan bulk of the
Centaur ; 195

High o'er the wave it loomed, and its figure-head
over the billows

Hung like a beetling crag, and the long keel fur-
rowed the water.

There, too, was Ocnus, who captained a band
from the shores of his fathers,

Ocnus, the child of the Tuscan stream and the
prophetess, Manto,

Who to thee, Mantua, gave thy walls and the name
of his mother ; 200

Mantua rich in sires ; not all from one line were
descended ;

Three were their tribes, and each comprised four
separate peoples :

She, herself, was the chief, and her strength was
the blood of the Tuscans.

Hence, too, against himself, Mezentius had kindled
five hundred :

Mincius, child of Benacus, his form by gray reeds
overshadowed, 205

Jutted in front of their hostile ship and guided
them seaward.

Then grim-visaged Aulestes advanced with the
rowing of five-score

Resolute oars, and the sea lay furrowed and foam-
ing behind him;

Triton the huge bore him on, and his green shell
frightened the billows;

Down to the waist, as he floated, his breast though
shaggy looked human, 210

While in the form of a shark had the rest of his
body been fashioned;

Under the monster's breast ran the foaming and
murmuring water.

Such were the chosen chiefs who were ploughing
the brine with the brazen

Beaks of their thrice ten ships as they sailed to
the aid of the Trojans.

Now, too, the day had withdrawn from the sky,
and bright smiling Phœbe 215

Touched with her night-riding car the meridian line
of the heavens,

When Æneas, whose care could allow no repose to
his body,

Seated, was tending the sails himself and steering
his vessel.

Lo! in the midst of his course a band of his former
companions

Met him, the Nereid choir whom lately benignant
Cybebe 220

Gave divine life in the sea, and changed from ves-
sels to virgins.

Swimming abreast of the ship, they cleft a swift
course through the billows,

Many as once were the brazen prows by the banks
of the river.

Recognizing their king from afar, they gathered
about him;

Cymodocea, the nymph of them all most skilful in
speaking, 225

Floating behind with her right hand grasping the
ship and her body

Raised from the sea to her waist, while her left
hand oared the still water.

Then, as he marvelled, she spake: "Æneas, thou
child of a goddess,

Wakest thou? Then be awake and loosen the reefs
from thy canvas!

We are Idæan pines from the consecrate height of
the mountain, 230

Lately thy fleet, now nymphs of the sea; when
Rutulian traitors

Threatened our breasts with steel and were driving
us headlong with fire-brands,

Sadly thy moorings we broke and followed thy
course through the water.

Thus hath the mother divine in compassion trans-
figured our bodies,

Granting us life in the sea and changing each ship
to a goddess. 235

But by the wall and the moat Iulus, thy son, is im-
prisoned,

Hemmed all about by spears and the bristling arms
of the Latins.

Arcady's horsemen are holding already the station
appointed,

Joined with Etruscans bold, but to meet them half
way with his army

Ere they can enter the camp is the fixed resolution
of Turnus. 240

Rise, then, and summon thy friends at the earliest
flush of the morning !

Be thou the first in arms, and take the invincible
buckler

Wrought by the Lord of Fire and bright with its
gold-banded margin.

So thou despise not these warnings of mine, the
light of to-morrow

Surely shall see great heaps of Rutulians fallen in
battle." 245

Ceasing, she pushed the lofty stern with her hand
as she left him,

Pushed as she well knew how ; and on through the
sea sped the galley

Swifter than javelin flight or the wings of the wind
or the arrow.

Then all the others redoubled their speed ; while
mute and bewildered

Gazed Anchises' son, and solaced his heart with the
omen. 250

Briefly he prayed, uplifting his eyes to the vault of
the heavens : —

“Mother Idæan of gods, benign, who Dindyma
lovest,

Lovest thy turreted towns and thy team of obedient
lions,

Be thou henceforward my Lady of War ; fulfil
thou this omen,

And with thy favoring foot, O goddess, be near
to the Trojans.” 255

So much he spake ; while the day, outgrowing her
maidenly shyness,

Blushed in the ripening glory of dawn and scattered the darkness.

First he issued commands to his friends to follow
the standards,

Strengthen their hearts for war, and gird up their
loins for the battle.

Then, as he stood on the high-raised deck, he
beheld his encampment 260

Guarded by soldiers of Troy ; and then, with his
left hand extended,

Lifted his blazing shield. Then up from the Teu-
crian ramparts

Rose a loud shout to the sky ; new hope rekindled
their valor ;

Darts with their hands they hurled. So cranes
from the border of Strymon

Under the lowering clouds give warning and fly
through the heavens, 265

Uttering cries as they speed on the wings of the
storm with rejoicing.

But at that cry Rutulia's king and Ausonia's
captains

Wondered, till glancing around they saw the sterns
of the galleys

Turned to the shore, and saw the whole stream one
river of war-ships.

Crowned was the head of the hero with fire ; from
the crest of his helmet 270

Issued a flame, and his shield of gold was a fiery
furnace.

Just as at times on a cloudless night far-wandering
comets

Balefully glow with a blood-red light, or the blaze
of the Dog-star,
Bearer of thirst and disease and death to suffering
mortals,
Rises and fills the sky with woe by its ominous
splendor. 275

Still in the spirit of Turnus the bold was no
fainting of courage
Both to rush down to the shore and to drive from
the soil the invaders.

Seizing the chance to encourage his men, he instantly shouted:

“What ye have prayerfully sought is yours, to
crush them in battle!

Mars is in brave men’s hands! And now, gallant
comrades, remember 280

Each your own wife and home and, recalling the
deeds of your fathers,

Think of their fame! Let us instantly rush to the
water to meet them

While the first staggering steps confuse and embarrass their landing:

Fortune befriends the brave!”

Such were his words, and he sought to decide whom
to lead to the galleys, 285

Whom he could safely trust to beleaguer the Trojan
encampment.

Meanwhile on bridges of plank Æneas was
bringing his comrades

Down from their lofty ships; and many who
marked the retreating

Flow of the crawling tide sprang fearlessly into the
shallows;

Others leaped with the oars; but Tarchon, close
watching the shore-line, 290

Where he observed no shoals nor broken and
threatening surges,

Where the unhindered flood swept onward with
widening ripple,

Suddenly turned his prow to the land, and cried to
his comrades:—

“Now, my chosen band, now put your whole
strength to your oar-blades!

Pull, till you lift the ships! Plough up with the
beaks of your galleys 295

This unfriendly soil; each keel in a separate
furrow!

On such a landing as this I grudge not to shatter
my vessel,

Once we may gain the shore!” When Tarchon
had shouted these orders,

All his companions arose on their oars and with
prows fiercely foaming

Dashed on the hostile plains and harvested fields
of the Latins, 300

Till on the land the ships were dry and the keels,
all uninjured,

Settled to rest. Not so thine own galley, unfor-
tunate Tarchon!

For, amid shallows hurled and caught on a treach-
erous sandbar,

Long she hung in doubtful poise and pounded the
billows;

Then went to pieces, and emptied her crew in the
midst of the surges, 305

Where they were hindered by fragments of oars
and thick-drifting benches,

While the retreating waves kept sweeping their
feet from beneath them.

Neither did Turnus delay, but bravely he led his
whole army
Down to the shore of the stream and, facing the
Trojan invaders,
Sounded the trumpet; then first — fair omen of
battle — Æneas 310
Charged on the rustic ranks and mowed down the
lines of the Latins,
Slaughtering Thero the greatest of all, who, wait-
ing no challenge,
Rushed on Æneas the brave. With a sword-thrust
he smote through his brazen
Links and his mail of gold, and emptied the blood
from his vitals;
Then upon Lichas he fell, once ripped from the
corse of his mother, 315
Sacred, O Phœbus, to thee because from the steel,
when an infant,
He had escaped. Then soon both Cisseus the
sturdy and Gyas
Mighty of limb he sent to their death, while legions
were falling
Under their clubs; no whit did the weapons of
Hercules help them,
No, nor their powerful hands, nor even Melampus,
their father, 320
Though to Alcides a friend as long as the earth
laid upon him
Arduous toils. Behold, while Pharos was foolishly
boasting,
Hurling a spear he planted it full in the mouth of
the braggart.
Thou, too, Cydon, whose last unhappy delight was
pursuing

Clytius on whose cheeks the first golden down was
appearing, 325

Thou, too, slain by the Dardan's hand, at rest from
thy passions,

Freed from thy youthful lusts, thou, too, wouldst
be lying in darkness

Had not a serried band of brothers resisted Æneas.

Children of Phorcus were they, seven spearmen,
they hurled seven weapons;

Some rebounded from helmet and shield and left
him uninjured, 330

Others by favor of Venus went wide, just grazing
his body.

Then good Æneas addressed these words to faithful Achates:—

“Hand me my weapons; not one of the spears
found fixed in the Grecians

Dying on Ilium's plain shall be flung by my hand
to no purpose

'Gainst the Rutulian lines.” Then he seized a
great javelin and hurled it: 335

Forth flew the weapon and pierced the bronze-plated buckler of Mæon,

Piercing his corselet besides and tearing its way
through his bosom.

Hastened his brother Alcanor to help, at the fall
of his brother

Stretching the hand of support; but the javelin,
fulfilling its mission,

Severed his arm in its flight, nor swerved from its
blood-crimsoned errand; 340

While from the shoulder the arm hung dead, held
only by tendons.

Numitor then, with a dart plucked forth from the
corse of his brother,

Rushed on Æneas; but not to deliver the blow to
the hero

Was he permitted; he grazed the thigh of gigantic
Achates.

Thereupon Clausus of Cures, with faith in young
muscle and manhood, 345

Came and dealt Dryops a blow; a stiff spear
hurled from a distance

Struck him beneath the chin and stopped him for-
ever from speaking,

Piercing his throat and depriving him both of his
voice and his spirit;

Vomiting gore from his mouth, he struck on the
earth with his forehead.

Three of the Thracians, too, of illustrious Borean
kinship, 350

Three, from the mountains of Ismara sent by Idas
their father,

Also in different ways he slew. To aid them,
Halæsus

Rushed with Aurunca's band, and Messapus, the
offspring of Neptune,

Famous for noble steeds. To beat back the ranks
of their foemen

Struggle now these, now those; on the line of
Ausonia's border 355

Rages the fight. As winds when at war in the
infinite ether

Battle with well-matched strength and struggle
with equal endurance;

Neither to other will yield, nor the clouds will give
way nor the ocean,

Long is the fight in doubt, unending the obstinate
conflict;

So the Teucrian ranks confronted the ranks of the
Latins ; 360

Foot against foot and man against man stood the
serried battalions.

But in a part of the field remote, where a tor-
rent had scattered

Rolling stones abroad and uprooted the trees by
the river,

There, when Pallas beheld the Arcadian line in
confusion,

Saw it, unused to a charge on foot, giving way to
the Latins, 365

—For the uneven ground had led them to send off
their horses, —

Taking the only course that remained in so griev-
ous a crisis,

Now he excited their courage by prayers and now
by upbraidings : —

“ Whither your flight, my friends ? By yourselves
and your deeds I conjure ye !

Nay, by the name of Evander, your king, by our
triumphs in battle, 370

By my own hope of renown which envies the fame
of my father,

Trust not your feet ! With steel, with steel, must
a pathway be broken

Now through the foe ! Where heroes are charging
most thickly upon us,

There both Pallas your prince and your glorious
country are calling.

They are not gods who attack ! We mortals have
mortal assailants ! 375

We have as many lives and hands as they who
oppose us.

Lo, the deep hems us about with the vast barricade
of its waters ;

There is no land for flight ! Shall the sea, then,
and Troy be our refuge ? ”

Thus having spoken, he plunged straight into the
thick of his foemen.

Led by unkindly fate, the first to oppose him
was Lagus ; 380

Him, as he struggled to tear from the earth a
ponderous boulder,

Striking with spear unhurled, he pierced through
the midst of his body

Where the curved ribs were attached to the spine,
and recovered his weapon

Wedged in the bones. Nor did Hisbo succeed in
then stealing on Pallas

As he was hoping to do ; for Pallas, as Hisbo was
rushing 385

Reckless and crazed by the terrible death of his
comrade, forestalled him,

And in his heaving breast deep buried the blade
of his dagger.

Sthenius next he attacked and Anchemolus, off-
spring of Rhœteus,

Ancient his line, a man who had dared an incest-
uous union.

Ye twin brethren too, Larides and ThyMBER, lie
fallen 390

On the Rutulian plain ; — so like were these chil-
dren of Daucus

That by a pleasing mistake they were often con-
fused by their parents ; —

Now rude marks of distinction ye bear by the
favor of Pallas !

For of thy head the Evandrian sword hath bereft
thee, O Thymber,

While thy severed right hand is groping for thee,
O Larides, 395

Clutching its fingers in death and tightening its
grip on the sword-hilt.

Then unto Arcady, fired by the words and the
deeds of the hero,

Mingled resentment and shame gave courage and
strength for the battle.

Rhœteus then, while fleeing away in his double-
yoked war-car,

Pallas transfixed. So much of reprieve and of re-
spite had Ilus; 400

For against him from afar had the conquering
spear been directed

Which had been met in its course by Rhœteus, as
he was fleeing,

Teuthras, most valiant, from thee and from Tyres,
thy brother; and, headlong

Falling, he spurned with his heel the soil of Rutu-
lian meadows.

Then, as a shepherd, when winds of the summer,
long wished for, have risen, 405

Scatters his flaming brands and lets the fire loose
on the brush-wood,

Suddenly all of the spaces between are ablaze, and
a single

Bristling line of fire sweeps over the wide-spread-
ing valley;

Watching the flame's triumphant march, he sits as
a victor;

So all the valor of all thy companions conspiring
together 410

Brought thee, O Pallas, relief. Halæsus courageous
in battle

Hastened against the foe while protecting himself
with his buckler ;

Ladon and Pheres he slew and Demodocus also he
slaughtered,

Then with his glittering sword Strymonius' hand
he dissevered,

Lifted against his throat ; and a stone crushed the
forehead of Thoas, 415

Bursting apart the bones with blood and brains
intermingled.

Reading the future, the sire of Halæsus in groves
had concealed him :

When by death the light of the old man's eyes was
extinguished,

Fate seized the lad and doomed him to die by the
darts of Evander.

Him then Pallas attacked, first pausing to make
this petition : 420

"Now to the spear which I poise for its flight
vouchsafe, Father Tiber,

Straight through the breast of Halæsus the bold a
fortunate pathway ;

Then on thine oak will I hang these arms and the
spoils of the hero."

Hearkened the god to his vow ; as luckless Halæ-
sus Imaon

Shielded, his own bare breast received the Arca-
dian weapon. 425

Lausus, however, the hope of the war, not giving
his comrades

Chance to despair at the death of so valiant a hero,
rushed forward,

Vanquishing Abas first, who was blocking and
staying the conflict.

Falling before him were Arcady's youth, Etruscans
were falling,

Falling ye Teucrians, too, whose lives had been
spared by the Grecians. 430

Equal in leaders and men met the armies in onset
of battle.

Crowded the rear on the van; so dense was the
throng as to hinder

Movement of weapon or arm. Here Pallas was
pushing and urging;

Lausus confronting him there; in age and in mar-
vellous beauty

Hardly they differed at all, but return to the home
of their fathers 435

Fortune denied to both. None the less the great
Lord of Olympus

Suffered them not to meet or to stand face to face
with each other.

Each a swift doom awaits at the hand of a mightier
foeman.

Meanwhile Turnus was warned by his guardian
sister to rescue

Lausus, and swiftly he ploughed with his car
through the midst of the army. 440

When he beheld his friends: "It is time to give
over your fighting!

I against Pallas am going alone! To me and me
only

Pallas is due! I wish his own father were here to
behold us!"

Such were his words; and his comrades withdrew
from the field at his bidding.

But, as the Rutules retired, amazed by his insolent
mandate 445

Pallas on Turnus gazed, and o'er the huge bulk of
his body

Rolled his eyes, and surveyed him afar with men-
acing aspect;

Then with words like these replied to the words of
the tyrant:

“ Either by goodliest trophies of war I am now to
be honored

Or by a glorious death, and to either my father is
equal: 450

Silence thy threats!” This said, to the midst of the
field he advances;

Chills and freezes the blood in the hearts of Arca-
dia's heroes.

Turnus leaps down from his car and hastens on
foot to the combat;

And, as a lion, that sees from his lair on the flank
of a mountain

Far on the plain a bull impatient and eager for
battle, 455

Flies on his foe; even such is the picture of Tur-
nus advancing.

Now, when he thinks him sufficiently near to be
reached by his weapon,

Pallas is first to attack, for fortune may favor his
daring

Though he compete not in strength; and thus the
deep sky he petitions:

“ By my dear father, thy host, and the bread thou
hast broke at his table, 460

Thee, Alcides, I pray to encourage my great under-
taking.

Let him behold as I strip from his body its blood-
crimsoned armor,
And may the dying eyes of Turnus be raised to his
victor."

Hearing the young man's prayer, Alcides deep in
his bosom

Stifles a heavy groan, though vain are his tears
and compassion : 465

Then, as father to son, these comforting words he
addresses :

"Each has his own fixed day ; a short and deter-
minate limit

Unto each life is set ; but fame to prolong by
achievement,

This is for valor and toil ; in the shadow of Troy's
lofty ramparts

Fell many sons of the gods ; among them fell even
Sarpedon, 470

Who was my own dear son. And so also even for
Turnus

Turnus' own destiny calls ; he is nearing the goal
of his journey."

Speaking these words, he averted his eyes from
Rutulian lowlands.

Pallas, unheeding, hurled forward the spear with
his utmost endeavor ;

Then from its hollow sheath drew swiftly his glit-
tering dagger ; 475

Hurtled the spear, and struck where the edge of
the armor arises

Over the shoulder and, grinding its way through
the rim of the buckler,

Even grazed at last the giant body of Turnus.

Thereupon, poising it long, his oak-spear pointed
with iron

Turnus at Pallas discharged, and flung with the
spear this rejoinder : 480

“See if this weapon of mine be not gifted with
more penetration !”

Naught more he spake ; but the spear, through
many a layer of iron,

Many a plate of bronze, and many a wrapping of
bull’s-hide,

Passed with a quivering stroke and, piercing the
shield in the centre,

Smote through his links of mail, and cleft his great
bosom asunder. 485

Vainly he grappled and tore from the wound the
hot reeking weapon,

For by the self-same path his blood and his life
followed after.

Down on his wound he fell, and his armor fell
clashing above him.

Dying, he bit with his blood-stained mouth the
soil of his foemen.

Turnus stood over him, speaking these words :

“This, O Arcadians, keep in your minds ; and
these words to Evander 491

Carry ; that Pallas to him I return, as he hath
been worthy ;

All the distinction and solace a tomb and a burial
offer,

Freely I give. He shall pay for the courtesy shown
to Æneas

No mean price.” With this, on the lifeless form
of his foeman 495

Pressing his foot, he tore from the body the ponderous
baldric

Stamped with a scene of crime ; — a party of
youths at their wedding

Slain in a single night, their couches all crimsoned
with slaughter.

Clonus Eurytides richly with gold had adorned it;
and Turnus

Gloated now over the spoil and rejoiced to have
captured the trophy. 500

Spirit of man, unconscious of fate and blind to the
future,

How uncontrolled thy desires while cheered by the
favor of fortune!

Turnus will yet see the time when for Pallas un-
harmed he would gladly

Pay a great ransom, and when this day with its
glorious trophies

He will despise. But friends, with many a groan
and with weeping, 505

Thronged about Pallas and bore him away on his
shield from the conflict.

“Back to thy father return, thou crown of his
grief and his glory,

This, the first day that hath sent thee to war, hath
also recalled thee!

Yet art thou leaving behind great heaps of Rutu-
lian corpses.”

News of this crushing blow, not rumor but
trustworthy heralds 510

Brought to Æneas, and warned him that death was
now nigh to his comrades,

And that the time had come to succor the waver-
ing Trojans.

All who opposed he cut down with the sword, and
in rage through the army

Hewed a broad path with steel, thee, proud of the
death of thy victim,

Seeking, O Turnus, to meet. There arose in a
vision before him 515

Pallas, Evander, the board where first he brake
bread as a stranger,

Also the right hands joined. Then four young
soldiers by Sulmo

Reared, and as many besides whom Ufens had
nurtured to manhood,

Seizing, he captured alive, to offer them up to the
spirits

Fled, and their funeral fires to slake with the blood
of the captives. 520

Then from afar his death-dealing spear he levelled
at Magus.

Deftly he stooped from the blow as the quivering
spear flew above him ;

Then, embracing the knees of Æneas, thus prayed
him for mercy :

“Now, by the shade of thy sire, by the hopes of
thy rising Iulus,

Thee I implore to preserve this life for my son and
my father ! 525

I have a sumptuous house where talents of silver
lie buried,

Silver embossed with art ; there are masses of
wrought and of unwrought

Gold belonging to me. The Teucrian victory
hinges

Not upon this ; one life is less than the dust in the
balance ! ”

When he had ended, Æneas replied ; and this was
his answer : 530

“All those talents of gold and of silver of which
thou hast spoken,

Them for thy children spare ! The barter of war
thou proposest

Turnus ere now has already forestalled by the
murder of Pallas ;

So thinks the shade of Anchises my sire, and so
thinks Iulus."

Speaking, he bent back his neck, his left hand
grasping the helmet, 535

And to the hilt in the suppliant's throat he buried
his dagger.

Near was Hæmonides, too, a priest of Diana and
Phœbus,

Having his forehead bound with the sacred band
of a fillet,

All one blaze of light in his robe and magnificent
armor.

Him he pursued till he fell on the plain ; then,
standing above him, 540

Flung on his foe the great mantle of death : Se-
restus his armor

Shouldered and bore as a trophy to thee, O Ruler
of Battles.

Cæculus rallied the lines, descended by birth-
right from Vulcan,

Followed by him who had come from the hills of
the Marsians, Umbro.

Fiercely the Dardan attacked. The shield arm
of Anxur he severed, 545

While the same blow of the sword struck down
the whole orb of his buckler.

Some great boast he had made, and had thought
to add force to his boasting ;

And, peradventure, his heart was exulting in
visions of glory,

While to hoary hairs and a long lease of life he
looked forward.

Tarquitus, borne unto Faunus by Dryope, nymph
of the forest, 550

Coming athwart his path in the pride of his radiant
armor,

Challenged his furious foe. But, poising a javelin,
Æneas

Pierced his ponderous shield, and, pinning it fast
to his corselet,

Dashed his head to the ground as he pleaded in
vain and was eager

Many a word to say; then spurning the warm
headless body, 555

Uttered above him there these words of disdain and
of anger :

“Lie there, warrior dread! Not thee shall thy
noblest of mothers

Lay in the earth, nor burden thy limbs with the
tomb of thy fathers.

Thou shalt be left for the fowls of the air; or the
water shall bear thee

Whirled in its depths, and thy blood shall be swal-
lowed by ravenous fishes !” 560

Next, Antæus he sought and Luca, the vanguard
of Turnus,

Rushed upon Numa the bold, and rushed upon
golden-haired Camers,

Sons of Volscens the proud, whose fields were the
broadest and richest

Owned by Ausonian lords, and who ruled over
silent Amyclæ.

Like to Ægæon, whose hundred arms are famous
in story, 565

Also his hundred hands, and who breathed out
flames from his fifty
Mouths and his fifty breasts and, challenging Ju-
piter's thunder,
Rattled his fifty shields, and drew fifty swords
from their scabbards,
So over all the plain Æneas dashed onward tri-
umphant,
Once he had warmed his blade. He even made
haste to encounter 570
Both the opposing breast and the four-horse car of
Niphæus,
And as the horses beheld him afar with shouts of
defiance
Striding along, they turned in affright and fled
from before him,
Throwing their driver, and dragging the car to the
brink of the river.

Lucagus meanwhile dashed to the front with
Liger, his brother, 575
Borne by a snow-white team, but his brother was
guiding the horses,
While brave Lucagus brandished the sword he had
plucked from the scabbard.
All this fury and fire enkindled the wrath of
Æneas;
Rushing with threatening spear, he loomed gigantic
before them.
Liger exclaimed : 580
“ Not upon Diomedes's steeds, and not on the car of
Achilles
Lookest thou now, nor on Phrygian fields: thy life
and thy warfare
Here and now shall end ! ” Such words, in a frenzy
of passion,

Liger let fly from his lips; but words the Dardan-
ian hero

Deigned not to give in reply, but hurled back a
spear for his answer. 585

Then while Lucagus leaned far forward and urged
on his horses,

Goading the steeds with his lance, while he steadied
himself for the combat

Bracing his left foot front, through the nethermost
rim of his flashing

Shield the good spear flew, and deep in his groin
was embedded.

Hurled from the car to death, he writhed on the
earth in his anguish, 590

While with bitter words god-fearing Æneas ad-
dressed him :

“Lucagus, neither have cowardly steeds proved
false to thy war-car,

Nor have they turned from thy foes in the fear of
intangible shadows ;

Thou hast, thyself, both abandoned thy car and
deserted thy horses.”

Speaking, he halted the team ; when down from
the car slipped the brother, 595

Sadly outstretching his nerveless hands with words
of entreaty :

“Hero of Troy ! by thyself, by thy parents the
source of thy greatness,

Spare this life of mine, and yield to a suppliant’s
pleading !”

More he had said, but Æneas replied : “Not such
was the language

Lately thou gavest me ! Die ! and, a brother, for-
sake not thy brother.” 600

Then with a sword he laid open the breast where
his life was in hiding.

Over the plain such death the Dardanian hero was
dealing;

So, like a torrent let loose, or like a dark, whirling
tornado,

Fiercely he raged. At last Iulus and all his young
soldiers,

Vainly besieged, burst forth from the camp and
abandoned the fortress. 605

Meanwhile in irony Jupiter thus anticipates
Juno :

“ Sister of mine and my wife as well, most dearly
beloved,

Venus, as thou hast surmised, — nor in this hath
thy judgment deceived thee, —

Venus upholds the power of Troy ; not the hand of
the hero

Forceful in war, and his valorous heart, and his
patience in peril ! ” 610

Meekly Juno replies : “ Why is it, most noble of
husbands,

That thou distressest me, faint and afraid of thy
pitiless chiding ?

Had I what once I had, what indeed was my right-
ful endowment,

I should prevail by love, for this thou wouldst
surely allow me,

Thou the omnipotent, both that Turnus I save from
this duel, 615

And that I keep him unharmed for the comfort of
Daunus his father :

Now let him die, and atone with his innocent blood
to the Trojans.

Yet from our line he derives his name ; and Pilumnus, his grandsire,
Four generations ago with free and unstinted devotion
Honored thee oft, and with generous gifts replenished thine altars.” 620
Thus then briefly replied the Ruler of lofty Olympus:
“ So that a respite from death and a margin of time for this dying
Youth be thy prayer’s intent, and thou so understandest my purpose,
Bear away Turnus in flight, and save him from instant destruction ;
So much may Jove concede. But if underneath thine entreaty 625
Lurk any deeper desire, if thou thinkest the war may be wholly
Ended or changed by me, the hope thou art nursing is idle.”
Juno, with tears: “ Oh that all which thy lips are reluctant to promise
Thou in thine heart wouldst grant, and life be assured unto Turnus !
Now sad death is the doom of an innocent man, or I blindly 630
Grope for the truth. But, oh ! may I rather be mocked by unfounded
Fears ; and do thou, who canst, re-order thy course for the better ! ”

When she had uttered these words, she suddenly sprang from high heaven
Wreathed in a cloud, and driving a storm through the sky, as she hasted

Down to the Ilian ranks and thence to the Latin
encampment. 635

Then from a hollow cloud the goddess created a
spectral,

Strengthless, impalpable shade of Æneas, — a
marvellous vision, —

Decked with the Dardan's arms, and she gave it a
counterfeit buckler,

Copied the crest of his head divine, gave words
without knowledge,

Gave it a voice without mind, and gave it the gait
of the hero. 640

Such after death are the forms that are fabled to
fly in the shadows,

Such are the dreams that delude our sense when
buried in slumber.

Proudly in front of the foremost rank the phantom
advancing,

Challenged the hero with arms and provoked him
with words to the combat.

Turnus attacked, and hurled a whistling spear at
the spectre. 645

Turning its back and retracing its steps, it retreated
before him.

Then, when Turnus believed that Æneas was
checked and retreating,

Then in the fever of hope his soul drained the cup
of rejoicing :

“ Whither, Æneas, thy flight? Desert not thy
bride at the altar!

This right arm shall give thee the land thou hast
sought o'er the billows! ” 650

Shouting such words, he pursued the shade and
brandished his gleaming

Sword, nor saw that the winds were dispersing
the joys of his triumph.

Moored by the edge of a lofty rock, it chanced
that a galley

Stood with her ladders run out and her gang-planks
ready for crossing,

Having transported Osinius the king from the
harbor of Clusium. 655

Thither in wild alarm the phantom of fleeing
Æneas

Rushed to a safe retreat. Nor was Turnus less
quick in pursuing.

Spurning delay, he cleared at a bound the whole
length of the gang-way.

Scarce had he touched the prow when Saturnia,
bursting the cable,

Tore the ship loose and bore it away on the swift
ebbing waters. 660

Still with his absent foe was Æneas demanding a
combat,

Still was he sending to death the bodies of all who
opposed him.

Then the light phantom, abandoning search for a
place of concealment,

Soared aloft to the clouds and mingled itself with
the darkness.

Meanwhile over the deep a whirlwind was hurry-
ing Turnus. 665

Backward he gazed unaware of the truth and un-
thankful for safety,

And with a cry he raised his suppliant hands to
the heavens :

“Father, omnipotent king, deserve I so great con-
demnation ?

And is it thy desire that I pay thee so grievous
atonement?

Whither my flight? From whence? or what can
I hope on returning? 670

Am I again to behold the Laurentian walls or en-
campment?

What of that valorous band who followed myself
and my standards?

Whom — Oh, the shame! — I have left in the
shadow of death and disaster!

I can already behold their rout and hear their
expiring

Groans, but what can I do? What earth can
now yawn underneath me 675

Deeply enough? Nay, rather, ye winds, regard
me with pity,

And upon ledges of rock, I, Turnus, devoutly im-
plore you,

Shatter my galley or drive it aground on the piti-
less quicksands,

Where no Rutulian men, nor the tongue of detrac-
tion, can follow!"

While he was praying he wavered in mind, and
was yet undetermined 680

Whether in frenzy at such disgrace to fall on his
dagger,

Driving the cruel steel through his heart, or to leap
from the galley

Into the surging sea and swim for the wide-curving
shore-line,

And to confront once more the arms of the Trojan
invaders.

Thrice each way he tried, and thrice great Juno
withheld him, 685

And with compassionate love restrained the youth
from his purpose.

Swiftly he furrowed the deep and, favored by wind
and by water,

Glided at last to the ancient town of Daunus, his
father.

But, at the bidding of Jove, Mezentius the daunt-
less had meanwhile

Entered the battle and fiercely attacked the vic-
torious Trojans. 690

Him the Tuscans withstood, and all against one
were united ;

Curses and lances at one lone man they hurled
without ceasing.

But, as a cliff that rising abrupt in the midst of the
ocean

Faces the wrath of the storm, resists the rage of
the waters,

Bears all the stress of the sea, and endures all the
threat of the heavens, 695

Yet is itself unmoved, so Hebrus he felled, Do-
lichaon's

Offspring, and Latagus, too, and Palmus who fled
to escape him.

Latagus first he smote with a rock, the great shard
of a mountain,

Full in the mouth and face ; and hamstringing Pal-
mus, he left him

Grovelling there on the ground, and his armor he
gave unto Lausus ; 700

Helmet and crest for the head, and corselet of mail
for the shoulders.

Trojan Euanthes, too, and Mimas, companion of
Paris,

Equal in age, and to Amycus borne by his mother
Theano

On the same night in whose gloom the imperial
daughter of Cisseus

Brought forth Paris, the kindler of war; in the
land of his fathers 705

Paris is laid; the Laurentian shore holds Mimas,
an alien.

Then, as a boar by the worry of hounds driven
down from the mountains, —

Many a year have the pines upon Vesulus given
him shelter,

Many a year has the Laurentine marsh with its
forest of rushes

Furnished him food; — at last, beset by the toils of
the hunters, 710

Standing at bay, now snarls with rage and bristles
with anger,

Nor has any a heart can be roused to approach him
more nearly,

But from afar and in safety they vex him with darts
and with voices;

So among those whose wrath Mezentius justly had
kindled

None had the courage to draw the sword and to
meet him in battle; 715

Rather they stood far back, and assailed him with
spears and loud voices,

While he remained unafraid and faced all his foes
with composure,

Grimly grinding his teeth and shaking the spears
from his buckler.

Acron had come to the war from Corythus' ancient
dominions;

He was an exiled Greek who had left his young
bride at the altar. 720

Seeing this man working havoc afar in the midst of
the army, —

Purple his bride-given scarf, and purple the crest
of his helmet, —

As, around high-built stalls a lion half-starved often
roaming

Urged by the maddening pangs of hunger, if haply
a frightened

Wild she-goat he espies or a stag with towering
antlers, 725

Opens his monstrous jaws with delight and, bristling
with fury,

Seizes and lies on the quivering flesh, and slavers
his cruel

Mouth with loathsome gore ;

So on the serried foe Mezentius rushed with re-
joicing.

Ill-starred Acron fell, and, spurning the earth in
his death-throes, 730

Beat the dark soil with his heels, and crimsoned the
splintering weapon.

Nor did Mezentius deign, while Orodes was fleeing,
to slay him,

Nor would he hurl his lance and wound him un-
conscious of danger :

Fairly to meet him he ran, and man against man
he opposed him ;

Vanquished him not by stealth but by virtue of
valorous combat. 735

Then, as he pressed with foot and with spear on his
victim, he shouted :

“ No mean part of the war, lo ! noble Orodes is
fallen.”

Echoed Mezentius' following friends the jubilant
pæan.

"But," cried the dying, "not long, whoever thou
art, shalt thou glory,

Nor shall I die unavenged; thee, too, a like fate,
haughty victor, 740

Waits, and this very field shall soon be holding
thee also!"

Then with a grim contemptuous smile Mezentius
answered:

"Now shalt thou die! As for me, let the Father of
gods, king of mortals,

See about me!" With this, he drew out the spear
from the body.

Hard repose and an iron sleep then pressed on
Orodes, 745

And in eternal night the light of his life was im-
prisoned.

Cædicus mangled Alcathous; likewise Sacrator,
Hydaspes.

Rapo Parthenius killed, and Orses the strong and
enduring.

Cronius died by the hand of Messapus, as died
Ericetes;

One as he lay on the ground when thrown by his
horse, and the other 750

Slain as he strode afoot. On foot, too, came Lycian
Agis;

Valerus laid him low, nor lacked his own ancestor's
courage.

Salus Thronius felled, and himself was cut down
by Nealees,

Who for his dart was famed and the long, stealthy
flight of his arrow.

Now stern Mars had apportioned to each like
measure of sorrow, 755
Equal allotment of death; and equally victors and
vanquished
Slew and were slain, and flight nor by these nor by
those was considered.
High in the courts of Jove the gods lamented the
fruitless
Anger of both, and were grieved that mortals should
suffer such trials.
Venus kept watch on the opposite side from Satur-
nian Juno, 760
While in the midst of the hosts was pallid Tisi-
phone raging.
Then, indeed, shaking his terrible spear, Mezentius
fiercely
Strode o'er the field in wrath. And e'en as majestic
Orion
While he advances on foot, through the fathomless
depths of mid-ocean
Cleaving his way, still looms high over the waves
with his shoulders; 765
Or, while bearing an aged ash on the tops of the
mountains,
Strides along on the earth and veils his head in
the storm-cloud;
So with his terrible spears Mezentius bore himself
onward.
Him, after searching the long array of the Latins,
Æneas
Hastened at once to meet. Mezentius, calm and
undaunted, 770
Waited his noble foe, in his own great stature
reliant,

While with his eyes he measured the space which
his weapon could cover,—

“Now, be my hand my god! And thou spear,
ready poised for thine errand,

Be thou my friend! I swear that, clad in the
spoils of this robber,

Thou, thyself, Lausus, the trophy shalt be of the
fall of Æneas!”

775

Such were his words, and he hurled from afar his
whistling javelin;

But as it flew it glanced from the shield, and noble
Antores

Pierced, though he stood far away, in the side
'twixt the heart and the kidneys;

Even Antores, once Hercules' friend, who going
from Argos

Made an Italian town his home and clave to
Evander.

780

Hopelessly stretched on the earth by a wound that
was meant for another,

Looking his last on the sky, he died with a dream
of sweet Argos.

Then good Æneas let fly his lance; it passed
through the hollow

Circle of three-fold bronze, through the padding of
flax and the frame-work

Built of three layers of hide; and, grinding its way
to his body,

785

Entered the groin, but its force was spent. Then
quickly Æneas,

Fevered and gladdened at heart by the sight of
the blood of the Tuscan,

Drew the sword from his thigh and rushed on his
trembling opponent.

Heavily Lausus groaned in loving distress for his father ;

Wet were his cheeks with tears when he saw that his father was wounded. 790

Here, though lapse of time may discredit so wondrous a story,

Here thy glorious deed and the piteous death that o'ertook thee

I will not leave unsung, O youth ever worthy remembrance !

Meanwhile, step by step the father disabled and helpless,

Trailing his enemy's lance with his shield, was slowly retreating. 795

Then the young soldier dashed out and thrust himself into the combat.

And, as Æneas uplifted his arm to deliver the death-blow,

Parried the edge of his blade and, blocking the path of the hero,

Checked his advance. His friends kept loudly encouraging Lausus

Till by the shield of the son the father's retreat might be covered ; 800

Also they sought to embarrass their foe from afar with their javelins.

Then was Æneas enraged, and covered himself with his buckler ;

And as, when clouds discharge a volley of clattering hailstones,

Every husbandman flees from the fields, and every ploughman,

And in some sheltered retreat the wayfarer hides from the tempest, 805

Be it the arch of a beetling rock or the bank of a
river,

While there is rain in the land, that so with return
of the sunshine

They may fulfil their day ; so, deluged by weapons,
Æneas

Braved the storm of war and, awaiting the hush
of its thunder,

Lausus he sternly rebuked, and to Lausus gave
warning of danger: 810

“ Why dost thou rush to thy doom, and dare what
thou canst not accomplish ?

Filial devotion betrays thee to madness ! ” In mad-
ness, however,

Lausus exulted the more. Then higher arose the
indignant

Wrath of the Dardan chief, and now was the life-
thread of Lausus

Spun to its end by the Fates ; for through the
young soldier Æneas 815

Drove his resistless blade, and buried the sword in
his body.

First through the shield it passed, — light armor
to shelter such daring, —

Then through the tunic of pliant gold which his
mother had woven ;

Filled were his lungs with blood ; then sadly the
suffering spirit

Yielded, and fled through the air to the shades,
deserting his body. 820

But, of a truth, when he gazed on the face and the
look of the dying,

Then, with his own face wondrously pale, the son
of Anchises

Stretched out his hand to the lad and breathed a
deep sigh of compassion ;

Stole, too, into his heart the picture of filial devotion.

“What to thee now, unfortunate boy, as an adequate honor,

825

What can Æneas the dutiful give in return for such virtue ?

Keep thou the arms thou hast loved and, if this be a boon that thou cravest,

I will return thy bones to the ashes and shades of thy fathers ;

Yet in thy grievous death with this thou shalt solace thy sorrow ;

Thou art laid low by the hand of Æneas the mighty.” Then quickly

830

Chiding his comrades’ delay, he tenderly lifted the body,

Lest it defile with blood the tresses so carefully tended.

Meanwhile, Mezentius close by the rippling stream of the Tiber

Stanchd with water his bleeding wounds and rested his body,

Leaning against a tree. His brazen helmet above him

835

Hung from the boughs, and his burdensome arms lay in peace on the meadow.

O’er him his favorite warriors bent ; he, heavily breathing,

Eased his drooping neck, his long beard adrift on his bosom ;

Often of Lausus he asked, and sent forth many a herald

Bidding them summon the son in the name of the
sorrowing father. 840

But on his shield his weeping friends were carry-
ing Lausus ;

Noble the hero they bear, by a noble antagonist
conquered !

Prescient of evil, his mind from afar knew the sound
of their wailing.

Sprinkling his hoary head with dust, he stretched
to the heavens

Both his trembling hands, then clung to the body,
exclaiming : 845

“ O my son, have the charms of life so strongly en-
chained me

That I have suffered my child to meet, in the stead
of his father,

Death at mine enemy's hand ? Am I by thy wounds
to be ransomed,

And by thy death to live ? At last, to my heart in
its sorrow

Bitter is exile now, deep driven the wound in my
bosom ! 850

Nay I have sullied thy name, my son, by my life of
dishonor.

Hurled by my people's hate from the sceptre and
throne of my fathers,

Unto my people's hate and my country I owed an
atonement.

Would that my guilty life to death's every shaft I
had yielded !

Still I am living, and still neither life nor the light
have relinquished ; 855

But I will go ! ” With this, he raises himself on his
wounded

Thigh, and although the wound, deep-seated and painful, retards him,

Eagerly orders his horse to be brought, for this is his glory,

This his comfort and joy; on this he has ridden in triumph

Out of his every war. His mournful steed he addresses : 860

“ Rhœbus, if aught can be reckoned as long which pertaineth to mortals,

Long have we lived ! To-day thou shalt bear a red trophy of conquest,

Even the head of Æneas, and join with myself in avenging

What hath to Lausus been done ; or, if all our endeavor be fruitless,

We shall together die ; for methinks, gallant steed, thou wilt never 865

Follow a stranger's command or yield to a Teucrian master.”

Speaking, he mounted his horse, pressed again with his knees the familiar

Flanks, and filled his hand with a sheaf of the sharpest of lances ;

Bristled his horse-hair plume, and glittered the bronze of his helmet.

So he spurred to the fight : in his desolate spirit were surging 870

Infinite tides of shame commingled with grief and with madness,

Love driven wild by despair, and the conscious possession of courage.

Thrice with a mighty voice he shouted aloud to Æneas.

Recognizing his voice, Æneas thus prayed with rejoicing :

“ So that the Father of gods and great Apollo are willing, 875

Set thine hand to the fight ! ”

Such were the words he spake, then levelled his lance to oppose him.

“ How canst thou frighten me, robbed of my son, cruel Dardan ? ” he answered :

“ This was the only way by which thou couldst ever destroy me.

I have no fear of death, nor, as touching the gods, any scruple ! 880

Peace ! for I come with intent to die ; yet first let me offer

Unto thyself these gifts.” He spake, and a spear at his foeman

Hurled ; then a second and third in rapid succession he darted,

While a wide curve he described ; but the gold of the buckler withstood them.

Wheeling from right to left, three times round Æneas he circled, 885

Volleying darts from his hand ; three times the Teucrian hero

Turned himself round, and bore on his bronze-covered shield a great forest.

Then, when he wearied of long delay and of plucking so many

Spears from his shield ; hard pressed, and denied a fair share in the combat,

Weighing all possible plans, at last, bursting forth from his covert, 890

Deep in the hollow skull of the horse he buried a javelin.

Rearing, the steed stood erect and, pawing the air
in its anguish,
Flung off the rider and, pinning him down by fall-
ing upon him,
Tore the arm from the joint, and lay with its head
drooping forward ;
Trojans and Latins then kindled the sky with the
noise of their shouting. 895
Rushing upon him and drawing his sword from the
scabbard, Æneas
Shouted aloud : “ Where now is Mezentius the
bold, and that spirit
Strong and untamed ? ” To this, as he drank in
the air and to heaven
Lifted his eyes and returned to life, the Tyrrhenian
answered :
“ Why, cruel enemy, standest thou here with
threats and revilings ? 900
I have no quarrel with death ; such is not my con-
ception of battle !
Nor hath my Lausus concluded with thee such a
covenant for me !
This one boon I crave, if the vanquished may find
any favor,
Suffer my body to rest in the earth ; I know that
my people
Hate me with bitter hate ; from their wrath I im-
plore thy protection ; 905
Grant that entombed by the side of my son we may
slumber together.”
Calmly he spake these words, then, yielding his
throat to the dagger,
Poured out his life in a torrent of blood that de-
luged his armor.

BOOK XI

MEANWHILE Aurora awoke and arose from the
 sea ; but Æneas,
Though he was prompted by love to remain till his
 friends could be buried ;
Though it disturbed his mind to delay the funeral
 service ;
Yet at the dawn, fulfilling his vows to the gods as
 a victor,
First erected a giant oak all shorn of its branches
High on a mound of earth and clothed it with glit-
 tering armor 6
Stripped from Mezentius the prince ; for thee a fit
 trophy, O mighty
Master of war : its head he adorned with the blood-
 crimsoned helmet,
Gave it the broken spears which the hero had
 borne, and his corselet
Dinted and twelve times pierced ; on its left the
 bronze buckler adjusted, 10
Hung from its neck the warrior's sword with its
 ivory handle ;
Then, as in full array the commanders were throng-
 ing around him,
Thus he began to encourage their hearts in the
 hour of their triumph :
“ Friends, the most arduous work is done ; for
 what is before us
Banish all fear ! Behold the first fruits of the war
 in these trophies 15

Stripped from the haughty king ; and here have I
fashioned Mezentius !

Free is our pathway now to the king and the walls
of the Latins.

Furbish your arms and foregrapple the fight with
hope and with courage,

So that, whenever the gods shall permit us uplift-
ing our banners

Forth from the camp to march, no hesitance hinder
the heedless, 20

Nor any feeling of fear delay and embarrass the
slothful.

Meanwhile let us commit to the earth the remains
of our comrades

Yet unburied, for thus, thus only, can spirits be
honored."

"Go then," he cried, "and with funeral rites exalt
the brave heroes

Who by the shedding of blood have purchased a
fatherland for us. 25

First to the sorrowing town of Evander let Pallas
be carried,

Whom, no craven of soul nor anywise lacking in
valor,

Now a dark day hath removed and plunged into
death's bitter waters."

Speaking these words with tears, his steps he re-
traced to the entrance

Where the dead body of Pallas was laid, which
aged Acœtes 30

Guarded ; Acœtes, who long had attended Parrha-
sian Evander,

Bearing his arms ; but now, with omens not equally
happy

Sent as his dear son's friend, was the faithful companion of Pallas.

Round him his servants were grouped and Teucrian soldiers were gathered ;

Round him, with hair unbound, stood sorrowful Ilian matrons. 35

Then, indeed, when at the lofty doors Æneas had entered,

Sadly they beat their breasts and raised a loud wailing to heaven,

Till with their piteous grief the tent of the hero was shaken.

When he beheld for himself the pillowed head and the snow-pale

Features of Pallas, and saw, in his smooth breast gaping, the furrow 40

Ploughed by Ausonian steel, he cried as his eyes brimmed with sorrow :

“Is it then true, poor lad, that Fate on this day of good fortune

Thee hath in envy removed for fear thou shouldst witness our conquest,

Or as a victor be borne to the home of thy fathers in triumph?

Not such the promise I gave in thy name to thy father Evander 45

When I was taking my leave, and when as I went he embraced me,

Sent me forth to a proud command, and tremblingly warned me

Desperate men to expect with an ancestry hardened in battle.

He is perchance even now, led captive by hope's vain delusion,

Making his vows in thy name and heaping his gifts
on the altar ; 50

While the remains of the youth, by whom to the
gods of Olympus

Life's last debt is paid, we vainly and mournfully
honor !

Thou on the cruel death of thy son shalt look in
thine anguish !

This our promised return ? Is it thus we were
hoping to triumph ?

Thus have I kept my faith ? Yet thou shalt not
see him, Evander, 55

Conquered by shameful wounds, nor shalt thou
prefer as a father

Death to a son's disgrace. Ah me ! how great a
defender

Now hath Ausonia lost, and how great is thy loss,
dear Iulus ! ”

When he had made this lament, he ordered the
pitiful body

Raised, and, choosing a thousand men from all
ranks of his army, 60

Sent them as guards to attend the last memorial
honors,

Mingling their tears with the tears of the father ;
a scant consolation

Weighed against grief so great, yet due to the sor-
rowing father.

Then, with no slothful delay, the pliant bier and
the hurdles

Some began weaving of oaken boughs and branches
of arbut, 65

Shading the high-raised couch with the screen of a
leafy pavilion.

There in state on his wild-wood bed they laid the
young hero ;
There like a flower he lay which the hand of a
maiden has gathered,
Either of violet soft or of hyacinth languidly droop-
ing,
Out of which neither the brightness as yet nor the
beauty has faded, 70
Though mother earth is replenishing now nor its
food nor its vigor.
Then two mantles Æneas brought forth, embroid-
ered with purple,
Rigid also with gold, which, glad for his sake of
her labor,
Once with her own fair hand Sidonian Dido had
woven,
Parting with delicate golden threads the warp of
the fabric. 75
Sadly he spread one of these o'er the youth as a
last recognition,
Shrouding the locks so soon to be burned with the
folds of the other ;
Many a trophy, too, of the Laurentine battle he
added,
Bidding them lead the spoils in a long and well-
ordered procession ;
Horses he added, and spears from the hands of the
enemy wrested ; 80
Also he shackled the hands of those whom he
doomed to the shadows,
Those with whose dying blood he would sprinkle
the funeral embers ;
Then he commanded the chiefs themselves to go
forward with trophies

Decked with their enemies' arms and marked with
the names of the vanquished.
Next, Acœtes was led, exhausted by age and by
sorrow, 85
Ceaselessly bruising his breast with his hands or
marring his features,
Flinging himself on the earth and lying in utter
prostration :
Also his car they led, with the blood of Rutulians
crimsoned ;
Following this came Æthon, his horse, bereft of
his trappings,
Weeping and drenching his face with tears : then
followed attendants 90
Bearing his helmet and spear, for his other ac-
coutrements Turnus
Now as his conqueror wore. In sadness both Tro-
jans and Tuscans
Followed in line, and, with arms reversed, the Ar-
cadian heroes.
Far had the column of friends advanced on their
way, when Æneas
Halted and deeply groaned, and thus, heavy-
hearted, addressed them : 95
“Hence, to other tears, the same dread fortunes of
battle
Call us away : farewell ! forever farewell, noble
Pallas !
Hail, and forever farewell ! ” And, thus having
spoken, his footsteps
Toward the high wall he turned, and entered the
guarded encampment.
Now, too, ambassadors came to the camp from
the town of the Latins ; 100

Branches of olive they bore, and humbly they
begged that Æneas

Send back the bodies yet strewn on the field as
they fell in the battle,

Grant them the grace of the tomb and leave in the
earth to be buried.

There was no quarrel, they urged, with the dead,
no war with the vanquished ;

Would he not spare the king once owned as a
friend and a father ? 105

Since their petition was one that he could not de-
spise, good Æneas

Granted the favor they sought, and gave even more
than they asked for :

“ What undeserved mischance in so bitter a feud
hath involved you,

O ye Latins, that now from us your old friends ye
are fleeing ?

Peace for the dead do ye crave, who are slain
through the fortune of battle ? 110

Happier still should I be to grant the same boon
to the living !

I had not come had the Fates not appointed this
land for my refuge,

Nor have I quarrelled with you ; your king hath
abandoned our friendship,

And in our stead hath chosen to trust in the stand-
ards of Turnus.

It had been fairer had Turnus himself met the
hazard of battle. 115

If he were bent upon war and determined to banish
the Trojans,

He should at least have confronted me here and
resisted these weapons.

He should have lived, whose life had been saved
by his god or his valor.

Go now in peace, and kindle the pyres for your
luckless companions."

Naught spake Æneas more. They, standing in
speechless amazement, 120

Stared at each other with wondering eyes, nor
ventured an answer.

Then, still prompted by hate to discredit young
Turnus by censure,

Thus old Drances began his reply to the words of
Æneas :

"O thou hero of Troy, great in fame, still greater
in valor,

How shall I fashion my speech to the adequate
praise of thy glory? 125

Ought I thy justice to value the more, or thy cour-
age in battle?

Gladly these words of thine we will bear to the
men of our city ;

And, to Latinus, our king, be fortune not wholly
against us,

We will unite thee again: let Turnus provide his
own allies.

Nay, to uprear the predestinate walls of thy town
shall delight us, 130

And we will cheerfully raise the ashlar of Troy
on our shoulders."

When he had spoken these words, they all with one
impulse applauded.

Twelve days' truce they pledged ; and, as long as
this covenant lasted,

Over the forested hills the Trojans and Latins as
comrades

Wandered at will. Great ash-trees rang with the
blows of their axes ; 135

Also tall pines they felled that towered aloft to the
heavens ;

Sweet-smelling cedar and oak they ceased not to
rive with their wedges ;

Ceased not on groaning wains to carry the wild
mountain ashes.

Meanwhile Rumor took wing, sad herald of woe,
and Evander's

Home and Evander himself she filled with dismay
by her tidings ; 140

Rumor who whispered so lately in Latium of Pal-
las the victor !

Streamed the Arcadians forth at the gates with
funeral torches,

After a custom of old, and bright was the roadway
before them,

Endless the column of flame, and the outlying fields
were illumined.

Coming to meet them, the Phrygian throng in the
mournful procession 145

Joined, and as soon as the matrons beheld them
draw near to the palace,

Wailing, they startled the sorrowing town with
loud lamentations.

Nor was there now any power that was able to hin-
der Evander :

Forth in the midst he came ; and when they had
lowered their burden

Fell upon Pallas, and clung to his boy with groan-
ing and weeping, 150

Hardly finding at last a way for his voice through
his anguish :

“Not such, Pallas, my son, was the promise thou
gavest thy father,
That in unmerciful Mars thou wouldst trust with
the uttermost caution!
I was not blind to the power of a new reputation
for valor,
Nor to the glamour and charm that gild the first
battle with glory. 155
This, thy first triumph, how sad! how hard thy
first lesson in warfare!
Vain, alas, were my vows, and vain my earnest
petitions
Heard by none of the gods! and ah, thou wife most
devoted,
Happy art thou in thy death nor spared for this
burden of sorrow,
While I have clung to my life, till I now in defi-
ance of nature 160
Live to outlive my son! Would to God that allied
with the Trojans
I had been slain by Rutulian spears; that my life
I had yielded,
And that, not Pallas, but me, this train were now
carrying homeward!
Nor are ye Trojans to blame, nor our treaty, nor
yet the alliance
Plighted by friendly hands. It is only the cruel
misfortune 165
Due to my lingering days. But, if for my son there
was waiting
Death in his youth, I rejoice that he fell not till
thousands of Volscians
Lay on the field in blood while he guided the Tro-
jans to Latium.

And by no pageant of grief could I show thee more
honor, dear Pallas,

Than hath by loyal Æneas been shown, and these
Teucrian princes, 170

By these Tyrrhenian knights, and by all this Tyr-
rhenian army.

Proud are the trophies they bear of the warriors
slain by thy valor!

Here shouldst thou, too, stand, a great trophy in
armor, O Turnus,

Had he thine age attained and reached the full
strength of his manhood.

Yet why longer should I and my grief keep the
Trojans from battle? 175

Friends, farewell! and be mindful to bear to your
master this message:

‘That I prolong a life, detested since Pallas has
fallen,

Charge to thine own right hand, from which both
to son and to father

Turnus, thou knowest, is rightfully due. In thy
record of glory

Only this place is blank! No pleasure in life am I
seeking; 180

That were a sin; but to bear to my son’s dark
abode the glad tidings.’”

Meanwhile, to solace humanity’s woe, once more
had Aurora

Light on the earth bestowed, with renewal of toil
and of struggle.

Now on the curving shore had father Æneas and
Tarchon

Built the funeral pyres, and thither by custom
ancestral 185

Each his own dead had borne and, after the sad
fires were lighted,

Wrapped was the lofty sky in a mantle of smoke
and of darkness.

Round each blazing pile, accoutred in glittering
armor,

Thrice on foot they ran; three times on their
horses they circled

Each of the mournful fires; and uttering loud
lamentations 190

Sprinkled the earth with tears, and sprinkled their
armor with weeping.

Rose to the heavens a shrieking of men and a wail-
ing of trumpets:

Then the spoils they had torn from the Latins cut
down in the battle

Some to the flames consigned; there were helmets
and damaskeened falchions,

Bridles, and glowing wheels; while others flung
into the embers 195

Gifts well known to the dead, their shields and un-
fortunate lances.

Then to propitiate Death full many a bullock was
slaughtered,

Many a bristly boar, and, ravished from many a
pasture,

Sheep quenched the flames with their blood; and
then, all along by the sea-shore

Guarding the smouldering pyres, they watched
while their comrades were burning; 200

Nor could they thence be torn till Night with her
dews and her shadows

Heaven's vast dome uprolled, resplendent with
bright constellations.

Otherwhere, equal in zeal, the sorrowing Latins
had builded
Numberless funeral pyres; and of many dead
bodies of heroes
Some they laid in the earth, and others, removed
to the nearby 205
Fields, they tenderly raised and sent them back to
the city,
Burning the rest, an enormous mass of unrecog-
nized fragments
Having nor honor nor count; and then the broad
acres around them
Shone with myriad fires, and rivalled each other in
brightness.
When the third morning had swept from the sky
the chill and the shadow, 210
Sadly the pile of bones commingled with ashes
they levelled
Down to the flags, and the still warm earth heaped
heavily o'er them.
But in the royal abode, in the city of lordly
Latinus,
There were the wildest cries and the bitterest an-
guish of mourning;
There sad mothers and brides, there loving and
heart-broken sisters, 215
There even children now orphaned alas! by the
death of their fathers,
Joined in denouncing the terrible war and the
nuptials of Turnus,
Bidding him settle the quarrel himself with his
sword and his armor
Since he asked Italy's crown for himself and
claimed the first honor.

Drances relentlessly heightened their wrath by protesting that Turnus,

220

Turnus alone was called, he only was challenged to combat.

Many, however, of opposite mind, with varied expression

Spoke in Turnus' behalf; and the queen's great influence screened him,

Also the merited fame he had won by his trophies and triumphs.

During this quarrel of words, in the midst of this blaze of dissension,

225

Lo! from Diomedé's lordly town the ambassadors sadly

Came with the king's reply: for all their expense and their labor

Nothing, they said, had been gained; their gifts and their gold and their earnest

Prayers had availed them naught; some other support by the Latins

Now must be sought, or peace must be begged from the king of the Trojans.

230

King Latinus, himself, lost heart at this great disappointment.

That by the manifest favor of Heaven Æneas was aided,

Witnessed the wrath of the gods and the freshly made graves all about him.

So a great council, composed of the wisest and best of his princes

Summoned by royal decree, he ordered to meet in his palace.

235

Streaming through crowded streets, they met in the chamber of honor.

There in their midst enthroned and the eldest of
all the assembly,

Also the highest in rank, but with sorrowful brow,
sat Latinus.

Then the ambassadors newly returned from Æto-
lia's monarch,

Bade he deliver what message they brought, and
in full and in order 240

Diomede's words relate. Each tongue was then
hushed into silence,

While, obeying his word, thus Venulus opened the
story :

“ We have on Diomede looked, my friends, and
the Grecian encampment ;

We have completed our course and survived all the
risks of the journey,

And we have touched the hand which humbled the
Ilian kingdom. 245

He in his triumph Argyripa built in Apulia's low-
lands

Near to Garganus, and gave it the name of his own
native Argos.

When he received us and gave us permission to
speak in his presence,

First we offered our gifts, and told him our names
and our nation,

Who had involved us in war, what purpose had
drawn us to Arpi. 250

When he had heard our appeal, he answered with
studied politeness :

‘ Ah, ye fortunate tribes, ye blessed dominions of
Saturn,

Ancient Ausonia's pride, from peace what mis-
chance hath beguiled you,

Prompting you thus to provoke unwonted and
perilous warfare?

All of the Greeks who once ravaged with steel the
soil of the Trojans 255

(Though I pass over our losses in war by their
towering ramparts,

Also the heroes yon Simois hides), in world-wide
dispersion

Fullest atonement have made, and have suffered
untold retribution.

Priam, himself, would have pitied our fate; bear
witness, thou baleful

Star of Minerva, ye crags of Eubœa, and vengeful
Caphereus! 260

Forth from that war we were driven abroad upon
far-sundered sea-coasts.

Far as the Pillars of Proteus behold Menelaus in
exile;

While Ulysses hath looked on the terrible Cyclops
of Ætna;

Why of Idomeneus tell, and his desolate home; or
the kingdoms

Pyrrhus controls? or why of the Locrians dwelling
in Barca? 265

E'en Agamemnon, himself, who commanded the
mighty Achæans,

Fell by the hand of his cursèd wife as he entered
his palace

While her accomplice was stealing the throne he
had conquered in Asia.

My own return to the home of my fathers was
grudged me by Heaven;

Grudged was my long-desired wife, and the vision
of Calydon's beauty. 270

Frightful dreams, even now, and dread apparitions
pursue me :

Friends I have lost who have soared to the realms
of the air on their pinions,

And are now birds by the streams astray; how
grievous their torment,

Making the rocks resound with mournful and loud
lamentations !

This, and naught else, have I had to expect from
the time when I rashly 275

Dared to assault with my sword the invincible
armies of Heaven,

Wounding with violent hand the hand of inviolate
Venus !

Surely then urge not me, not me, to a share in
these battles :

Neither since Troy was o'erthrown have I had any
quarrel with Trojans,

Nor does it give me delight to remember their
former misfortunes. 280

As for the gifts ye have brought unto me from the
shores of your country,

Them to Æneas transfer. We have met in the
fiercest of battles,

Hand to hand we have fought; and believe one
who knows what a mighty

Arm is behind that shield, and that spear, how it
flies like a whirlwind !

Had the Idæan land but nurtured two other such
heroes, 285

Then with impetuous fury the gates of Inachian
Argos

Troy would have stormed, and Greece with her for-
tunes reversed would be mourning !

Whatever check we received while fronting the
hard Trojan ramparts,
This to the valor of Hector was due, and the hand
of Æneas;

Victory waited for ten long years with hesitant
footsteps. 290

Both were for courage renowned and both for
achievement in battle;

This was the kindlier man. Let hand join hand
in alliance

So as ye may, but beware lest sword against sword
ye oppose him.'

Thus, best of kings, thou hast heard what answer
the king hath returned thee,

And thou hast heard as well how he views the
great war we are waging." 295

Scarce had the envoys done, when a murmur of
doubt and confusion

Poured from the lips of the Latins; as often, when
rocks are retarding

Swift-flowing rivers, a roaring is made by the eddy-
ing torrent,

While the neighboring banks resound with the
turbulent waters.

Soon as their minds were calmed and the hum of
their voices grew silent, 300

Then from his lofty throne the king, having prayed,
thus addressed them:

"Had we provided before for the national wel-
fare, O Latins,

That I believe had been better for all; and not to
have gathered

Here at a time like this, when foes are besieging
our fortress.

Ill-advised war, my friends, against an array of
immortal 305

Gods and invincible men we wage, who never of
battle

Tire, and who never can learn to relinquish the
sword when defeated.

If ye have based any hope on the strength of Æto-
lian allies,

Lay it aside. Our hope is ourselves, but this hope
how uncertain

Ye must perceive; all else, how shattered and
fallen in ruin, 310

This your own eyes can see; all this your own
hands can determine.

Still there is none I accuse: the highest achieve-
ments of valor

Valor hath won; we have fought with the utter-
most strength of our kingdom.

Now, though my mind is in doubt, I will lay my
opinion before you,

Asking for what I shall briefly propound your
earnest attention: 315

We have long owned an estate which, bounded by
Tuscany's river,

Stretches out far to the west and beyond the
Sicanian borders.

This the Auruncans and Rutules till, its intract-
able hillsides

Furrow with ploughs, and devote its ruggedest
portions to pasture.

All of this land with the pine-covered ridge of its
towering mountains 320

Unto the friendship of Troy must yield; fair terms
of alliance

We must propose, and the Trojans invite to a share
in our kingdom.

Here, if so great their desire, let them stay and
establish their city;

But, should they rather prefer to continue their
course to another

Realm and a different race, and are free to depart
from our country, 325

Then a full score of ships of Italian oak let us
build them,

Or, if they need them, more; the timber lies close
to the river;

Let them decide for themselves the number and
kind of the vessels.

Let us provide them the money, the men, and the
nautical fittings.

Then, our message to bear and a permanent league
to establish, 330

Five score legates should go, the noblest of La-
tium's princes,

Holding before them in token of peace green
branches of olive;

Gifts they should bear of gold and of ivory, many
a talent,

Also the throne and robe, our sovereign emblems
of empire.

Look to the general good and succour our tottering
kingdom." 335

Then the same Drances, implacable still, whom
the glory of Turnus

Goaded with sinister hate and envy and bitter
resentment,

Free with his wealth, more free with his tongue,
but a poor hand at fighting,

Having no mean repute as an advocate crafty in
counsel,

Strong as a partisan (proud of his birth and boast-
ing his mother's 340

Rank, but deriving a name obscure and unknown
from his father),

Drances arose, and thus with words redoubled their
anger:

“What thou propoundest, good king, is a riddle to
no one, nor needs it

Any solution of mine; what would make for the
national welfare

All confess that they know, but each is afraid to
acknowledge. 345

Let him grant freedom of speech and cease from
his arrogant boasting,

Him from whose ominous rule and because of whose
selfish ambition

(For I will speak, though duel and death he may
threaten against me)

Many illustrious leaders we mourn, and behold our
whole city

Plunged in the depth of woe; while he on the
Trojan encampment 350

Wars, and relies upon flight, and frightens the
clouds with his weapons.

Now, with the manifold gifts which, noblest of
kings, to the Dardan

Thou art preparing to send or to promise, one gift
in addition

Send; and, in spite of all frowns maintaining thy
rights as a father,

Give thy daughter to one who is worthy her hand
and thy kinship; 355

Also establish this peace by a strong and perpetual treaty.

But, if our minds and hearts are enthralled by so craven a terror,

Unto himself let us turn ; with himself let us plead for his favor ;

He may give way, and yield his own rights to the king and his country.

Why dost thou hurl thy friends so oft into evident peril,

360

O thou source and cause of Latium's every disaster?

There is no safety in war ; of thee we are all of us, Turnus,

Asking for peace, and of peace the only unfailing assurance.

So the first suppliant, I, — thine enemy, as thou pretendest ;

Naught care I if I be ; — I come. Oh, pity thy people !

365

Put off thy pride, and acknowledge defeat ; enough deaths we have witnessed

During our flight, and our fields we have left in wide desolation.

Or, if ambition inspire, and thou hast in thy bosom such courage,

If in thy heart is a dream of espousing the wealth of an empire,

Dare to go forth and confront thy foe with a resolute spirit.

370

But, that to Turnus may happen the chance of a royal alliance,

Must we, worthless souls forsooth, unwept and unburied

Lie on the plains ? Not so ; but if even a spark of
thy country's
Warlike ambition thou hast, go, look upon him
who is calling
Thee to the fight ! ” 375

Under these taunts the resentment of Turnus
was kindled to fury ;
Choking with rage, he hurled from the depth of his
soul this rejoinder :

“ Drances, of words thou hast ever in store the
most lavish abundance

When for thy hands there is need ; and whenever
the fathers are summoned

There art thou first. But with words the senate-
house should not be deluged, 380

Safe as thy boasting may be as long as the wall of
our fortress

Baffles the foe, and the trenches as yet are not
swollen with slaughter.

Thunder thy rhetoric, then, as is ever thy way, and
accuse me, —

Me, do thou, Drances, accuse of cowardice, since
by thy valor

So many Trojans have died and covered the earth
with their trophies 385

Scattered afar ! What deeds may be wrought by
conspicuous courage

Thou hast a chance to prove ; nor far, of a truth,
will our foemen

Have to be sought by us ; they are closely sur-
rounding our ramparts.

March we forth to the fray ! Why linger ? Must
all of thy prowess

Cling to thy boastful tongue ? in thy feet so nimbly
retreating 390

Ever be found?

Vanquished am I? Vile wretch! Can any one
justly declare me

Vanquished, who Tiber shall see swollen high with
the blood of the Trojans,

Or who shall see the whole race of Evander, its
roots and its branches,

Fallen before my sword, and Arcady stripped of
her armor? 395

Not such Bitias found me, nor Pandarus huge, nor
the thousands

Whom, as a victor, I sent in a day to Tartarean
darkness,

Though by their walls I was caught and begirt by
their hostile entrenchments!

There is no safety in war? Tell that to thy Teu-
crian master,

Fool, and to serfs of thine! Then cease not to
scatter confusion, 400

Cease not to heighten alarm; continue thy praise
of a nation

Twice overwhelmed by defeat, and disparage the
strength of Latinus!

Hark! how the Myrmidon chiefs at the Phrygian
armament tremble!

Trembles Tydides too, and Achilles the pride of
Larissa!

Backward from Adria's wave flees Aufidus stricken
with panic! 405

Hear him again as he feigns that my threats have
inspired him with terror;

Crafty in crime, by his fear he seeks to embitter
his malice.

Never by this right hand shall a life such as thine
be demanded;

Be not afraid ! with thee let it stay and abide in
that bosom !

Now, great father, to thee I return and thy serious
counsels. 410

And, if no longer on us or the force of our arms
thou reliest,

If so deserted we be, if, once driven back, we are
wholly

Conquered and crushed, and if war can know no
reversal of fortune,

Then let us pray for peace and stretch our weak
hands in entreaty ;

Yet how I would there were here but a breath of
the old Latin spirit ! 415

Him above all should I deem the man most blest in
achievement,

Him the most noble of soul, who would, rather than
see such dishonor,

Fall with his face to the foe and bite the dust in his
anguish !

But, if we still have a wealth of young soldiers un-
scathed by the battle ;

If we have Italy's towns and tribes still ready to
aid us ; 420

If, at great cost of life, success hath been won by
the Trojans ;

If they have funerals, too, if the tempest of death
hath not spared them ;

Why do we shamefully stumble and fall on the
war's very threshold ?

Why do we tremble with fear before the first blast
of the trumpet ?

Time and the changeful stress of inconstant life
have rebuilt 425

Many a fallen estate ; and fortune in visits alter-
nate

Many a man has betrayed, and replaced on a solid
foundation.

Though the Ætolian prince and his Arpi refuse to
assist us,

Yet will Messapus befriend, and Tolumnius bring
us bright omens ;

Also the chiefs many nations have sent, and the
chosen of Latium, 430

No small glory shall gain for themselves and the
Laurentine kingdom.

There is Camilla, too, of the peerless race of the
Volsci,

Leading her legions of horse all a-bloom with the
bronze of their armor.

But, if myself alone the Trojan demands for the
combat,

So thou art pleased, if I so imperil the national
welfare, 435

Victory hath not so far fled away from my hand
with abhorrence

That for a hope so great I should shrink from the
utmost endeavor.

Him will I cheerfully meet though he show himself
great as Achilles,

Though by Vulcan's device he be clad in as obdu-
rate armor.

Now to you all, and, Latinus, to thee as Lavinia's
father, 440

Freely this life I devote ; I, Turnus, to none of the
ancients

Second in worth. By Æneas I only am challenged?
So be it !

I, not Drances, if this be God's wrath, shall fall as
the victim ;

I, not Drances, if valor prevail, shall be crowned
as the victor ! ”

While in this quarrel of words they are wrangling
in fruitless discussion ; 445

While Æneas is moving his camp and advancing
his army ;

Lo, through the halls of the palace in wild agitation
a herald,

Rushing and filling the town with utter confusion
and terror,

Cries that in martial array the Trojans are leaving
the Tiber,

While the Tyrrhenian band is flooding the valley
with horsemen. 450

Suddenly all are dismayed, astound are the hearts
of the people,

And by the pitiless blow their spirits are goaded to
anger.

Arms they fiercely demand ; for arms the young
warriors clamor ;

Sadly the old men weep and moan. Then every-
where tumult,

Strife, and the noise of alarm, discordantly rise to
the heavens ; 455

Just as when flocks of birds in a lofty grove have
alighted,

Or when perchance from the banks of the fish-
teeming stream of Padusa

Shrill swans mingle their cries with the babble of
murmuring shallows.

“ Ay ! fellow-citizens,” Turnus exclaimed, as he
seized the occasion,

“Summon a council now, sing the praises of peace
in your sessions, 460
While they are storming the throne with war!”
and, speaking no further,
Flung himself forth from the hall, and cried as he
rushed from the palace:
“Volusus, marshal the bands of the Volscians in
order of battle;
Bring the Rutulians, too! Messapus, Catillus, and
Coras,
Lead ye the cavalry forth and scour the broad
plains with your horsemen! 465
Some to the turrets with haste! Let some guard
the gates of the city!
Let all the rest be armed and ready to follow my
orders!”

Then from all parts of the town was a hurry of
men to the ramparts;
Father Latinus himself, dissolving the council,
abandoned
All his ambitious designs and, crushed by his cruel
misfortunes, 470
Felt himself greatly to blame that he had not most
heartily welcomed
Dardan Æneas as friend, and gained such an heir
for his kingdom.
Some dig trenches in front of the gates, or bring
on their shoulders
Stones and stakes. Hoarse trumpets proclaim the
dread signal of battle.
Then, in a motley array overfringing the walls of
the city, 475
Matrons and boys are seen; extremity knows no
exemption.

Up to the temple, too, and the hill-crowning towers
of Minerva,

Passes the queen in her car with a long procession
of matrons

Laden with gifts ; by her side is the maiden Lavinia
also,

Cause of this dire distress, her bright eyes drooping
with sorrow. 480

Matrons attend in her train and, fuming the temple
with incense,

Pour from the lofty gates their vows and mournful
petitions :

“ Goddess of Battle, Decider of War, Tritonian
Virgin,

Break in his hand the spear of the Trojan invader,
and lay him

Prostrate upon the ground before the proud gates
of our city ! ” 485

Turnus, himself, in a frenzy of zeal is girded for
battle ;

Panoplied round in the brazen mail of his glitter-
ing corselet,

Rough is his breast with scales, and bright are his
legs with their golden

Greaves ; his brow yet bare ; at his side he has
buckled his broadsword :

Flashes a gleam of gold as he speeds from the
heights of the city ; 490

Hope springs high in his breast ; he is dreaming
already of conquest.

Just as when, breaking his halter, a horse rushes
forth from the stable

Glad to be free at last, and, ranging at large
through the meadows,

Swiftly hurries away to the herd of mares in the
pasture,

Or to plunge as of old in the tide of the free-
flowing river

495

Hastens with joyful bound, and neighs in the pride
of his pleasure,

While his mane flies free and waves o'er his neck
and his shoulders.

Him, by her cohort of Volscians attended, Ca-
milla encounters ;

And from her steed the queen alights by the gate
of the city.

Then her whole company follow her lead, and slip
from their horses

500

Down to the earth at her side ; and then she speaks
thus unto Turnus :

“ Turnus, if they who are brave may anywise trust
in their valor,

I both dare and engage to resist the advance of
the Trojans,

And to go forward alone and oppose the Tyrrhe-
nian horsemen.

Under thy leave I will meet with my band the first
shock of the battle ;

505

Bide thou here by the gate and guard the approach
to the city.”

Turnus replies, while fixing his gaze on the terrible
maiden :

“ Virgin most fair, the pride of our Italy, how can
I thank thee ?

How thy favor repay ? But now, since thy spirit
surpasses

Even the perils of war, accept thou a share in my
labor.

510

As it is rumored in camp, and as trustworthy scouts
have informed me,

Crafty Æneas hath ordered his light-armed cav-
alry forward,

Bidding them scour this plain ; while he, through
mountainous passes

Scaling unguarded heights, is making his way to
our city.

I have an ambush prepared in a winding path of
the forest, 515

So that both forks of the pass I may block with a
cordon of soldiers.

Thou shalt in battle array engage the Tyrrhenian
horsemen ;

Dauntless Messapus with thee shall abide, and the
horse of the Latins,

Also the bands of Tiburtus ; and take thou the care
of commanding."

Having said this, he as briefly exhorted Messapus
to valor, 520

And the confederate chiefs, and then toward the
enemy hastened.

There was a winding and tortuous pass well
suited for ambush,

And for the snares of war ; a leaf-darkened flank
of the mountain

Hemmed it on either side, and the way to the place
was a narrow

Path ; the passages out were cramped, and evil the
entrance. 525

High above this, and commanding a view from the
crest of the mountain,

There was a hidden plain and a safe retreat for an
army,

Whether to left or right one wished to join issue
of battle,

Or to stand on the cliffs and roll great rocks on his
foemen ;

Thither young Turnus repaired, by the well-known
trail of the foot-paths ;

530

There he established his force ; there lurked in the
treacherous forest.

Meanwhile in Heaven's high halls Diana ac-
costed swift Opis,
One of her virgin train and one of her hallowed
attendants ;

And with words like these the goddess gave voice
to her sorrow :

“ Maiden Camilla, beloved by me above all her com-
panions,

535

Goes to this ruthless war and is girded in vain with
my weapons.

Nor hath this fondness for her newly come to the
child of Latona ;

Nor is it stirring my heart with a sudden sweet
transport of passion.

When, by the hatred aroused by his tyranny forced
from his kingdom,

Metabus made his escape from the ancient town of
Privernum,

540

He, as he fled through the dangers of war and the
perils of battle,

Carried his infant child to companion his exile, and
named her,

Changing but slightly the name of Casmilla her
mother, Camilla.

Her in his bosom he bore as he sought the far crest
of the mountain

Shadowed by lonely groves ; fierce darts fell thickly
around him ; 545

Round him in threatening bands the Volscian soldiery hovered ;

When, intercepting his flight, behold, Amasenus
o'erflowing

Flooded his highest banks, the rain in so mighty
a deluge

Burst from the clouds. He would swim, but love
for his daughter restrained him,

Love and his fear for so precious a charge. As he
weighed all the chances, 550

Fixed was his mind at last on this desperate, sudden
decision :

Borne, as it chanced, in the warrior's powerful
hand was a monstrous

Lance of seasoned oak, close-fibred and solid and
gnarly :

Pressing his daughter to this, he wrapped her with
bark of the wild-wood

Cork, and her yielding form he bound to the midst
of the spear-shaft. 555

Poising it then in his strong right hand, he prayed
to the heavens :

‘ Gracious Diana, to thee, whose home is the forest, this maiden

I, her own father, devote ; to thy weapons, her first,
she is clinging,

Fleeing her foes through the air, and seeking thy
favor ; I pray thee

Make her, O goddess, thine own, who now to light
air is entrusted. ’ 560

Thus having spoken, he drew back his arm, and the
strongly-gripped weapon

Hurled ; the waters roared, and over the swift-flow-
ing river

Sped in her flight on the whistling shaft unhappy
Camilla.

Then, as his thronging foes were pressing still
nearer and nearer,

Metabus plunged in the stream, passed safely, and
plucked from the greensward 565

Daughter and spear unharmed, and vowed them
as gifts to Diana.

Him no city received to its homes nor lured to its
ramparts,

Nor would his own wild soul have yielded his
hands to such service ;

So upon lonely hills he lived the rude life of the
shepherds ;

There he nourished his child amid brambles and
lairds of the forest, 570

Milked a mare of the herd for her food and, press-
ing its udder,

Offered the wild thing's breast to the delicate lips
of his daughter.

Soon as the child had impressed on the earth with
her earliest footsteps

Marks of her tiny soles, he placed a keen dart in
her fingers,

And from the little one's shoulder suspended a
bow and a quiver ; 575

Rather than fillet of gold and in place of a long
flowing mantle,

Hung from the crown of her head to her waist the
spoils of a tiger.

Even then with her tender hands she threw little
javelins ;

Or with her whirling sling, swept round by a thong
of smooth leather,

Brought a Strymonian crane to the earth or a white-
breasted cygnet. 580

Mothers in many Tyrrhenian towns would gladly
have seen her

Wed with their sons; but she, with Diana alone
well contented,

Cherishing ever her love for the chase and for
maidenly freedom,

Lived a virgin's life. Alas, had her heart not been
captured

Now by this grievous war, this passion for fighting
the Trojans, 585

True to me still would she be and one of my faith-
ful companions:

But, as the fates have foredoomed her to bitter de-
feat and disaster,

Hasten, dear goddess, and glide from the sky to
the realm of the Latins

Where the sad war is already begun with disheart-
ening omens.

Take these weapons and draw from the quiver an
arrow of vengeance. 590

With it, whoever shall wantonly wound her invio-
late body,

Let him atone unto me with his blood, whether
Trojan or Latin;

Then in a hollow cloud the body and arms of
Camilla

I from the spoiler will bear and lay in the tomb
of her fathers."

So spake Diana; but Opis, already down rushing
from heaven, 595

Roared through the yielding air, her form darkly
wrapped in a whirlwind.

But in the meantime the hosts of the Trojans
were nearing the ramparts;
Also the Tuscan chiefs, who led a whole army of
horsemen

Marshalled in numbered array. The curvetting,
loud-footed charger

Neighs over all the plain, and chafes at the reins
by whose pressure 600

This way and that he is turned. Then bristles a
harvest of iron

Far and wide, and the plains are ablaze with pan-
oplied horsemen.

Then, too, Messapus appears on the field, and the
swift-riding Latins;

Coras his brother attends; and the cohorts of vir-
gin Camilla

Rush to confront the foe; and now they are pois-
ing their weapons, 605

Drawing their hands far back, and couching their
quivering lances;

Blazes the onrush of men, outflares the wild neigh-
ing of horses!

Now within javelin's throw of each other both
hurrying armies

Suddenly halt; then as suddenly burst into shout-
ing, and fiercely

Urge their impatient steeds; then follows a down-
pour of weapons 610

Blinding as storm-driven snow, and the sky is
o'erwoven with shadow.

Straightway Tyrrhenus and dauntless Aconteus,
contending together,

Meet with a shock of spears ; then, first of the vic-
tims of battle,
Fall with a deafening crash ; their horses, with
bodies all mangled,
Breast against breast are crushed : Aconteus, like
thunderbolt driven 615
Or a huge missile discharged from the twist of a
catapult, headlong
Falls far away, and dispersed in the air are his
breath and his spirit.

Broken at once are the squadrons of horse, and
the Latins retreating
Cover their backs with their shields and turn their
steeds to the ramparts ;
Trojans pursue, and Asilas is first to lead forward
the legions ; 620
And they are now drawing near to the gates, when
loudly the Latins
Once again sound' the charge and turn the lithe
necks of their horses ;
Then the Teucrians fly and retire far afield at full
gallop.

As when the ocean, whose tides are alternately
ebbing and flowing,
Now dashes high on the shore and, o'ertopping
the rocks with its billows, 625
Foams, and mantles the innermost sand by the
sweep of its waters ;
Now, in as rapid retreat sucking backward the
surf-rounded pebbles,
Flees, and abandons the shore with a shallowing
lapse of its current.
Twice have the Trojans pursued to the walls the
Rutulian horsemen ;

Twice have they turned, and with shields on their
backs looked over their shoulders ; 630

But, when they grapple in fight for the third and
last time, they commingle

All their contending ranks, and man singles man
for the combat.

Now, indeed, groans of the dying are heard and,
whelmed in the carnage,

Weapons and bodies are rolled and, blent with the
slaughter of heroes,

Horses fall dying or dead, and wild are the surges
of battle ! 635

Fearing with Remulus fairly to fight, Orsilochus
deftly

Launches a spear at his horse, and under its ear
leaves the iron.

High, at this blow, rears the loud-footed steed and,
wild with the torture,

Stands with uplifted breast and feet flung high ;
and his rider

Rolls with a crash to the earth. Catillus unhorses
Iollas, 640

Also Herminius mighty of soul and of limb and of
armor ;

Crowned is his head with golden hair, but bare of
a helmet,

Bare are his shoulders and breast ; yet wounds for
this man have no terror,

Though so exposed to death. The spear through
his great shoulders driven

Quivers, and pierces the man and doubles his body
in anguish : 645

Everywhere dark blood flows ; and they who deal
death with their weapons,

Seek at all cost of pain the glory of dying in
battle.

But in the thick of the fray, as an Amazon joy-
ing in slaughter,
One breast bared for the fight, with quiver on
shoulder, Camilla

Charges, now scattering wide with her hand thick
javelin showers, 650

Now without weariness wielding a powerful axe,
double-bladed.

Clang on her shoulder her arrows of gold and the
bow of Diana.

If she is ever compelled to retreat, still, even while
flying,

Backward she turns her bow and worries with
darts her pursuers;

Chosen companions ride close at her side, the vir-
gin Larina, 655

Tulla, and, shaking her brazen axe, the maiden
Tarpeia; —

Daughters of Italy all, all chosen by sacred Ca-
milla;

They were her handmaids in peace, her faithful
retainers in battle.

As when the Amazon squadrons of Thrace make
the streams of Thermodon

Quake as they gallop to war in the glory of da-
maskeened armor, 660

Or in Hippolyta's train, or when, in her chariot,
warlike

Penthesilea returns with her jubilant army of
women,

Waving their half-moon shields and shrieking
loud pæans of triumph.

Whom hast thou first overthrown with thy dart,
whom last, O ungentle
Maiden? or how many slain hast thou hurled to
the earth by thine arrows? 665
Clitius' son fell first, Eunæus his name, whose un-
shielded
Breast, as he faced her, she pierced clean through
with a long lance of firwood.
Vomiting streams of blood he fell and, biting the
gory
Earth, lay writhing himself on his wound in the
anguish of dying.
Liris and Pagasus also she slew; the one as he
tumbled 670
Down from his bleeding horse, still clutching the
reins; and the other
While he was reaching his weaponless hand to the
aid of the falling;
Headlong together they fell. Unto them she soon
added Amastrus,
Hippotas' heir; then, hurling from far, she pur-
sued with her lances
Tereus, Harpalycus too, Demophoön also, and
Chromis. 675
Many as the darts that were hurled from the hand
of the warrior maiden,
So many Phrygian heroes fell. But yonder the
hunter
Ornytus, strangely arrayed, bestrides his Apuleian
charger;
Over the breadth of his shoulders a hide has been
flung by the warrior,
Stripped from a bull; for his head the head of a
wolf is a helmet; 680

Fierce are its gaping jaws and fiercely its white
fangs are gleaming ;

Gripped in his hand is a hunter's rude spear ;
through the midst of the horsemen

Wheeling in wide career, he towers head and
shoulders above them.

Him, overtaken with ease, for his ranks are re-
treating, Camilla

Pierces, then utters these words from a heart over-
swelling with hatred : 685

“ Thinkest thou, Tuscan, that still thou art chasing
the deer of the forest ?

Nay ! for the day has come that shall give by the
arms of a woman

All thy vain boasting the lie ! Yet down to the
shades of thy fathers

Thou the great glory shalt bear to have died by
the dart of Camilla ! ”

Butes next she hath slain, and Orsilochns,
Teucrian giants : 690

Butes she meets face to face and pierces him
through with her spear-point

Midway his corselet and helm, where his throat as
he sits in the saddle

Gleams in the light, while the shield on his left
hangs loose from his forearm.

She from Orsilochns flees and, round a great circle
retreating,

Into the ring she swerves and, wheeling, pursues
her pursuer ; 695

Then, uprising in wrath, through the armor and
bones of the Trojan,

Plead and entreat as he may, with her powerful
axe she delivers

Blow upon blow till hot brains from the wound
have o'erflooded his features.
One in the Apennines bred, a soldier begotten by
Aunus,
Nor of Ligurians least till the Fates put an end to
his cunning, 700
Falls in her way and halts, dismayed by a sight so
unlooked for.
When he perceives that no speed can avail to es-
cape from the conflict,
When he can think of no way to avoid the pursuit
of Camilla,
Then, undertaking to practice his wiles with craft
and deception,
Thus he begins: "What distinction so great shalt
thou gain, though a woman, 705
Safe in the strength of thy steed? Cease fleeing,
and venture to meet me
Hand to hand in a fair free field; dismount, and
do battle!
Soon shalt thou learn unto whom vainglory is
bringing delusion!"
Such are his words; but she in the fury and fire
of her anger
Gives an attendant her horse and, drawing her
sabre, awaits him 710
Equal in arms, on foot, and fearless with shield
unemblazoned.
Swiftly the youth flies away, believing her van-
quished by cunning.
Naught of delay! a quick turn of the rein, and
the dastard is fleeing,
Plunging his iron-shod heel in the flank of his gal-
loping charger.

“Foolish Ligurian, vainly elate in the pride of thy
cunning, 715

Thou hast made trial in vain of the slippery tricks
of thy father!

Nor shall thy craftiness bear thee unharmed to
treacherous Aunus!”

So speaks the maiden and, darting like flame with
her arrowy footfall,

Runs till she passes his horse, then seizes the reins
and confronts him,

Grapples in fight, and gluts her revenge with the
blood of her foeman. 720

Never more easily, leaving her crags, does the omi-
nous falcon,

Soon overtaking in flight a dove far aloft in the
heavens,

Seize it and hold it and crush out its life with the
crook of her talons;

While from the sky there's a sprinkling of blood
and a drifting of feathers.

But with unwearied eyes the Creator of gods and
of mortals 725

Watches these deeds from his lofty throne on the
heights of Olympus.

Tarchon, the Tuscan, the Father provokes to more
desperate combat,

And with no merciful goad arouses his spirit to
anger:

So amid slaughter and death and wavering soldiery
Tarchon

Urges his horse, and with shout upon shout exhorts
his battalions, 730

Calling each man by name and cheering the van-
quished to battle:

“What is this fear? Are ye dead to all shame,
eternally craven
Men of Tyrrhenium? What has come over your
dastardly spirits?
Scattered and chased by a girl! These legions
dispersed by a woman!
Why are we carrying steel? Why handling these
impotent weapons? 735
Ye are no laggards in Venus’ wars, and nocturnal
encounters;
Nor when the curved flute, sounding the call to the
revels of Bacchus,
Gives you good hope of a feast and of tables well
laden with wine-cups!
Anxious and eager ye wait on the chance that some
priest may invite you
Forth to the sacred grove and the rich Bacchana-
lian banquet!” 740
Speaking he urges his horse and, ready himself to
be slaughtered,
Spurs to the thick of the fight; then, fiercely on
Venulus charging,
Snatches him off his horse and, locking his right
arm around him,
Grapples his foe to his breast and bears him away
at full gallop.
Rises a shout to the sky, and all the discomfited
Latins 745
Thitherward turn their eyes. Like a fire o’er the
plain flashes Tarchon,
Bearing the man and his arms; then off his own
spear-tip the iron
Breaks with his hand, and feels for the joints in
Venulus’ armor

Where he may deal him a mortal wound ; the
other, resisting,

Wards off the hand from his throat, and with violence
violence parries. 750

And as when, soaring aloft, a golden-brown eagle
is bearing

Gripped in her feet a snake she hath seized, she
clings with her talons,

While the lithe serpent keeps writhing in pain his
sinuous spirals,

Bristling with rage and, erecting his scales with
venomous hisses,

Raises his head to strike ; but she, none the less for
his struggles, 755

Tears him with hookèd beak, and beats the air
with her pinions ;

Even so Tarchon exultingly bears Tiburtus, his
victim,

Out of the fight. Inspired by their leader's auspicious
example,

Now the Mæonides charge. Then Arruns, fore-
doomed to destruction,

Armed with a dart and still better with guile, round
flying Camilla 760

Circles, and watchfully waits for the likeliest
chance of attacking.

Whithersoever the furious maid flies forth from her
squadron,

Arruns is instantly there and silently watches her
footsteps ;

Where she in triumph returns when back from her
foemen retiring,

Thither the warrior stealthily turns the swift reins
of his charger, 765

Wheeling now this way, now that, and, traversing
every circuit,

Tries each way of approach and shakes his true
lance, never tiring.

Chloreus, a soldier devout, and at one time a
priest of Cybebe,

Chanced to be marked from afar in the splendor
of Phrygian armor

Restlessly urging his foam-flecked steed, whose
housings of leather, 770

Covered with brazen scales, with buckles of gold
were united:

Foreign the rider's attire and resplendent in russet
and purple,

Bending a Lycian bow he darted Gortynian ar-
rows;

Golden the bow that clanged on his back, and
golden his helmet;

Glittered the symar of saffron and gold with bald-
ric and buckle; 775

Knotted with yellow gold were the rustling folds
of his linen;

Tunic and Phrygian greaves were richly adorned
by the needle.

Him, whether hoping to hang in the temple that
Teucrian armor,

Or that those trophies of gold might be worn for
her own decoration,

Him, and him alone, amid all the turmoil of bat-
tle 780

Blindly the huntress maid pursued; and through
the whole army

Heedlessly flamed with a woman's desire for spoils
and for plunder.

Then, at last, seizing his chance and stealthily hurl-
ing a javelin,

Arruns, invoking the powers of the sky, thus voiced
his petition :

“Greatest of gods and Defender of sacred Soracte,
Apollo, 785

Thou whom we chiefly adore, in whose honor the
resinous firwood

Flames on the pyre while we through the midst of
the blaze in thy service

Walk in the strength of our faith, our bare soles
pressing the embers ;

Father omnipotent, grant that we by our arms and
our valor

Wipe this disgrace away ! I seek not for spoils,
nor for trophies 790

Won from a vanquished maid, nor for any reward
(there are other

Deeds that shall bring me fame) ; grant only that
under my weapon

This dread fiend may fall ; I will go to my home
without glory.”

Phœbus gave ear, and, resolving in part to
grant his petition,

Part of his vows on the swift-winged air determined
to scatter ; 795

That, overcome by the swiftness of death, Camilla
should perish,

This to his prayer he allowed ; but his time-honored
home to revisit,

This he denied ; and his pleadings were drowned
in the roar of the tempest.

So, when released from his hand the spear hissed
its way through the heavens,

Then all the Volscians concentrated their thoughts
and their eyes on Camilla, 800
Breathlessly watching the queen. She recked not
of sound or of motion,
Or of the whispering air; no bolt from the sky she
expected,
Till, beneath her unshielded breast the dart, speed-
ing onward,
Buried its fangs in the heart and drank the pure
blood of the virgin.
Straightway around their queen her startled and
trembling attendants 805
Gather to stay her fall. But Arruns, of all most
affrighted,
Flies, half glad, half afraid, nor now does he place
any further
Trust in his lance, or dare to encounter the darts of
Camilla.
But, as a wolf to escape the pursuit of his enemies'
vengeance,
When he has taken a shepherd's life or the life of
a bullock, 810
Slinks away to his mountain lair by devious wind-
ings,
Cowers in fear aware of his guilt, and under his
belly
Cravenly curls his quivering tail, and hides in the
forest;
So from the sight of all is terrified Arruns with-
drawing,
Glad to escape, and so he hides in the midst of the
army. 815
Dying, she pulls out the shaft with her hand, but
the spear-point of iron

Wedged in the ribs twixt bone and bone, in the
wound deeply buried

Stays ; then pale she droops ; her bright eyes also
are drooping,

Touched by the frost of death, and her lips once
rosy are paling.

Then with her latest breath to Acca, of all her
companions 820

Most to be trusted, she speaks ; with her and her
only Camilla

Seeks to divide her cares, and to her she delivers
these orders :

“ Acca, my sister, till now my strength has availed ;
but this bitter

Wound is ending my life, and the shadows are
darkening round me ;

Make thine escape from the field, and bear this last
message to Turnus : 825

He must the battle retrieve, and the Trojans repel
from the city.

Now, farewell !” She spake and, loosing the reins
from her fingers,

Sank to the earth in a swoon. Then, shivering,
little by little

Drew herself free from the bonds of the flesh and,
sinking her slender

Neck and her head taken captive by Death, relin-
quished her weapons, 830

While with a groan her indignant soul fled into the
shadows.

Then, of a truth, there arose to the sky an incred-
ible clamor

Striking the golden stars ; at the fall of Camilla
the combat

Swelled with an instant charge of the close-ranked
Teucrian forces,

Flanked by the Tuscan chiefs and Evander's Ar-
cadian squadrons. 835

But long since by Diana's command had her
sentinel, Opis,

Seated herself on the heights, and looked without
fear on the battle.

Then, when watching intent from afar she caught
sight of Camilla

Tortured by cruel death mid the shouts of the fu-
rious horsemen,

Groaning in spirit, she uttered these words from
the depths of her sorrow : 840

" Ah, too grievous, too grievous by far, the atone-
ment, dear maiden,

Thou hast now paid for attempting by war to dis-
able the Trojans.

Naught hath availed thee the toil of the chase
through forest and bramble !

Naught hath availed thee the bow or the quiver of
virgin Diana !

Yet in thine hour of doom thy queen hath not left
thee unhonored, 845

Nor shall the death thou hast died be forgotten by
men in the future ;

Nor shall it ever be said that all unavenged thou
hast suffered ;

For, whoever he be who hath wantonly wounded
thy body,

He, as he ought, shall die." There stood at the
foot of the mountain,

Builted of earth, the colossal tomb of Dercennus,
an ancient 850

Laurentine king; its roof was the thick-leaved
shade of an oak-tree;

Here with one swift bound the beautiful goddess
alighted,

Stood on the lofty mound, and kept her eyes fixed
upon Arruns.

When she beheld him exulting in soul and filled
with vainglory,

“Wherefore,” she cried, “dost thou wander away?
Turn hither thy footsteps!” 855

Hither approach thy fate, that a recompense worthy
Camilla

Thou mayst receive. Must thou also die by the
shafts of Diana?”

Having said this, like a huntress of Thrace she
plucked a swift arrow

Forth from her quiver of gold and, bending her
bow in fierce anger,

Drew it far back till its tips incurving came closely
together, 860

And, with her hands at an equal height, she could
for a moment

Touch the steel point with her left, while her right
pressed the string to her bosom.

Quickly the whispering air and the whistling hiss
of the arrow

Arruns together heard; and the iron stood fixed
in his body.

Him, while gasping for breath and moaning his
last, his companions 865

Carelessly left to his fate on the dust-covered field
of his foemen.

Opis was borne on her wings to the heavenly
heights of Olympus.

First, upon losing their queen, Camilla's light
squadrons retreated;
Then the Rutulians fled in a rout; fled valiant
Atinas;
Captains were driven astray, and ranks without
leaders were broken; 870
Seeking for safety they wheeled their steeds and
spurred to the city,
Nor could any withstand the charge of the death-
dealing Trojans,
Drive them back with darts, or offer effective re-
sistance;
Even their bows were unstrung, and uselessly hung
from their shoulders;
Jarred was the crumbling plain by the thunder of
galloping horses. 875
Black dust rolled in a threatening cloud to the
walls of the city,
While from the watch-tower's height the mothers,
all beating their bosoms,
Flung to the stars in the sky the noise of the
shrieking of women.
They who by running were first to dash in through
the opening portals,
These, with lines disarrayed, hard pressed by their
hostile pursuers, 880
Found no escape from the anguish of death, but
even on the threshold,
Under their country's walls and in the retreat of
their dwellings,
Yielded their lives to the sword. Some fastened
the gates, for they neither
Dared to leave open a way for their friends, nor
admit to the ramparts

Those who implored their aid ; and there perished
in pitiful slaughter 885

Many who guarded the gates, and many who
stormed the defenses.

Barred from the city in front of the eyes of their
sorrowing parents,

Some sheer into the moats were hurled by the wild
human torrent,

Some, in the blindness and frenzy of fear putting
spurs to their horses,

Drove them against the gates and the hard barri-
cade of the portals. 890

Down from the walls the matrons themselves when
the fighting was hottest,

Taught by true love for their land and inspired by
Camilla's example,

Darts from their trembling hands let fly or, if iron
were lacking,

Used in its stead tough oak and stakes that were
hardened by burning ;

Fiercely they fought, and of all were most eager
to die for the city. 895

Meanwhile, as Turnus still lurked in the forest,
the cruelest rumors

Filled his ears ; and the youth was alarmed by the
message of Acca,

Telling of Volscians destroyed, and telling the
death of Camilla ;

Telling how madly the foe had attacked and, suc-
cessful in battle,

How he had swept the field, how panic had spread
to the city. 900

He like a madman, for so the stern mandates of
Jove now directed,

Quitted his post in the hills, and left the impregnable forest.

Scarce had he passed from sight, scarce threaded his way to the valley,

When the unguarded defile was entered by Father Æneas,

Who, after crossing the ridge, soon left the dark woodland behind him. 905

So the two rivals were marching with haste toward the walls of the city,

Each with all his troops, nor long was the distance between them.

Over the plains all smoking with dust Æneas was looking,

And, at the moment he spied from afar the Laurentian columns,

Turnus also perceived the warlike Æneas in armor, 910

Heard the tramp of approaching feet and the neighing of horses:

Instantly they would have opened the fight and made trial of battle;

But in the Western sea already was rose-tinted Phœbus

Bathing his wearied steeds, and the day from the night was retreating.

Halting in front of the town, they surrounded their camp with entrenchments. 915

BOOK XII

TURNUS, as soon as he sees that the Latins are
crushed and disheartened
Under the frown of Mars ; when he sees that the
eyes of his comrades
Look their demand that his promise be kept, with
unquenchable anger
Kindles, and flames with pride. As often in Libyan
deserts,
Pierced to the heart by a mortal wound of the
hunters, a lion 5
Turns at last to bay, and joys in shaking the
shaggy
Muscles around his neck, and fearlessly shatters
the deep-fixed
Spear of the spoiler, and roars with jaws dripping
blood and defiance ;
Even so kindles and flames the fierce indignation
of Turnus.
Then he speaks thus to the king ; thus voices his
pride and his passion : 10
“ Turnus creates no delay, nor gives he to dastardly
Trojans
Ground for retracting their words, or excuse for
annulling their compact.
Mine be the fight ! bring the sacrifice, sire, and
establish the treaty.
Either with this right hand I will banish this
Dardan deserter,

Outcast of Asia, to Hell, — let the Latins sit still
and behold us! — 15

And I alone will refute with my sword the reproach
of our nation,

Or he shall hold us in thrall, and be owned as
Lavinia's husband."

Him Latinus, with mind composed, thus quietly
answered :

"Most high-spirited youth, the more in impetuous
courage

Thou dost excel, the more it behooves me with care
to consider 20

What it is wisest to do, and to weigh all thy
chances with caution.

Thou hast the kingdoms of Daunus, thy sire ; thy
valor hath captured

Many a town ; thine, too, are the treasure and love
of Latinus.

Latin and Laurentine lands have still other maids
to be married,

Nor of ignoble birth. Permit me in frankness to
utter 25

This which I grieve to say, and open thy heart to
receive it :

Unto no one of her earlier suitors to marry my
daughter

Had I the right ; of this all the gods and the pro-
phets forewarned me ;

Yet, by my fondness for thee, by our kinship of
blood overmastered,

Moved by the tears of my sorrowing wife, I broke
my agreement, 30

Robbed my son of his bride, and basely made war
on Æneas.

Ever since then, thou, Turnus, hast seen what strife
and disaster

Follow my steps, and what trials thyself hast been
first to encounter.

Twice in a terrible battle repulsed, we scarce in
the city

Italy's hope defend; even yet with our blood is the
Tiber

35

Warm, and white with our bones are the wide-
spreading acres of Latium.

Why do I often draw back? What madness un-
settles my purpose?

If I stand ready, should Turnus be slain, to accept
them for allies,

Why not the rather, while Turnus yet lives, put an
end to the quarrel?

What will my brother Rutulians think, and through
Italy elsewhere

40

What will men say, should I (may fate rob the
words of ill omen!)

Thee to thy death betray while thou seekest the
hand of my daughter?

Think of the changes and chances of war, and pity
thy father

Stricken with age, whom now in his sorrow old
Ardea sunders

Widely from thee." Not a whit by these words is
the fever of Turnus

45

Cooled; more fiercely it burns, and is worse for
the hand that would soothe it.

When he is able to speak, thus Turnus begins to
make answer:

"Whatever care for myself thou hast, most noble
Latinus,

This, for my sake, resign, and life let me barter
for glory !

Spears and steel with no impotent hand I also, my
father, 50

Hurl ; unfailingly, too, blood follows the wound of
my weapons !

Far from him now is his mother divine who hides
his retreating

Form in unmanly clouds, and veils herself vainly
in shadow."

Meanwhile the queen, dismayed by the strange
new turn of the combat,

Weeps, and appeals in the shadow of death to her
daughter's wild lover : 55

"Turnus, by these my tears ; if any regard for
Amata

Touches thy heart, (for, lo, thou art now the one
hope and reliance

Left to my sorrowing age ; the honor and throne
of Latinus

Rest upon thee, upon thee our tottering house is
depending ;)

One thing only I beg ; desist from thy war with
the Trojans. 60

Whatsoever fortunes are waiting for thee in this
combat, O Turnus,

Me they must also await ; with thee will I leave
this detested

Life, nor ever, enslaved, a son-in-law see in
Æneas."

Now, as Lavinia catches these words from the lips
of her mother,

Wet are her burning cheeks with tears, and deep-
ening blushes 65

Spread through her veins like fire, and mantle her
features with crimson.

Just as if India's ivory one were to color with
scarlet,

Or as when mingled with many a rose white lilies
are blushing ;

Such are the hues that show in the troubled face
of the maiden.

His is the trouble of love ; and, burning more
fiercely for battle, 70

Keeping his eyes on the maid, he briefly addresses
Amata :

“Follow me not, I beseech thee, with tears nor
with omen so fatal

When I go forth to the rigorous duty of battle, my
mother !

For no longer is respite from death left open to
Turnus.

Idmon, my herald, what ho ! bear back to the
Phrygian tyrant 75

These my unwelcome words ; and say that as soon
as Aurora,

Borne in her crimson car, shall blush in the sky on
the morrow,

Let him not marshal his Teucrians then ; let the
Teucrian army,

Let the Rutulians rest ; with our blood let the war
be decided,

And on that field let Lavinia's hand be demanded
in marriage !” 80

When he has uttered these words and swiftly
retired to the palace,

Horses he orders, and joys to behold impatient be-
fore him

Steeds once given as a prize to Pylumus by fair
Orithyia;

Whiter they glisten than snow, more swiftly they
run than the tempest.

Hurrying grooms attend, and comb the maned
necks of the horses, 85

Clapping their breasts with hollow palms to awaken
their mettle.

Turnus with hauberk of scales of gold and white
orichalcum

Covers his shoulders, adjusts and loosens the sword
in the scabbard,

Fitting on also a shield, and the cone of his flame-
crested helmet.

This very sword the Lord of Fire for Daunus, his
father, 90

Forged, and tempered its glowing blade in Sty-
gian waters.

Straightway a powerful spear, which stands in the
midst of his mansion

Leaning against the colossal shaft of a pillar, he
seizes;

This, from Auruncan Actor won, he brandishes
fiercely,

Crying aloud: "O spear, who hast never denied my
entreaty, 95

Now is the time at hand! Once wielded by valor-
ous Actor,

Thee, now, Turnus wields. Vouchsafe that I strike
down the body,

And with my strong right hand tear off from this
Phrygian eunuch

Corselet and shattered mail, and draggle in dust the
fine tresses

Taught by hot iron to curl, and dripping with
myrrh-tinctured unguent!" 100

Such is the force of his wrath; his countenance
kindling with passion

Flashes with sparks of fire, and blaze the fierce
eyes of the hero.

Just as a bull when preparing for fight a terrible
roaring

Utters, and seeks to arouse in his horns the spirit
of madness,

Goring the trunks of trees and wounding the air in
his fury, 105

Or when spurning the sand he opens the prelude of
battle.

Meanwhile by Venus forearmed, Æneas is none
the less fiercely

Whetting the spirit of Mars and fanning the flame
of his anger,

Glad that by promise of truce the war has at last
been concluded.

Then, expounding the fates, he comforts despondent
Iulus, 110

Cheers his companions, and orders his heralds to
bear to Latinus

Definite answer, acquainting the king with the
terms of the treaty.

Scarce had the following dawn shed light on the
tops of the mountains,

Scarce had the steeds of the sun first lifted their
heads from the ocean

Breathing forth over the earth bright rays from
their quivering nostrils, 115

When the Rutulian men and the Teucrians, near
the great city

Measured the field for the fight, and laid stone
hearths in the centre,

Where to their common gods green altars of turf
were erected.

Others brought water from springs, and fire ; with
purple-edged aprons

Girt were their loins, and their foreheads were
wreathed with garlands of vervain. 120

Here the Ausonian soldiers marched, and javelin-
bearers

Poured from the crowded gates, while there with
dissimilar weapons

Hastened the Teucrian host and all the Tyrrhenian
army.

All were as fully arrayed in steel as if to a battle
Mars were calling ; and there in the midst of their
legions the captains 125

Restlessly hovered about in the glory of gold and
of purple.

Mnestheus, Assaracus' son, was there, and valiant
Asilas,

Also Messapus, the tamer of steeds, the offspring
of Neptune ;

Then, when the signal was made, all found their ap-
pointed positions,

Planted their spears in the ground, and rested their
shields on the greensward. 130

Eagerly following next, the wives, and the weapon-
less rabble,

Even the feeble old men, on the turrets and roofs
of the dwellings

Crowded, while some stood aloft on the towering
gates of the fortress.

But, looking forth from the crest of the hill now
known as the Alban

(Then there was neither a name to the height, nor
honor or glory), 135

Juno surveyed the field and kept close watch on the
armies

Both of Laurentum and Troy, and no less on the
town of Latinus.

Straightway then she addressed these words to the
sister of Turnus,

Goddess to goddess, for pools and murmuring rivers
Juturna

Ruled (this honor to her had Jove, high king of
the heavens, 140

Made, in return for her ravished virginity, sacred
forever):

“Nymph, thou pride of the streams, thou soul to
my soul most congenial,

Thou art aware that thyself, above all the fair
maidens of Latium

Who have ascended the thankless couch of Jove
the almighty,

I have preferred and have cheerfully placed in our
heavenly mansion; 145

Sad are the tidings I bring, yet censure me not, dear
Juturna :

Wherever Fortune has seemed to permit, while the
Fates have been willing,

Long as the Fates were kind, I have shielded thy
city and Turnus.

Now on resistless doom I see the young hero ad-
vancing;

Hastens the day of his fall and the hour of his en-
emy's triumph. 150

Not for my eyes this fight, my eyes cannot witness
this treaty.

If a too transient relief thou hast courage to take to
thy brother,

Go ; it is meet ; better fortune perchance may yet
reach the unhappy."

Scarce had she spoken these words when, the eyes
of Juturna o'erflowing,

Thrice and again she beat with her hand her beautiful bosom :
155

"This is no time for tears," interrupted Saturnian
Juno ;

"Hasten and rescue thy brother from death if still
thou art able ;

Or do thou kindle a war and strike this new compact asunder.

Fear not, thy sponsor am I !" With this exhortation she left her

Doubtful and sorely distressed and grievously wounded in spirit.
160

Meanwhile the kings advanced ; the stately form
of Latinus

Borne in a four-horse car ; around his glittering
temples

Twice six radiant beams of gold were set in a circle,
Mark of his grandsire, the sun ; with two white
horses went Turnus,

Brandishing in his hand two spears broad bladed
with iron.
165

Fronting them, father Æneas, who founded the race
of the Romans,

Flamed with celestial shield and blazed in heavenly
armor,

Whom the next hope of the glory of Rome, Ascanius, followed ;

Forth from the camp they went, and a priest in
immaculate raiment

Brought the young of a bristly sow, and a ewe by
the shearer 170

Still undespoiled, and the sacrifice led to the bright
blazing altars.

They to the rising sun uplifted their eyes; then
they sprinkled

Salted meal from their hands, and the hairs on the
brows of the victims

Clipped with a knife, and poured from their bowls
pure wine on the altars.

Then, unsheathing a sword, thus prayed god-
fearing Æneas: 175

“Now be my witness, O Sun; to my words let this
Land be a witness,

Land which hath lent me the strength to endure so
arduous labors;

Father omnipotent, thou, and thou, queenly daugh-
ter of Saturn,

Now, more indulgent, O goddess, I pray; and glo-
rious Mavors,

Thou, the great father, whose presence controls all
the issues of battle; 180

Also ye Fountains and Streams I invoke, and all
that is worshipped

Or in the heavens above, or in the blue depths of
the ocean:

If it shall chance that the victory fall to Ausonian
Turnus,

Then 't is agreed that the vanquished depart to the
town of Evander,

Hence that Iulus depart, and that never again shall
the Trojans 185

Join in rebellious war, or harass these kingdoms
with iron.

But if it happen that Victory favor our army in
battle

(As I the rather believe, and so may the gods
choose to order),

I will not bid the Italians submit to the yoke of the
Trojans,

Nor will I claim for myself the throne ; under equal
conditions

190

Let both nations, unconquered, unite in eternal
alliance.

I will ordain our religion and gods ; give Latinus
the army ;

Give my bride's father the sovereign command :
for me shall the Trojans

Bulwarks erect, and her name shall Lavinia give
to the city."

So spake Æneas first ; thus after him followed
Latinus,

195

Raising his eyes to the sky and lifting his hand
toward the heavens :

"So swear I also, Æneas, by earth and by sky and
by ocean,

By the twin offspring Latona hath borne, by double-
browed Janus,

Yea, by the Powers of Hell, and the altars of piti-
less Pluto.

This let the Father attest who ratifies vows by his
thunder.

200

Witness my hand on the altar, ye gods, and ye
flames that divide us !

Time shall not rupture this peace nor break this
Italian alliance

Whatsoe'er chances befall ; and me shall no power
from my purpose

Turn, nay, not if it scatter the earth on the waves
of the ocean,
All in one deluge confound, and Heaven with Hell
intermingle ; 205
Just as this sceptre (a sceptre he chanced in his
hand to be bearing)
Never will burgeon with fronds or the shadow of
delicate leafage,
Since, being hewn from its low-lying roots in the
heart of the forest,
Orphaned, it now hath been shorn of its locks and
its limbs by the iron ;
What was a tree, the hand of the craftsman with
brazen adornment 210
Now hath encased, and consigned to the hands of
the Latian fathers.”
Such were their words, and so they confirmed their
mutual compact
Witnessed by noble lords. Then lambs after due
consecration
Over the flames they slew, and the vitals of quiver-
ing victims
Tore from their bodies, and piled the high altars
from bountiful chargers. 215
But to Rutulian eyes this combat has long seemed
unequal ;
Long have Rutulian hearts been troubled by varied
emotions ;
More, as on nearer approach they perceive how ill-
matched are the heroes.
Turnus advancing with silent step, and in front of
the altar
Bowling in prayer with downcast eyes, but deepens
the feeling ; 220

So do his blanching cheeks and the pale ashen hue
of his features.

Soon as Juturna, his sister, beholds this anxiety
spreading,

Sees that the wavering hearts of the throng are
growing impatient,

Into the midst of their ranks, with the face and the
figure of Camers,

— Proud his ancestral descent, his glory the name
of his father

225

Famous for courage, and he was himself most vali-
ant in battle ; —

Into the midst of the ranks, well aware of the
crisis, she plunges,

Scatters abroad conflicting reports, and rouses the
soldiers :

“ Shame, O Rutulians, shame ! one life for all these
of such valor

Thus to expose ! Are we, or in strength or in num-
ber, not equal ?

230

Lo, this is all the Arcadian host, this is all of the
Trojans,

All of that fateful band, all of Tuscany hostile to
Turnus !

Scarcely one man to our two could they bring were
we now to attack them.

True, to the gods at whose altars his life and his
honor he pledges,

Turnus in glory will rise, and will live in men’s
praises forever ;

235

But, of our country bereft, we shall serve proud
masters in bondage,

We who now on this plain in heedless inaction are
seated.”

Kindled by words like these, the hot discontent
of the soldiers
Now the more fiercely burns, and a murmuring
steals through the army ;
Even the men of Laurentum are changed, and even
the Latins. 240
They who, a moment ago, a respite from war and
from danger
Hoped for themselves, now hunger for arms, and
pray that the treaty
May not endure, and deplore the cruel misfortune
of Turnus.
Adds Juturna to this another and greater incite-
ment,
Even a sign from the depths of the sky, which
more than all others 245
Duples and deceives the Italian mind with ambigu-
ous portent ;
For in the reddening sky a golden-brown eagle is
driving
Birds of the shore as he flies, the screaming and
fluttering army
Scattering far abroad ; then, suddenly down to the
river
Swooping, he seizes a stately swan in his merciless
talons. 250
Gaze the Italians with bated breath ; the birds in
a body
Pause in their flight, and wheel with a cry, — a
marvel to witness, —
Darkening the sky with their wings ; then, massed
in a cloudy battalion,
Harry their foe through the air till, quite over-
whelmed by their fury,

By sheer weight overborne, he yields, and the prey
from his talons 255

Hurls to the stream below, and flees far away in
the heavens.

Then, in truth, with a shout the Rutulians wel-
come the omen,

Raising their hands: then first, the augur Tolum-
nius rising,

"This," he exclaims, "it is this that with vows I
have often petitioned ;

In it I see and acknowledge the gods ; me, me for
your leader 260

Take, and the sword unsheathe, poor souls, whom
this godless invader

Frightens with war like these innocent birds, and
the shores of your country

Rudely despoils : he shall quickly set sail, and afar
o'er the billows

Hasten his flight. Make an end of dispute, and
assemble your legions ;

Rise and defend your king, nor forfeit the throne
to a duel ! " 265

Forward he ran after speaking these words, and
full on his foemen

Levelled his lance. Through the air the well-aimed
whistling cornel

Sped on its way. Upon this there arose a great
cry, and in terror

All the disordered ranks were fevered with sudden
excitement.

On flew the spear, and it chanced that nine
brothers of marvellous beauty 270

Stood in the line of its flight, all whom, though so
many, a single

Faithful Tyrrhenian wife had borne to Etruscan
Gylippus.

One of these men, in his waist where the sewn belt
centred its pressure,

Where the sharp buckle was biting the close-fitting
edges together,

This youth, wondrous in form and in glittering
armor, the javelin 275

Pierced through the ribs and stretched on the yellow
sand; but his brethren,

Spirited clan as they were and kindled by grief
to resentment,

Some unsheathing their swords, some catching up
lances and javelins,

Rushed in an aimless charge. Then sallying forth
to oppose them

Dashed the Laurentian bands; in an answering
tide came the Trojans, 280

Men of Agylla, and Arcady's troops resplendent
in armor.

All by one passion are seized, to determine the
issue by battle.

Quickly the altars are razed; then flies a wild
tempest of weapons

Through the whole sky, and fierce is the fall of the
hailstorm of iron.

Bowls and braziers are hurried away; flies even
Latinus, 285

Bearing homeward his gods by the breach of the
treaty affronted.

Others to chariots harness their steeds or, into
the saddle

Flinging themselves with a bound, rush forth with
drawn sword to the battle.

Eager to wreck the truce, Messapus affrights and
discomfits

Tuscan Aulestes, a king and adorned with his
kingly escutcheon, 290

Bearing him down with his horse; he flees and,
backward retreating,

Stumbles and haplessly falls on the barrier of
altars behind him,

Striking on shoulder and head. But, glowing with
anger, Messapus

Charges with levelled spear, and his victim, for all
his entreaties,

Grievously smites with beam-like lance, and shouts
from the saddle: 295

“So much for him! To the gods a more suitable
victim is offered!”

Throng the Italians around, and strip the warm
body for trophies.

Meeting them there, Corynæus a half-burned
brand from the altar

Snatches, and dashes the flame in the face of
Ebusus charging

Ready to strike: his great beard flares and, crack-
ling and blazing, 300

Scatters a stench on the air. Corynæus pursues
his advantage,

And, with his left hand clutching the hair of his
baffled assailant,

Presses him hard with his knee, and so on the
earth as he holds him,

Thrusts a stiff sword in his enemy's side; Poda-
lirius meanwhile

Hangs over Alsus the shepherd, whom, dagger un-
sheathed, he has followed 305

Headlong through flying darts in the front of the
army; but Alsus,

Backwardly sweeping his axe, through brow and
through chin his pursuer

Splits, and bedews with a sprinkling of blood the
breadth of his armor:

Hard repose and an iron sleep shut his eyelids for-
ever,

While in eternal night the light of his life is im-
prisoned. 310

Meanwhile his bare right hand god-fearing
Æneas extended,

And, with unhelmeted head, thus shouted aloud to
his comrades:

“Whither away? What means this sudden upris-
ing of discord?

Be not by passion controlled! The truce is already
concluded;

All the conditions are fixed. I alone have the
right to do battle; 315

Suffer me, then, and dispel your fear: a permanent
treaty

I will prepare; unto me these altars owe Turnus
already!”

Stealing amid these cries, and words like these
interrupting,

Lo! on its whistling wings an arrow flew straight
at the hero,

Nobody knows by what hand discharged, by what
wind driven onward, 320

Whether a chance or a god to Rutulia such a dis-
tinction

Granted; the glory is lost of a deed so worthy of
honor.

Never did any one boast of inflicting that wound
on Æneas.

Turnus no sooner perceives that Æneas is leaving
the army,

Sees that the chiefs are alarmed, than with hope
he is suddenly kindled. 325

Horses and arms he demands at once, and into his
war-car

Leaps with exulting pride, and grapples the reins
with his fingers.

Many brave bodies of men, as he flies, he sends to
the shadows ;

Many he rolls half dead to the earth, or under his
axle

Crushes whole ranks, or, catching up spears, trans-
fixes the flying. 330

Even as when by the banks of the ice-cold waters
of Hebrus

Bloodthirsty Mars, with a clash of his armor
awaking the battle,

Urges his steeds ; they fly o'er the plain over-
matching in swiftness

Notus and Zephyrus ; Thrace reëchoes the sound of
their hoof-beats

Unto her utmost bounds, while round the fierce
god as companions 335

Hover the faces of gloomy Fear and Anger and
Treason ;

So through the thick of the fight his reeking and
sweltering horses

Turnus triumphantly drives, and ruthlessly tram-
ples his foemen

Wretchedly slain : the hurrying hoof flings up as
it passes

Splashes of blood, and gore and sand are trodden
together. 340

Sthenelus now he hath slain, and Thamyrus also,
and Pholus,

Grappling the first and the second, the third from
afar, afar also

Glaucus and Lades, to Imbrasmus born (in Lycia
their father,

Making their training his personal care, had pro-
perly armed them

Either to fight on foot, or to outstrip the wind on
their horses). 345

Far from this combat Eumedes is braving the
brunt of the battle ;

Famous for fighting is he, and descended from
Dolon the ancient,

Bearing his grandsire's name, in courage and
strength like his father,

Who on a time, ere he went as a spy to the Grecian
encampment,

Dared to demand as the price of his deed the car
of Pelides ; 350

Diomedes rendered to him in return for his reckless
adventure

Quite another reward, nor gained he the steeds of
Achilles.

Him when Turnus descries on the open plain at a
distance,

First through the long mid space with swift-flying
dart he pursues him,

Then, having halted his harnessed steeds, leaps
down from his war-car, 355

Comes on his prostrate and dying foe, his foot
firmly presses

Down on his neck, from his hand quick wrenches
the glittering dagger,
Plunges it deep in his throat, and cries with bitter
reviling :

“ Lo, as thou liest here now, thou art measuring,
Trojan, the acres

And the Hesperian land thou hast sought with the
sword ; such the trophies 360

They who defy me with steel secure ; thus build
they their city ! ” ♥

Then with a cast of a spear he sends him Asbutus
for comrade,

Chloereus and Sybaris, too, Thersilochus also, and
Dares,

And, as he fell from the neck of his staggering
charger, Thymœtes.

And, as when o'er the Ægean sea a northerly
tempest 365

Roars from Edon's heights and shoreward chases
the billows,

Where the wind presses, the clouds flee away in
the spaces of heaven ;

So, wherever he cleaves a path, the ranks before
Turnus

Yield, and the wavering lines retire ; his force
bears him onward,

Shakes in the breeze the fluttering plume on the
front of his war-car. 370

Phegeus, unable to brook this frenzied and insolent
spirit,

Flings himself headlong in front of the car, and
the mouths of the rushing

Horses he drags aside with a wrench of their foam-
whitened bridles.

While he is carried and swung by the pole, the
broad-bladed spear-head
Strikes his uncovered breast and shatters and
pierces his corselet 375
Spite of its twofold mail, and tastes the flesh of
his body ;
Nevertheless, upraising a shield, he turns on his
foeman,
Struggles to reach him, and lengthens his arm by
unsheathing his dagger.
Then by the force of their onward career the wheel
and the axle
Tumble him headlong and fling him to earth, and
Turnus pursuing 380
Shears off his head with a sword where the nether-
most rim of the helmet
Breaks from the hauberck's edge, and leaves on the
sand his dead body.

While on the plain victorious Turnus is making
such havoc,
Mnestheus, the while, and faithful Achates, As-
canius helping,
Lead to his place in camp the wounded and bleed-
ing Æneas, 385
Who on his long lance leans to steady each falter-
ing footstep,
Chafes at the broken shaft, and, struggling to tear
out the arrow,
Calls for the speediest means of relief, and bids
them with broadsword
Open the wound and probe to the deep hidden seat
of the weapon,
Cut out the point, and restore him again to his
place in the battle. 390

Now to his aid came one most favored by Phœbus,
Iapis,
Son of Iasius, to whom, inspired by inordinate
passion,
Gladly Apollo had offered his own divine gifts and
endowments,
Even prophetic lore and the harp and the swift-
flying arrow.
He, in the hope of delaying the doom of his death-
stricken father, 395
Knowledge of herbs and their virtues preferred,
and the practice of healing,
Choosing a quieter life and a less ostentatious pro-
fession.
Propped on his mighty spear, impatient and grim
stands Æneas,
Pressed by a countless throng of youths, and
grieving Iulus,
Yet by their tears unmoved. The aged physician,
Iapis, 400
Having the folds of his robe rolled back in Pæo-
nian fashion,
Long with practised hand and the potent simples
of Phœbus
Works o'er the wound in vain, in vain with his
hand on the arrow
Pulls, and grapples the iron in vain with tight
gripping forceps.
No kind fortune directs his course, his patron
Apollo 405
Gives him no aid; and a cruel alarm ever deeper
and deeper
Spreads o'er the plain, and the end draws near.
The sky seems uplifted

Now upon columns of dust; now horsemen appear,
and their arrows

Rain on the heart of the camp. Sad cries ascend
to the heavens,

Cries of the men that fight or fall in the pitiless
conflict. 410

Hereupon, grieved at heart by her son's unmer-
ited anguish,

Venus from Ida in Crete a stalk of her dittany
gathers,

Mantled with downy leaves, and crested with blos-
soms of purple.

Right well known is this dittany plant to the goats
of the mountain

When in their wounded sides the swift-winged
arrows are clinging. 415

This, after shrouding her form in the gloom of a
cloud, Venus brings him;

Steeping its leaves, a tincture she brews in glitter-
ing vessels,

Adds a mystic medicinal charm, and sprinkles
above it

Healing ambrosia's juice, and the virtues of sweet
panacea.

So all unwittingly aged Iapis the wound with this
lotion 420

Bathes, and at once all pain flees quickly away from
the body;

Suddenly healed is the heart of the wound, all
ended its bleeding.

Yielding now to the hand with no force or com-
pulsion, the arrow

Drops from the flesh. New vigor is gained, lost
strength is recovered.

“Arms for our hero! with speed, with speed!
Why stand?” cried Iapis; 425

Foremost of all was he in kindling their spirits to
battle.

“Not by the might of man, and not by my surgical
cunning

This hath been wrought, nor thee have I saved by
my hand, O Æneas!

Here works a greater, a god, who restores thee to
greater achievements!”

He in his greed for the fight already had covered
his ankles 430

This side and that with gold, and his lance was
impatiently shaking.

Soon as the shield fitted close to his side, and the
mail to his body,

Folding Ascanius round with steel-clad arms, he
embraced him.

Then, as he tenderly pressed a light kiss on his lips
through the helmet,

“Learn from me, dear boy, true valor and toil; as
to fortune, 435

Others must teach thee that; for the present my
hand shall protect thee,

Shield thee from danger in war, and guide thee to
guerdons of honor.

Be it thy care, when age ere long shall have ripened
thy manhood,

This to remember; and when thou recallest the
deeds of thy kindred

Let both Æneas thy sire, and Hector thine uncle
inspire thee.” 440

When he had uttered these words, he strode
through the gateway, gigantic,

Shaking his terrible spear in his hand ; the while
in a phalanx

Antheus and Mnestheus rushed forth, and, leaving
the camp, the whole army

Streamed in their wake till the field was blinded
with dust and confounded ;

Trembled the terrified plain 'neath the tramp of
the charging battalion. 445

Turnus looked down from a mound in front and
saw them approaching ;

Men of Ausonia looked, and cold chills ran through
their marrow,

Chills and a thrill of fear ; but before all the
Latins, Juturna

Heard and well understood the sound, and retreated
in terror.

On flew Æneas and drove his black band o'er the
plain, unresisted. 450

Just as when, out of a lowering sky, through the
midst of the ocean

Landward drives a storm ; alas ! how the hearts of
the peasants

Wretchedly tremble with boding fear ; their trees
will be blasted,

Waste will their crops be laid, and all far and
near will be ruined.

On fly the winds, and bear to the shore the noise
of the tempest. 455

So the Rhœteian chief in the face of his enemies'
forces

Hurried his host ; all the ranks united themselves
in a phalanx

Formed like a wedge. With the sword Thymbræus
killed heavy Osiris,

Mnestheus Archetius slew; fell Epulo, slain by
Achates,

Ufens by Gyas; the augur himself, Tolumnius, per-
ished, 460

He who had been the first to level a lance at the
Trojans.

Shouts arose to the sky, and now, in their turn
driven backward,

Over the plain in dusty retreat the Rutulians has-
tened.

Deigned not Æneas to strike to their death the
men who were fleeing;

Even the foes who opposed him on foot and as-
sailed him with weapons 465

Followed he not; in the blinding gloom he was
watching and searching

Only for Turnus, and Turnus alone he defied to
the combat.

Thereupon, smitten with fear in her heart, heroic
Juturna

Headlong between the reins Metiscus, the driver
of Turnus,

Hurled, and left him behind far thrown from the
pole of the war-car; 470

Then, in his place, the free flowing reins with her
fingers she guided,

Wearing his every look, his voice, his form, and
his armor.

Just as a-wing through the spacious abode of a
wealthy patrician

Flies a black swallow, and darts through the stately
halls of the mansion,

Gleaning a slender store of food for her twittering
nestlings, 475

Now in the wide colonnades, and now around
pools of still water
Noisily fluttering; so through the midst of her foes
is Juturna
Borne by the steeds as she guides the swift chariot
hither and thither,
While, now here, now there, her brother she shows
in his triumph,
Hurries him far afield, and keeps him from meet-
ing the Dardan. 480
None the less, threading the tortuous maze, Æneas
pursues him,
Follows the warrior's track, and through the dis-
ordered battalions
Challenges loudly. As oft as he catches a glimpse
of his rival,
Oft as he strives to out-distance the flight of the
wing-footed coursers,
Ever the chariot veers, and is whirled far away by
Juturna. 485
What can Æneas now do? He wavers with vary-
ing impulse;
Duties conflict, and are calling his mind to opposite
courses.
Then Messapus, the nimble of foot, who chanced
to be bearing
Two light darts in his hand, two javelins pointed
with iron,
One of them fiercely swung and hurled with sure
aim at Æneas. 490
Halted the hero and huddled himself in the shield
of his armor,
Crouching him down on his knee, yet the crown
of his helmet the javelin

Carried away by its force, and tore out the crest
from the socket :

Then, in truth, was his wrath aroused and by
treachery kindled.

When he perceived that the horses were gone, that
the car was far distant, 495

Calling for witness on Jove and the altars whose
truce had been broken,

Charging at last on the midst of his foes, and with
Mars to befriend him,

Fiercely, with no reserve, he dealt indiscriminate
slaughter,

Goaded his furious soul and loosing the reins of
his anger.

Now what god of such horrors can tell! Who
can sing of the varied 500

Deaths of the slaughtered chiefs whom o'er the
whole battlefield Turnus

Now in disorder drove, and now the Dardanian
hero !

Was it thy pleasure, O Jove, that there in so cruel
a conflict

Nations should meet, though destined thenceforth
to endless alliance ?

After a brief delay (and this fight was the first
interruption 505

Checking the Teucrians' charge), Æneas Rutulian
Sucro

Smote in the side, and then, where death most
speedily follows,

Drove his merciless blade through the bone-ribbed
fence of his bosom.

Turnus on foot met Amycus thrown from his
horse, and Diores,

Amycus' brother ; the one he speared as he came,
and the other 510

Smote with the edge of the sword, and the heads
from both bodies dissevered

Hung all dripping with blood from his car as
trophies of battle.

Three in one onset Æneas laid low, intrepid Cethe-
gus,

Talos, and Tanais ; slaughtering next the unhappy
Onites,

Theban the name he bore, Peridia the name of
his mother. 515

Turnus the brethren who came from the Lycian
fields of Apollo

Slew, and th' Arcadian youth, war vainly detest-
ing, Menœtes,

Who among Lerna's brooks had followed a fisher-
man's calling ;

Humble had been his abode, unknown were the
doors of the noble,

Leased from others the land which his father pre-
pared for the harvest. 520

Even as fires, escaping control, from different
quarters

Fall on a sun-parched grove or a crackling thicket
of laurel,

Or as when foaming streams in rushing career
from the mountains

Roar from the dizzying heights and hurry away to
the ocean ;

Each his own path lays waste ; so fiercely Æneas
and Turnus 525

Ploughed their several ways through the fight ; so
now was their anger

Surging within their souls ; so now with impatience
were bursting

Hearts that no yielding knew ; so madly on death
were they rushing.

Now, as Murranus was shouting the names of
his sires and his grandsires,

Boasting an ancient unbroken line of Latian mon-
archs, 530

Him, with a rock whose might was the might of a
whirlwind, Æneas

Headlong smote to the earth ; him under the reins
and the neck-yoke

Mangled the rolling wheels, and the galloping
hoofs of his horses

Struck him full many a blow, nor recked the wild
steeds of their master.

Turnus, as Hyllus rushed on with frenzied and
furious courage, 535

Met him, and hurled a spear at the hero's gold-
helmeted temples :

Fixed in the brain it stood, nor stayed was its
course by the helmet.

Nor did thy good right hand, O Cretheus, of
Greeks the most valiant,

Thee from Turnus redeem. The gods that pro-
tected Cupencus

Failed when Æneas drew near ; as he offered his
breast to the iron, 540

Profited little the luckless man the strength of his
buckler.

Thee, too, the Laurentine fields beheld, O Æolus,
falling ;

Saw thee, with face upturned, encumber the earth
with thy body.

Thou, whom the Argive hosts could not overthrow,
whom Achilles,
Wrecker of Priam's throne, could not overmaster,
art fallen ! 545

Here was thy goal of death ; oh, proud was thy
home by Mount Ida,
Proud at Lyrnessus, thy home ; — thy tomb is the
soil of Laurentum !

Now all the legions are marshalled for fight, the
whole force of the Latins,
All the Dardanian troops, both Mnestheus and
daring Serestus,

Also Messapus the tamer of steeds, and gallant
Asilas, 550

Tuscany's phalanx, too, and Evander's Arcadian
horsemen,

Every man for himself, and each with his utmost
endeavor ;

There is no respite or rest, but a mighty convulsion
of battle.

Then his mother most fair suggested this thought
to Æneas,

That he should march to the walls, and turn to the
city his forces 555

Swift as he might, and surprise and discomfit and
slaughter the Latins ;

For as, while following Turnus through rank after
rank of the army,

Hither and thither he swept his eyes, and saw that
the city

Stood in the midst of so mighty a war at peace
and uninjured,

Straightway his mind was aflame with the thought
of a grander encounter. 560

Mnestheus he called, and Sergestus, and also the
gallant Serestus ;

Then took his stand on a mound ; around him the
rest of the Trojans

Hurriedly massed their ranks in a serried array ;
nor their javelins

Laid they aside, nor their shields. From the crest
of the mound he addressed them :

“ Let there be no delay in obeying my order ; Jove
wills it : 565

Therefore let no one demur on account of my sud-
den decision.

Yonder proud city the cause of the war, and the
realm of Latinus,

So they accept not our yoke and, conquered, sub-
mit to our empire,

I will this day destroy, and level their smouldering
roof-trees.

Am I, indeed, to wait until Turnus is eager for
battle, 570

Wait till the vanquished is ready once more to
return to the combat ?

This, my friends, is the head and the heart of this
infamous conflict.

Haste ye with torches of fire to enforce the de-
mands of the treaty.”

Such are his words, and all with the same exalta-
tion of spirit

Form in a wedge-like line, and rush, a dense mass,
on the rampart. 575

Suddenly ladders appear, and torches are suddenly
flaring.

Some turn aside to the gates, and slaughter the first
that oppose them,

Others hurl darts of steel, and shadow the sky with
their javelins.

Cent'ring the vanguard, Æneas, himself to the walls
of the city

Stretches his right hand forth, and loudly denounces
Latinus, 580

Swearing the gods that again he is driven by force
to the battle,

Twice are the Latins already his foes, twice broken
their treaty.

Rises dissension now 'mong the terrified men of
the city ;

Some cry : " Down with the bars ! Fling open the
gates to the Dardans,"

While they are dragging the king himself to the
walls of the city. 585

Others with arms in their hands are bent on de-
fending the fortress.

So, when a shepherd has followed the swarming of
bees to their shelter

Deep in a crevice of rock and with irritant smoke
has assailed them,

Trembling within for their lives, they run through
their waxen entrenchments

This way and that and sharpen their wrath with a
furious buzzing ; 590

Rolls a black stench through their home and then,
with a low stifled murmur,

Echoes the rock within ; smoke pours to the sky
from the crannies.

This misfortune, besides, befell the dispirited
Latins,

So that the city was shaken with grief to its very
foundations ;

For, as the queen from her palace beheld the approach of the Trojans, 595
Saw her walls beset, roofs blazing with volleys of torches,
Not a Rutulian band for defence, nor a cohort of Turnus,
She, poor queen, believed that the youth in the struggle of battle
Must have been slain, and, wild with the sudden distraction of sorrow,
Vowed that herself was the cause and the source and the spring of their troubles. 600
Many more things she cried in her transport of pitiful frenzy ;
Then she resolved to die and, rending her mantle of purple,
Tied from a lofty beam the grewsome and murderous halter.
Soon as the grief-stricken women of Latium learned this disaster,
First, her own daughter, Lavinia, tore the bright gold of her tresses, 605
Tore her rosy cheeks, and then were the others around her
Frenzied by grief, and the palace rang loud with the shrieking of women :
Thence the sad news was borne through the length and the breadth of the city.
Courage gave way to despair ; Latinus went rending his garments,
Stunned by his consort's doom and dazed by the wreck of the city, 610
And with uncleanly dust his snow-white locks he polluted,

Ever reproaching himself that he had not at once
and with gladness

Welcomed Æneas of Troy, and yielded his daughter
in marriage.

Meanwhile afar on the verge of the plain the
warrior Turnus

Followed a straggling few; already less eager,
already 615

Less and less rejoiced by the conquering rush of
his horses.

Borne to him then by the breeze came cries of
alarm and confusion

Blent with a sudden roar from the town; and still,
as he listened,

Harrowing sounds assailed his ears with an omi-
nous murmur.

“Ah, me! Why are the walls disturbed by so
loud lamentation? 620

What is this deafening din that distantly swells
from the city?”

Speaking these words, he clutched at the reins and
halted bewildered.

Him, then, his sister — for, changed to the form
of his driver Metiscus,

She was controlling the car and the reins and the
course of the horses —

Thus with words opposed: “Here, here, let us
follow the Trojans, 625

Turnus, where first success hath opened a pathway
before us!

Others there are well able to fight in defence of
the city;

Rushes Æneas on Italy's men and engages in
battle;

Shall not our hands in turn deal terrible death to
the Trojans?

Thou shalt retire from the fight with no less distinction and glory.” 630

Turnus replied :

“ Sister, long time have I known thee, since first by
thine artful devices

Thou didst our treaty derange, and didst thrust
thyself into these quarrels ;

Nor art thou, goddess, deceiving me now. But
who hath desired thee

Down from Olympus to fly, and labors like these
to encounter ? 635

Or wouldst thou look on the piteous death of thine
ill-fated brother ?

For what now can I do ? What chance is now
offered for safety ?

These very eyes Murranus beheld, — and none
dearer survives him, —

When, as he shouted aloud for my aid, he was slain
by Æneas ;

He was a terrible man, by a terrible onslaught defeated. 640

Ill-fated Ufens fell that he might not behold our
dishonor ;

Now by the Teucrian men have his corse and his
armor been captured.

Am I to suffer our homes to be razed ? Is no
shame to be lacking ?

And shall I not with my sword give the lie to the
slanders of Drances ?

Am I to turn my back ? Shall this land see Turnus a coward ? 645

Is it so grievous a thing to die ? O spirits departed,

Graciously hear ; since the powers of the sky have
denied me their favor,

I, an unsullied soul and free from the stain of dishonor,

Now unto you will descend, nor discredit my ancestors' glory."

Scarce had he spoken these words, when straight
through the enemy's forces 650

Saces, borne on a foaming horse, his face by an
arrow

Torn, came flying and passed, calling loudly by
name upon Turnus :

"Turnus, in thee is our last relief ; oh, pity thy
people !

Thunders Æneas in arms, and Italy's stateliest
castles

Threatens to lay in the dust, and to give up the
town to destruction. 655

Torches now fly to our roofs ; for thee are the Latins
inquiring,

Thee do their eyes desire ; Latinus himself is debating

Whom for a son to choose, upon whom to depend
for alliance :

Then, too, the queen, thy faithfulest friend, hath
haplessly perished,

Slain by her own right hand, and hath fled from
the light in her terror ; 660

Only Messapus in front of the gates and valiant
Atinas

Now resist the attack ; around them are serried
battalions

Pressing on either hand, and bristles a harvest of
naked

Blades of steel; thou art wheeling thy car over
desolate acres."

Watching this changeful phase of events in silent
amazement, 665

Turnus bewildered stood. In the depths of his heart
there were surging

Infinite tides of shame commingled with grief and
with madness,

Love driven wild by despair, and the conscious pos-
session of valor.

Soon as the clouds were dispelled, and light was
restored to his spirit,

Then in distress he turned his blazing eyes to the
ramparts, 670

And from his rolling car looked back on the wide-
spreading city.

But, behold! through floor after floor, in a
whirling volcano

Surges of flame poured forth to the sky and en-
compassed a turret,

Even a turret which he had himself with close-
jointed timbers

Built and raised on wheels, and covered above
with long bridges. 675

"Now, my sister, now Fate prevails! No longer
detain me!

Whither God calls, and whither hard Fortune in-
vites, let us follow!

I am determined to fight with Æneas, determined
to suffer

All that is bitter in death, nor shalt thou behold
me, my sister,

Further disgraced; but first let the madman give
vent to his madness!" 680

Speaking these words, he suddenly leaped to the
plain from the war-car,
Dashed through the darts of his foes, deserted his
sorrowing sister,
And in his wild career broke straight through the
heart of the army.

As when a rock rolls headlong down from the top
of a mountain,

Torn from its place by a stormy blast or washed by
a swollen 685

Torrent of rain or loosed by the tranquil lapse of
the ages,

Downward the monstrous boulder is borne with
mighty momentum ;

Madly it bounds from the earth, and forests and
cattle and herdsmen

Sweeps in its course ; just so through the scatter-
ing ranks of the Trojans

Turnus dashed on to the walls of the town, where
the earth was most deeply 690

Drenched with the blood of the slain, and the air
was still hissing with javelins.

Signalling then with his hand, he shouted aloud
to his people :

“ Hold, Rutulians, hold ! and ye Latins, withhold
ye your weapons !

Whatever Fortune there is, is mine ; I only can
justly

Settle the war by my sword, and atone for your
breach of the treaty.” 695

All from between them retired, and left a wide
space for the combat.

But, when the name of Turnus was heard, lo,
Father Æneas

Back from the walls withdrew and, leaving the
heights of the fortress,

Burst all bands of delay and brought the whole
siege to a standstill.

Joyous the throb of his heart and dreadful the
clash of his armor, 700

Mighty as Athos, or mighty as Eryx, or mighty as
Father

Apenninus, himself, when he roars with his oaks
in the tempest,

Or when, proud of his snow-white crest, he threat-
ens the heavens.

Eagerly all the Rutulians now, and the Trojans
and Latins,

Turn to behold the fight; both they who the
heights of the fortress 705

Hold, and they who with rams are assaulting the
base of the bulwarks.

Shoulders of armor are eased: Latinus, himself, is
astounded

Seeing these heroes, whose places of birth are so
widely asunder,

Meeting each other in strife and deciding their
quarrel by combat.

They, however, as soon as the lists have been cleared
in the open, 710

Swiftly run forward and, hurling their spears from
afar at each other,

Rush to the fight with shields and the brazen clash-
ing of armor.

Earth gives a groan; then stroke upon stroke with
swords they redouble

Fiercely and fast; and valor and chance are
blended together;

And, as in Sila's expanse or high on the crest of
Taburnus, 715

When two bulls with levelled horns in deadly encounter

Charge one another, — their keepers are fled in
quick consternation, —

Stands the whole herd stricken dumb with fear, and
the heifers are doubtful

Which is to rule the grove, and which the whole
herd is to follow ;

They with astounding force deal wound after
wound on each other, 720

Struggling and deeply implanting their horns, and
recklessly bathing

Shoulders and necks with blood ; the whole forest
resounds with their roaring ;

So Æneas of Troy and Turnus, the Daunian hero,
Meet with a shock of shields that fills the vast
heavens with clangor.

Jove, himself, is holding two scales impartially
balanced, 725

And the dissimilar fates of the twain he places
within them,

Struggle and pain in the one, and Death's dull
weight in the other.

Forth flashes Turnus, believing it safe, and, raising his body

Quite to its utmost stretch by the high reaching
sweep of his sword-blade,

Strikes : there rises a cry from the Trojans and
terrified Latins, 730

While both armies are thrilled with suspense ; but
the treacherous weapon

Snaps, with the blow half struck, and betrays its
impetuous master ; —

Leaving no hope but flight. When he sees the
strange hilt he is grasping,
Sees that his hand is disarmed, he flies with the
speed of a tempest.

Rumor declares that when in his haste he first
mounted his war-car 735

Harnessed against the fight, overlooking the sword
of his father,

He had excitedly caught up the sword of his driver,
Metiscus :

And it had long sufficed while the Teucrians fled
in confusion,

But when it came to the arms divinely attempered
by Vulcan,

Then the mortal blade by the force of the blow
flew asunder 740

Brittle as ice ; on the yellow sand lay the glittering
fragments.

Therefore is Turnus dismayed, and he flies far
afield in his terror,

Hither and thither directing his course in purpose-
less circles ;

For upon every side extends the dense ring of the
Trojans ;

Here a boundless morass, and there the high ram-
parts enclose him. 745

Nevertheless, though his knees made slow by
the wound of the arrow

Often delay his advance and hinder his running,
Æneas

Follows, and eagerly urges his steps on the steps
of the flying.

Just as a hound, if ever he find a stag by a river
Barred, or compassed about by the purple-plumed
toils of the hunters, 750

Breaks into swift pursuit and bays on the heels of
the quarry,

While the deer, alarmed by the snares and the
river's escarpment,

Turns and returns by a thousand ways, but the
Umbrian follows

Staunchly with open jaws, now seizes, or now, as if
seizing,

Clashes his teeth, and bites ; the victim he worries
eludes him ;

755

Then, indeed, rises a shout, and the pools and the
banks of the river

Loudly reëcho the cry, and rings the whole sky
with the uproar.

Turnus chides all the Rutulian men the while he
is fleeing,

Calling on each by name, and demanding the sword
of his father.

Contrariwise, immediate death and destruction
Æneas

760

Threatens should any approach, and frightens the
trembling Italians,

Threatening to level their town, and in spite of his
wound presses onward.

Five times round the field they run, and as often
they double

This way and that ; for they strive in no game, and
no trivial prizes

Seek they to gain, but now the stake is the life-
blood of Turnus.

765

Here there had stood by chance a wild olive tree
sacred to Faunus ;

Bitter of leaf was the tree, long greeted by sailors
with homage ;

Here, when saved from the sea, it was ever their
custom to fasten

Gifts for the Laurentine god, and to hang votive
garments upon it:

But by the Trojans this sanctified trunk had been
heedlessly levelled 770

So that the field might be clear for the shock and
collision of battle.

Here had the lance of Æneas stuck fast, its force
had impelled it

Hither, and here in the hard-grained roots it was
firmly embedded.

Low stooped the Dardan and strove with his hand
to loosen the iron,

That with the spear he might follow the foe, who
by swiftness of running 775

Could not be caught. Then Turnus, in truth, dis-
tracted by terror,

Cried: "Have pity, O Faunus, I pray, and Earth,
most benignant,

Hold thou fast the steel, if I all my life have re-
spected

You and those rites of yours which the Trojans by
war have dishonored."

Such were his words, nor invoked he in vain the
divinities' favor; 780

For, though he struggled long and tugged at the
roots' clinging fibres,

Still, with his uttermost strength, the jaws of the
wood to force open

Vainly Æneas essayed. While he toiled with the
sharpest insistence,

Changed once more to the form of his chariot-
driver, Metiscus,

Swiftly the Daunian goddess restored his own
sword to her brother. 785

That to the daring nymph such license was granted,
indignant,

Venus drew near and tore out the lance from the
root of the olive.

Now with heads erect, in arms and in courage re-
cruited,

One with faith in his sword, one eager with spear
high uplifted,

Face to face they stand on the brink of the breath-
less encounter. 790

Meanwhile, as Juno looks down from a sun-
gilded cloud on the combat,

Questions her thus the omnipotent King who dwells
on Olympus :

“What shall the end now be, my Queen? What
more is remaining?

Thou dost both know and confess that Æneas,
adored as a hero,

Destiny owes to the sky, and the Fates are exalting
to Heaven; 795

What is thy scheme? What hope in this comfort-
less cloudland detains thee?

Seemeth it fit that a god should be wounded by
mortal assailant?

Or should a forfeited sword (for without thee what
power has Juturna?)

Be unto Turnus restored, or the might of the van-
quished be strengthened?

Peace, now, once and for aye! and at last acquiesce
in my wishes. 800

Be not in silence consumed by thy wrath, nor suf-
fer so freely

Troubles of thine to flow from the sweetest of lips
to my spirit.

Now hath the end been reached. O'er the land
and the water the Trojans ,

Thou hast been able to drive, an infamous war to
enkindle;

Homes to disgrace, and the gladness of marriage
to mingle with mourning; 805

Further attempt I forbid." So Jupiter uttered his
warning.

Thus with downcast eyes divine Saturnia answered:
"It was because, great Jove, that purpose of thine
was too surely

Known, that against my will I withdrew from the
earth and from Turnus;

Nor wouldst thou otherwise see me now all alone
in the heavens 810

Biding the doubtful event of war; I should share
in the battle,

Girded about with flame, and dealing death to the
Dardans.

Grant that I counselled Juturna to aid her unfor-
tunate brother,

Grant that, to lengthen his life, I sanctioned still
further her daring,

Yet I persuaded her not to meddle with swords or
with arrows; 815

This I swear by the pitiless head of the Stygian
river,

By the dread name which alone is revered by the
gods of Olympus.

Now once for all I yield, and the battles I loathe,
I abandon;

One thing alone, which no fiat of fate contravenes,
I implore thee,

One thing for Latium's sake, for the honor and
pride of thy people ; 820

When they shall presently stablish the peace with
bright omens of marriage,

So let it be ; but when they determine their laws
and their treaties,

Let not the ancient name of the native-born Latins
be altered,

Bid them not Trojans be made, nor with Teucrians
bid them be numbered.

Let not the speech of these men nor the mode of
their garments be altered ; 825

Let there be Latium still, let Alban kings flourish
forever ;

Strong be the Roman line in the strength of Italian
valor :

Fallen is Troy, let Troy and Troy's name lie fallen
together ! ”

Answered her then with a smile the Creator of man
and of nature :

“Jove's true sister art thou, true daughter of Sat-
urn, our father ; 830

Rollest thou then in thy breast such surges of pas-
sionate anger ?

Pray thee, however, restrain thy wrath now need-
lessly rising ;

What thou desirest I grant and yield thee in will-
ing surrender ;

Still shall Ausonians hold to the speech and the
dress of their fathers ;

As it is now, shall the name remain ; so close is
their union, 835

Trojans will sink from sight ; their customs and
rites of religion

I will preserve ; and in oneness of speech I will
make them all Latins ;

Hence a race shall arise with the blood of Ausonia
mingled,

Men to surpass, and even the gods to excel in com-
passion,

While in devotion to thee no nation shall equal the
Romans.” 840

Juno nodded assent, and gladly relinquished her
anger ;

Then withdrew from the cloud, and forth from the
heavens departed.

This done, one thing more the Father is quietly
planning,

Even to drive Juturna away from the side of her
brother.

There are two scourges, twin sisters of Hell, who
are known as the Furies, 845

Whom, with Megæra the fiend, the Darkness of
Midnight engendered

All at a single birth ; and impartially them hath
their mother

Girded with writhing snakes, and clothed with the
wings of the tempest.

They by the throne of Jove, by the gates of the
king in his anger,

Wait, and give keener edge to the terror of suffer-
ing mortals, 850

Whensoever the Ruler of gods dire death and dis-
temper

Plans to inflict, or to frighten with war the towns
that offend him.

One of these Jupiter sends in all haste from the
zenith of heaven,

Bidding her unto Juturna descend as an omen of evil.

Swiftly she flies, and is borne to the earth on the wings of the whirlwind. 855

Just as when, loosed from the cord and impelled through the heavens, an arrow

Cruelly tinctured with venomous gall, a Parthian archer,

Or a Cydonian, shoots : the fatal, incurable weapon, Whistling yet unperceived, steals on through the gathering shadows ;

So the grim daughter of Night hath sped on her earth-seeking errand. 860

Soon as the Ilian line she espies, and the army of Turnus,

Suddenly shrunk to the size and shape of the bird of ill-omen

Which, upon desolate tombs, or haply on roofs long deserted,

Perched in the stillness of night, disquiets the dark by her moaning,

Changed to this form, the fiend rushed once and again upon Turnus, 865

Screaming aloud in his face, and beating her wings on his buckler.

Then a strange torpor relaxed his limbs with the numbness of horror,

Bristled his hair with fright, and his tongue became speechless with terror.

But, as she knew from afar the whistling wings of the Fury,

Tearing her loosened hair, his sorrowful sister, Juturna, 870

Marred her face with her nails, and cried while beating her bosom : —

“What is thy sister now able to do, dear Turnus,
to help thee?
Or what now remains for me in my grief? By what
cunning
Can I prolong thy life? Or how can I fight such
a monster?
Now, now, leave I the field: no longer affright the
affrighted, 875
O ye ill-omened birds! The stroke of your wings
and the fateful
Sound I know full well, nor blind is my soul to the
haughty
Will of magnanimous Jove! Doth he pay this re-
ward for mine honor?
Why hath he granted me endless life? The option
of dying
Why hath he taken away? I could else find a sur-
cease of sorrow, 880
And should assuredly now share the death of my
ill-fated brother;
Or, if immortal, what moment of life without thee,
O my brother,
Sweet to my soul shall be? Ah, where shall the
earth so profoundly
Open for me, and a goddess receive to its deepest
abysses?”
Speaking no more, she shrouded her head with her
mantle of azure, 885
Ceaselessly moaning, and plunged as a nymph to
the depths of the river.
Meanwhile Æneas pressed on, and brandished
his glittering weapon
Huge as the bole of a tree, and fiercely cried out in
his anger:

“Wilt thou yet longer delay? Why now art thou
fleeing, O Turnus?

Not by our feet, but by hand and by steel must our
cause be decided. 890

Change to what form thou wilt, bring all thy re-
sources together,

Whether of courage or craft; to the stars in the
sky, if it please thee,

Soar upon wings, or to caves of the earth betake
thee for shelter!”

Shaking his head he replied: “No terror for me
have thy burning

Words, my savage foe! The gods and Jove’s anger
affright me.” 895

Glancing around as he spoke, a stone of great size
he discovered;

Huge and old was the stone which chanced on the
plain to be lying,

Placed at the edge of a field to determine its
bounds as a landmark.

Twice six chosen men could scarcely have raised it
to shoulder,

Men of such sort as to-day the degenerate earth is
producing. 900

Seizing the stone with a trembling hand, and rising,
the hero

Lifted it high, and ran, and straight at his enemy
hurled it;

Yet that he ran or stirred from his place he was
wholly unconscious,

Or that he lifted his hands, or moved the ponder-
ous boulder;

Faltered his knees, and his blood was curdled and
frozen with terror. 905

Even the stone which was hurled through the
empty air by the hero

Neither attained its mark, nor fully completed its
errand.

And, as in dreams, when our eyes are oppressed by
languor and darkness,

Vainly we seem to be longing to reach a desired
destination,

And in the midst of our struggle we faint and fall
short of our purpose, 910

Lost is all power of speech, and the native strength
of our bodies

Fails in the time of need, nor a cry nor a word can
we utter ;

So unto Turnus, wherever he seeks to go forward
with courage,

There the dread goddess denies him success ;
whereat, in his bosom

Mingled emotions arise. He stares at the troops,
at the city, 915

Falters with fear, and trembles at death so swiftly
approaching ;

Sees no way of escape, no means of resisting his
foeman,

Nowhere sees his car, nor his chariot-driver, nor
sister !

Now his dread spear at his hesitant foe Æneas
is aiming,

Watchfully biding his chance ; and now, with his
utmost endeavor, 920

Hurls the lance from afar ; nor ever so roared from
a rampart

Stones by a catapult flung, nor ever have bolts of
the thunder

Burst with so fearful a sound. The spear, like a
black whirling storm-cloud,
Flies on its errand of doom and, tearing the edge
of the corselet,
Tears away also the rims of the seven-fold plates
of the buckler ; 925
Straight through the thigh it goes, with a crunch-
ing of bone. Sorely wounded,
Down to the earth on bended knees sinks Turnus
the mighty.
Rise the Rutulians then with a groan ; the whole
mountain around them
Rings with the sound, and, afar, tall forests reëcho
their sorrow.
Humble, with suppliant eyes, and extending his
hand in entreaty, 930
“ Verily I have deserved it,” he cries, “ I crave
not thy mercy ;
Use thine advantage. If any regard for my sorrow-
ing father
Toucheth thine heart, I pray (and just such a father
Anchises
Unto thyself hath been), on Daunus’ old age tak-
ing pity,
Me, or my body bereft of life if that be thy pleas-
ure, 935
Unto mine own restore. Thou hast conquered ; me
vanquished and pleading
Now hath Ausonia seen ; and thou art Lavinia’s
husband ;
Further press not thy revenge.” Æneas stands
fierce in his armor,
Doubtfully eyeing his foe, and withholding his
hand from his victim.

Now, too, the more he delays the more are the
pleadings of Turnus 940

Moving his heart, when, alas! a baldric gleams
high on the shoulder,

Bright with the well-known studs that once flashed
in the belt of young Pallas,

Pallas, the victim of war, whom, vanquished and
wounded, had Turnus

Slain, and was wearing now his enemy's badge on
his shoulder.

Soon as Æneas drinks in with his eyes these re-
minders of sorrow, 945

Relics of him he mourned, enkindled with furious
anger,

Fiercely he cries, "Shalt thou, thus clad in the
spoils of my loved ones,

Make thine escape from me? Thus Pallas, none
other than Pallas,

Makes thee his victim, and takes thy detestable
blood for atonement."

Speaking, he wrathfully buries the blade in the
bosom before him; 950

Then in the chill of death the body of Turnus re-
laxes,

While, with a groan, the soul flies sullenly down
to the shadows.

The Riverside Press
CAMBRIDGE . MASSACHUSETTS
U . S . A

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 9999 10029 947 6

